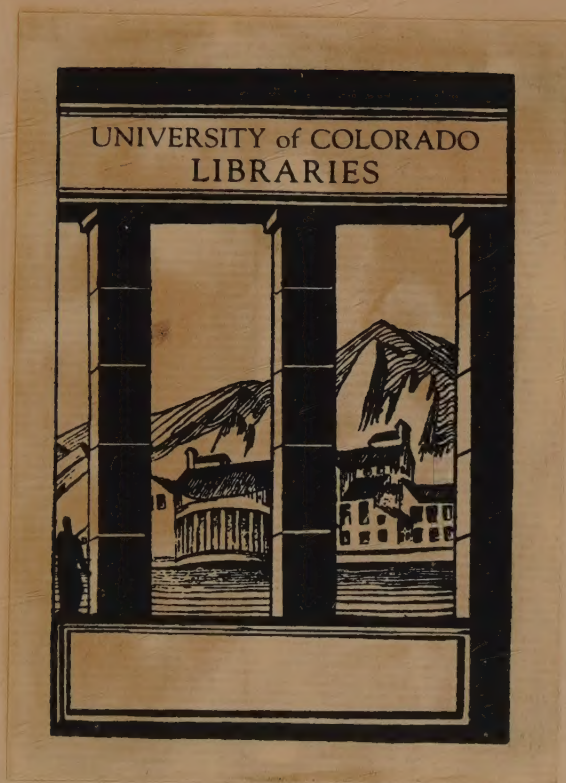


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AND HIS ERA

VOLUME THE FIRST



*"The memorials, and the things of fame."*

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## THREE VOLUMES

Volume I. Letters of Samuel Johnson, James Boswell, Edmund Burke, Joshua Reynolds, and David Garrick.

Volume II. Catalogue of Books.

Volume III. Miscellaneous Autograph Letters.

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Corrections and Additions are printed at the end of Volume III.





## NOTE

THESE volumes are an elaboration, and a continuation of a "Catalogue of the Johnsonian Collection of R. B. Adam" (2nd), privately printed (fifty copies), in the year 1921.

The increasing collection seems worthy now of a better setting, and a more detailed description.

Samuel Johnson was one of the outstanding figures of the eighteenth century, a great man among the great men of a notable period in human history; and, while this catalogue, in a sense, is a personal one, the interest in Johnson and in the eighteenth century appears to warrant the printing of a limited number of copies for sale.

I am much indebted to Ralph H. Shone of Buffalo for his assistance in proof-reading and the printing; to Herbert A. Appleton, the photographer, and to the engravers and the printers, all of Buffalo.

To R. W. Chapman of Oxford, England, A. Edward Newton of Philadelphia, Pa., Dr. Tinker of Yale, and Dr. Osgood of Princeton, for whose friendship and affection I am evermore grateful, I express my deep obligations.

R. B. ADAM.





TO

The Johnson Club, London, England.

A. Edward Newton, Philadelphia, Pa.

Chauncey B. Tinker, Yale University.

Charles G. Osgood, Princeton University.

R. W. Chapman, Oxford, England.



DR. CHARLES GROSVENOR OSGOOD OF PRINCETON.

## INTRODUCTION TO THE FIRST EDITION

By Dr. Chas. G. Osgood, of Princeton University.

"There are two things," said Dr. Johnson, "which I am confident I can do very well: one is an introduction to any literary work . . . ." The other I forget—and it is no matter. But it is a thousand pities that Dr. Johnson himself, the expert in prefaces, is not here to say what only he could say about the collection which this catalogue describes.

Burly in body and mind, "born to grapple with whole libraries," he loved everything on a grand scale—mountains, country estates, bulls, cathedrals, and collections. "In all collections, Sir, the desire of augmenting them grows stronger in proportion to the advances in acquisition," said he, in praise of Beauchamp's splendid library. What would he say of the collection before us? What genial complacency would light up the rough-hewn features if he could view this noble monument to his memory! It is pleasant, in fancy, to see Boswell's keen eye kindle with expectancy while he observes casually to Johnson that the collection was founded and continued by a devotion at once Scotch and American. That veteran in the art of anecdote would never miss the chance to confront his great friend with two of his favorite antipathies united to do him honor. And he might feel rewarded for his pains by the retort: "Sir, I do not see why you should suppose a Scotchman or an American less acceptable than any other man."

Dr. Johnson remarks, in one of the letters of this collection, that a rare book is not safe "in a scholar's talons." Perhaps he was thinking how he once picked up a fine old folio *Petrarch* in Garrick's library, raised it absently over his head, and let it fall crashing to the floor. Whether or no, he touches here upon an imperfect sympathy that has sometimes divided the scholar from the collector. Yet here is a great scholar who has now become a favorite of collectors. Rarer and more expensive game is to be had, of course—quarto plays and seventeenth century worthies that demand "a total defiance of expense." But collectors choose Dr. Johnson not for the rarity, but for the love of him—of his wit, his geniality, his hunger for humanity, his triumphant reconciliation of mundane with spiritual things. It is the man they seek and the atmosphere in which he lives. Such is the force and charm of Dr. Johnson that one sometimes seems to see certain of his personal qualities mysteriously conveyed through his relics, and reappearing in those who preserve them.

One likes to think it is a happy omen, this affinity between scholar and collector. As I said, they have sometimes been disposed to view each other curiously askance. The scholar sometimes has been taken for a pedant, the collector for one who buys but never reads. But in these democratic days they are haply discovering how close they are of kin; how indeed they serve the same

interests. "Surely every man," wrote Dr. Johnson; "who considers learning as ornamental to the community must allow them the honour of public benefactors who have added to the literary treasures of their country." The collections in our land, already rich, grow daily richer, and the right comradeship between those who accumulate and those who study them is all that is needful to release the forces for true democratic humanism thus stored up, that they may animate and enlighten the commonwealth.

By way of preface to his monumental edition of Boswell, Dr. Birkbeck Hill remarks, in phrase of true Johnsonian timbre: "Johnson in his talk ranges over a vast number of subjects. In his capacious memory were stored up the fruits of an almost boundless curiosity and a wide and varied reading. I have sought to follow him wherever a remark of his required illustration, and have read through many a book that I might trace to its source a reference or an allusion." Thus the tireless editor, without intention, measures at once the greatness of the *Life*, of his own work, and of this collection. Boswell gathered into high focus the rays that streamed from all the illustrious minds of his time, and concentrated them upon the one heroic figure. Dr. Hill has gone further, into both more remote and successive times, and intensified the illumination by the increase of many a far-drawn ray. Each document, portrait, or print in this collection is the reflection of such a ray and is here present by reason of some allusion either in the *Life* or in one of Dr. Hill's notes.

It is as if all sorts and conditions of men and women had gathered to felicitate Dr. Johnson on his elevation among the immortals. While you turn the leaves of this collection, and find yourself bending over the yellowing page, as some famous or infamous person centuries back had bent to inscribe it, an uncanny sense creeps over you of the cloud of witnesses about you. For here are kings and queens; quacks and courtesans and clergy; lords and ladies and knights of the shire; princes, paupers, painters, poets; jesters, jurists, and gentlemen; theologians and actors; statesmen and tradesmen; doctors, lawyers, merchants, musicians; bishops, brewers, scholars, and beggars; inventors, scientists, men of letters, philosophers, and fools. Perhaps it is just as well that such an assembly of the great is, as it were, posthumous, and actual only in the fancy. True, among those present are a number who could be relied upon in any company—for a time. As host or hostess, say, you could take a safe risk at large with Izaak Walton, Richelieu, Ben Jonson, Addison, Lord Chesterfield, Sir Isaac Newton, Erasmus, Evelyn, Sir Walter, John Donne, Michelangelo, or Charles Lamb. It would be pleasant to see Spenser, Sir Philip Sidney, Ariosto, and Shelley in one group; Cowper, the Unwins, William Law and the Wesleys in another. You might even gamble for a jest on Sir John Suckling and Pepys with Miss Seward and Miss Hannah More; or even Dr. Watts with Miss Kitty Clive. But suppose Boswell, in his tireless hunt for social sensation, should present Bunyan, Jonathan Edwards, and Baxter in a group to Mary Queen of Scots; or Cromwell to Charles Stuart and family; or Richard Savage to the Earl of Macclesfield. And if, by unlucky chance, Calvin and Luther were cornered with Sixtus V, or Blake with Voltaire and Hobbes, or Gibbon with Newman, or Chatterton with Walpole, or Bentley with Swift and Pope, or George



Washington with George III—while your reason tottered at the sight, the watch would rush in, and the lights go out in an anachronistic riot of rapiers, pistols, swoons, strange oaths, and pious ejaculations.

Every reader will first look at the facsimiles. Perhaps in no better way could he get his first idea of the treasures herein recorded. A few of these suggest comment. Here is the canceled page from Johnson's *Journal of a Tour to the Western Islands*, with his letter to the publisher explaining his very personal reason for deleting it. Dr. Hill had never seen the page, but was able to supply it conjecturally in the sixth volume of the *Life* (p. xxxiv) from a manuscript note by Gough. His conjecture is thus confirmed. The famous letter to Macpherson, Boswell quotes from Johnson's dictation. The original here shown differs only in slight detail from his version, and shows how exact was Johnson's verbal memory.

Portraits of Johnson by Sir Joshua are numerous and familiar, except one here reproduced from the McFadden collection of Johnson in his old age. The gentle pathos of the face differentiates it from all the others, and recalls the words of Hannah More about the aged Johnson: "He is more mild and complacent than he used to be. . . . I was struck with the mild radiance of this setting sun." Hardly less interesting are the three impressions of the plate used as a frontispiece to the first edition of Boswell's *Life*, bearing his notes of criticism of the various states.

Other facsimiles include a page from the first draft of the *Plan of the Dictionary*, described in a later paragraph, and pages from a second draft in another hand than Johnson's, prepared for submission to Lord Chesterfield's criticism, with marginal emendations by Johnson himself. Here also are specimens of the handwriting of various members of the "Circle," and proof-sheets of the *Life* with Boswell's own corrections. But none of the facsimiles is more impressive than a fragment from Pope praising the still obscure Johnson whom he had been at some pains to discover—a relic, as it were, of the literary apostolic succession.

Men there are whose devotion to Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is such that they would give and take oath upon it. They will by instinct open this catalogue to the page wherein is printed for the first time a manuscript in Boswell's hand. It is indeed a rare, virtually unique, fragment of the raw materials from which Boswell wrought his masterpiece. His vast accumulation of journals and memoranda was destroyed, it is said, by members of his own family, in their chagrin at the outrage which his book naively committed upon the feelings of certain persons of importance. It is easy to deplore such a loss, but indignation must yield to reason. Mr. George Mallory, in his book, *Boswell the Biographer*, has already drawn large inferences concerning Boswell's method, that this manuscript confirms. Indeed, he guesses that such a notebook as this must have existed. We may be thankful that this fragment survives; but if all the great mass of original material were yet available, I doubt whether it would enable us to observe more exactly how Boswell worked than this one bit.

Good Boswellians will wish to compare this manuscript with the corresponding parts of the *Life* for their own delectation. It is evidently a notebook

in which Boswell jotted memoranda of the jaunt of the two friends to Oxford, Birmingham, Lichfield, and Ashbourne in March, 1776, and of another in which he joined Johnson at Dr. Taylor's house in Ashbourne in the autumn of the next year. Such little excursions, ostensibly for pleasure, were serious business with Boswell. He would view his subject in every light, from every side, against every background. To be sure London and a group of brilliant talkers made the proper setting for Johnson, and threw his mind into high relief. But small towns and the country had also their advantage. A new background reveals new lines and traits. Here, too, Boswell had a monopoly of his original that London did not allow. The very vacancy of country life made Johnson talk, and especially threw him into reminiscent mood, which his biographer turned to full account in gathering details of his early life.

Of such details this little notebook is full. "During the interview at Ashbourne," writes Boswell of the visit in 1777, "Johnson seemed to be more uniformly social, cheerful, and alert, than I had almost ever seen him." One notes that when Boswell is recording Johnson's own statement about himself he fills the page from side to side. When, on the other hand, he records the testimony of others, he writes on only the left or right half of the page, leaving blank the other half till some word of Johnson's artfully and casually elicited by his inquisitor should confirm, correct, or refute the story. Such was his care for authenticity.

One who takes the trouble to examine the matter will discover that the record of 1776 seems to have been made some time after the events it records—probably here copied for better keeping from looser memoranda. But the record of intimate talk at Ashbourne in 1777 is closer to the event itself. A comparison with the text of the *Life* also shows that he had elsewhere stored up other records of these same matters from which he added to the facts recorded in this memorandum. This confirms Mr. Mallory's theory that Boswell wrote both a journal and memoranda of conversations, and in the *Life* combined this double record.

Far more interesting is the glimpse you catch of his workmanship in transmuting these materials into his biography. He changes indirect to direct discourse, he compresses a phrase here and there; he invigorates the style of a remark and makes it more inimitably and unmistakably characteristic of Johnson's manner. With infinite pains he has separated the mass of his treasure into fragments and reset the fragments each in its proper place in the finished work of art. Matter which in his severe judgment is not up to standard of interest or relevance he discards without scruple. So rich is his store that in gathering it up he has sometimes spilled a bit worth keeping. Sir Wolstan Dixey, under whom Johnson suffered as usher at Bosworth, is in the diary "an abandoned brutal rascal"; not so in the *Life*. Johnson, says the diary, had always an aversion to the road leading out of Ashbourne to Bosworth. But *how* did our Scotch friend, when writing about the most famous definition in the *Dictionary*, overlook his own note that as a school boy "Johnson used to have oatmeal porridge for breakfast"?

Boswell



Boswell has the artist's eye for a setting. The conversation on death, a mere memorandum in the diary, is thus movingly staged in the *Life*. "While Johnson and I stood in calm conference by ourselves in Dr. Taylor's garden, at a pretty late hour in a serene autumn night, looking up to the heavens I directed the discourse to the subject of a future state." He also transfers a fervid protestation of friendship on both sides from the afternoon, as recorded in the diary, to a social evening, when music stirred his reverence and affection for Johnson to a "full glow." "No, Sir," said Johnson, "I don't care though I sit all night with you." Alas, the evening was not at an end, though far spent, when the two "grew warm" with a different fervor, on the subject of America, and, fatigued by the contest, "were after an hour or two very willing to separate and go to bed."

The letters of Boswell in this collection are many of them here printed for the first time. One must accuse himself of impertinence who would speak of their value or qualities before Professor Tinker, whose authority in the affairs of Boswell is supreme. But good Boswellians will here find their old friend in all his variety of charm—struggling to the end to "make myself a Man, & to become steady and sensible in my Conduct," according to most approved eighteenth-century cut; yet unable to resist the "enchancing reveries of gallantry," the melancholy, the passion for great men with which Nature noted him by every ear-mark a romanticist. Especial delight awaits the reader in a letter to Mrs. Thrale confessing that he is her rival "for that great Man"; in an exquisite literary hold-up of Lord Hawkesbury of November 1, 1790,—note the polite danger-signal in his ultimatum, "I shall wait for three days"—but above all in his epistolary triumph, a letter to Goldsmith under March 29, 1773, congratulating him on the success of his immortal comedy. He had mistaken Goldsmith. He had, perhaps, snubbed him. The man is after all great, it seems. How shall Boswell mend his error, and win a place in the full effulgence of this suddenly revealed genius? How, indeed, but by a letter as exquisitely insinuating, as irresistible as any ever penned?

Other members of Johnson's Circle will continue to charm their particular friends as long as they have any. But Johnson will always dominate the group, as he now dominates this collection. I have heard of a Johnsonian so devoted that he consulted the index of each new book for a mention of Johnson, and finding none, laid the book down unopened. Rich reward awaits such partiality among the Johnson letters here printed for the first time. In them is found the same social, playful, devoted, eminent, homely Johnson as ever. Thus he is engaged for dinner six days running among both great and humble; or he invites John Wesley, and all the Wesleys he can get hold of, not excepting "lean, lank, preaching Mrs. Hall," to dine in Bolt Court; he writes an electioneering "advertisement" that is literature for Mr. Thrale; or tosses a *jeu d'esprit* to the brewer's brisk little wife, as his "dear, sweet, fine, fair, kind, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.," like Swift to Stella. He sends the tittle-tattle of Lichfield to Mrs. Garrick and reports, with a suspicion of amusement, that Mr. Seward's daughter, the notorious Swan, "flourishes in literary reputation." Some good Johnsonian may wish to build bookshelves after Johnson's specifications, here first pub-

lished. Thus he may provide an appropriate shrine for his eighteenth century treasures, and combine, as is seldom practicable to do, piety with real convenience.

Not the least interesting is a letter about the revival of Izaak Walton in literature by a new edition wherein Johnson expresses warm admiration for the honest angling ironmonger. "Walton's time is at last come!" he says. What is more natural than the affinity between these two? Both came of the stout middle-class, both were self-made, cheerful, and substantial, both were devout, and given most to "the biographical part of literature," both were creators of a rare social atmosphere that nourished men of genius in their times. Let Johnson and Walton keep company in any library that would, by mere titles and presence of authors, impart cheer and courage to the passing visitant.

These letters of Johnson contain now and then a moral utterance in his finest phrasing. And the brief but touching prayer, not found among the familiar Prayers and Meditations, should not be overlooked. It was written for anything but a happy new year in 1751.

One group of the letters—to John Levett, a substantial citizen of Lichfield, contains the history of an obscure incident in Johnson's early life which has not been told in full. A matter-of-fact item in the group, dated July 21, 1751, and hitherto unpublished, furnishes us with details important to the reconstruction of this anecdote. The facts in brief are these: In the spring of 1740, Johnson's mother, over seventy, was obliged to borrow £100 of John Levett. To him she gave a mortgage on the Johnson house in Lichfield, now the Johnson Museum, where she still lived. The rate seems to have been four per cent, which, I am told, was even lower then than today. For three years no payment was made on principal or interest. Mr. Levett seems to have grown a bit anxious, as who would not? and to have done something about it. Out of Johnson's bitter, threadbare struggle in London comes a fine letter of December 1, 1743, assuming the debt and promising to pay twelve pounds in two months, though it seems to have been July before Levett got his money. A receipt was given for this amount which was afterwards lost, as in 1751 Johnson had no ready means of proving how much the payment was, or whether this payment had been made. The debt dragged drearily on with irregular payments and certain annoyance to both sides. By July 21, 1751, the whole amount, principal and interest for eleven years and one quarter, came to £145, of which £46 had been paid. At some time in the episode, perhaps in 1743, perhaps later, Johnson's step-daughter, Miss Lucy Porter, and his aged and feeble mother were threatened with ejectment. This is pitifully recorded in an undated letter in this collection from Miss Porter to Levett.

In the spring of 1751 Johnson writes Levett that he has just sent his mother £100 to wipe out the debt. But whether she had to make other use of it, or for whatever reason, the account remained unsettled. At any rate the next year Levett again pressed for payment. On March 17, 1752, Johnson writes that he has sold a property, no doubt his remaining interest in his hard-wrought handiwork, *The Rambler*, to satisfy the claim. Payment is a matter only of days. Dark enough looked the world to the poor man as he sat writing this letter, for at



the moment his wife lay ill unto death, and the terrible shock of parting from her for ever overtook him late that night. In the desolate days that followed his creditors disappointed him, and he perforce disappointed Levett. Four months later he expresses noble chagrin at the delay. He is, however, borrowing on expectations of full pay for *The Rambler*—"so much for the sake of my Mother"—and the rest is silence. Probably he soon paid the debt. Not a word from Levett has survived. He seems indeed to have behaved well, and could easily afford to behave well in the only action that has saved his name to posterity.

Johnson has often astonished his readers by the ease and abandon with which he tossed off his literary work. An essay in half an hour, *Rasselas* in the evenings of one week, half of the *Life of Savage* in a night, are familiar examples of his speed when he sat down doggedly to work. But the trade knows well enough that such facility comes not but by early care and pains. Both apprentice and journeyman in letters may take heart as they read in this catalogue an early draft of the famous *Plan of the Dictionary*, and compare this first sketch with the finished work as printed.

This draft is dated April 30, 1746, and the *Plan* was published in 1747. In rewriting it Johnson made as many as one hundred and thirty alterations ranging from the deletion of an unimportant word to the insertion of a whole paragraph. These alterations invariably make for clearness, vigor, directness, point, and brevity, and are death to the silly fiction that he preferred hard words and turgid phrases. He has also improved his illustrations and quotations, and has added, among other passages, the superb paragraph beginning, "I know well, my Lord, how trifling many of these remarks will appear."

The lapse of possibly a year, possibly more, between the first draft and the publication will catch the Johnsonian's eye. It strongly supports the belief of Dr. Hill that Johnson had been some time at work on the *Dictionary* before his *Plan* announced the fact. The years forty-five and forty-six are obscure in his biography; some imaginative minds have been pleased to fancy Johnson seeking reputation in the perilous train of the Young Pretender; while he probably was only "beating the track of the alphabet with sluggish resolution."

His original purpose, in the *Dictionary*, as all know, was to fix the language and standardize usage. But as he labored on he found this project as futile as

"To lash the ocean, and enchain the winds."

He confesses failure in his Preface eight years later, and even in the second version of the *Plan* one may detect a slight misgiving in his hardy purpose, another indication that the labor is already forward. At any rate he grows inclined to abdicate some of his own authority in the final version, and raises the question: "Who shall judge the judges?"

Johnson used to say that the famous dedication to Lord Chesterfield arose not from "deep policy," but from "a casual excuse for laziness." The phrases of address to his Lordship are all wanting in the first draft except a casual one near the beginning. This is enough, however, to show that the purpose of dedicating to him lay in Johnson's mind at least the greater part of a year if

not longer, and that it was not altogether so unpremeditated as Boswell's account leaves one to infer. Boswell had never heard of this early draft, but if he had, he could not be more thankful than we that Johnson persevered in his purpose of dedication long enough to dedicate to his patron, and thus we have, eight years later, the immortal letter "To the Right Honourable the Earl of Chesterfield."

But good Johnsonians may well be growing impatient at a tedious exposition of what they prefer to discover for themselves. Enough is left them, however, for long and exciting pursuit, among letters from familiar hands printed herein. These I merely list for their convenience: Dr. Adams, "whose virtue awed him, and whose learning he revered"; Edmund Allen, "for whom he had much kindness"; Dr. Robert Anderson; Reverend James Beattie, "we all love Beattie"; Sir George Beaumont; Honorable John Byng; Carlyle; Miss Elizabeth Carter, "who could make a pudding as well as translate Epictetus"; Richard Duppa; William Hayley; Ozias Humphry; Charles Jenkinson (Lord Hawkesbury); Bennet Langton, "the earth does not bear a worthier man"; William MacBean; William Mitchell; Hannah More; Arthur Murphy; Dr. Samuel Parr; Bishop Percy, "out of whose company I never go without having learned something"; Miss Lucy Porter; Sir Joshua, "the most invulnerable man I know"; Sir George Rose; Anna Seward; Reverend Percival Stockdale; William Strahan, "a judge of what is *not* an epigram"; Mrs. Thrale; Miss Anna Williams, sometimes "peevish"; and James Woodhouse, the "poetical shoemaker."

Such in some sort is this Johnsonian collection, first presenting to the reader "an idea at once magnificent and confused," but opening into a room large enough for many happy years of literary pursuit and exploration. As I said, none but Dr. Johnson himself would be qualified to speak adequately of it. And one can hear him say, as he perchance picks up an astral edition of this catalogue: "Sir, this is taking prodigious pains about a man. Yet, Sir, every man hopes that he may escape neglect; there lurks in every human heart a desire of distinction, and I am obliged to any man who honors that solicitude about fame which I share with the rest of humanity. I would not forbear to let him know how much he deserves in my opinion from all lovers of study, and how much pleasure his work has given me. I would reward him with tokens of gratitude which he perhaps may even now consider not worthy of an immortal spirit.

"A collector, Sir, unites the praise of paying a just regard to the illustrious dead with the pleasure of doing good to the living. This catalogue will excite other men to emulate the collectors of this library, to prefer books and manuscripts to equipage and luxury, and to forsake noise and diversion for the conversation of the learned and the satisfaction of extensive knowledge.

"And yet, Sir, I know not if the highest among the amenities of collecting books be not the satisfaction of endeavoring to defeat oblivion and to continue in a manner the corporeal presence of those whom we cherish with tenderness and reverence."

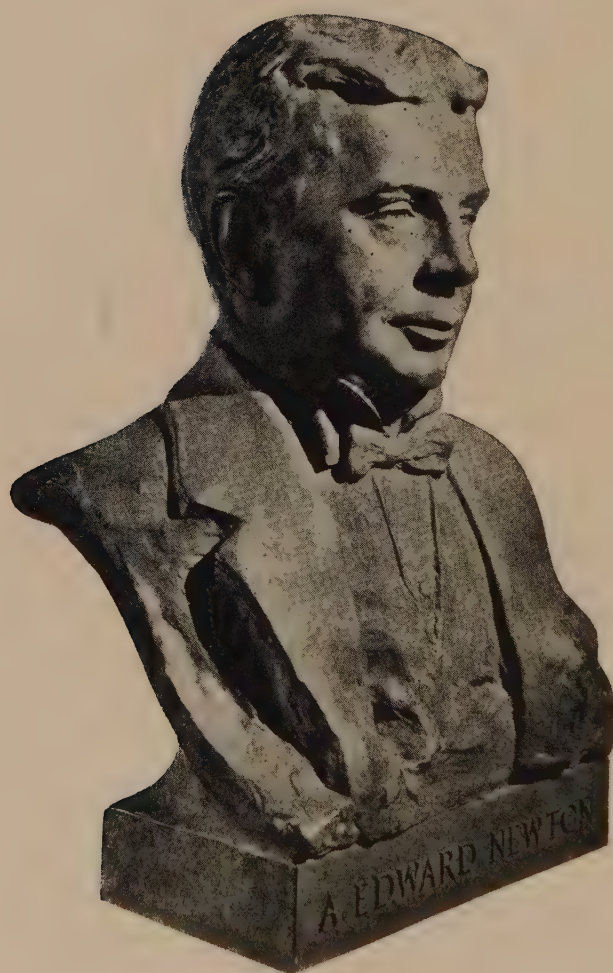
*Charles Grosvenor Osgood.*

# PREFACE

BY

A. EDWARD NEWTON, Esq:

OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.





## PREFACE

We live in the age of the by-product: that which was formerly thrown away or neglected is now consumed or utilized to the utmost shred, and mankind is sometimes believed to be the better or the richer for it. May we not assume that leisure is, or ought to be, the by-product of success? It was, and is, in the case of two men: R. B. Adam and R. B. Adam (2nd) of Buffalo, New York. The elder Adam I never knew; the younger man I have come to know, to love and to revere. And these two men have put together this great Johnson Collection—the most valuable of its kind in the world—in their leisure time; in time which, had they not been employed upon it, might have been wasted. It is an excellent example of what perseverance, directed by intelligence and the judicious expenditure of money, will do.

It has fallen to the lot of two distinguished American scholars, Professors Charles G. Osgood, of Princeton, and Chauncey B. Tinker, of Yale, to write about this collection. Dr. Osgood has written the Introduction to these volumes and Dr. Tinker has made many references to the collection in his writings. These men are especially fitted to judge by reason of their work in that fascinating field which we familiarly speak of as the Eighteenth Century. Professor Tinker has edited an edition of the *LETTERS OF JAMES BOSWELL*, published by the Oxford University Press, and is the author of *THE YOUNG BOSWELL*, a charming sketch of the great biographer at the outset of his career. Professor Osgood has lectured and talked and written on the Eighteenth Century, and has made an *Abridgement of BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, with a "considered" introduction, than which I know nothing better of its particular kind. What, then, remains for me to say since these gentlemen have said—and well said—all that might be called for? To answer, as is the habit of some men, their own question: something of importance remains. It remains for me to tell, briefly, what manner of men put this Collection together, and it may be that my paper will have a value not much less than those of my distinguished friends, for the reason that papers on Boswell and on Johnson will continue to be written and read as long as the language endures; whereas, anyone consulting these volumes, now or in years to come, will almost certainly wish to know how this Collection came to be formed and who is responsible for the editing and publication of these volumes.

I well remember my first meeting with the present R. B. Adam. I was in Buffalo on business and, having a little time at my disposal, called on Mr. Adam at his office, for he, like myself, is a man of affairs. All my collecting life I had heard and read of the Adam-Johnson Collection to which the great editor of the *Boswell's Life*, Birkbeck Hill, makes mention in such glowing terms. In a paper called "Boswell's Proof Sheets," which was given definite form in a volume, *Johnson Club Papers*, published by T. Fisher Unwin, in 1899, Birkbeck Hill says: "In the flourishing town of Buffalo, I found a finer collection of Johnsonian and Boswellian curiosities than exists anywhere on our side of the Atlantic." And in the same glowing fashion he speaks of the owner of the collection. He found Mr. Adam liberal, generous and kindly, as is evidenced

by his sending the proof-sheets of Boswell's opus to him (Hill) to be kept as long as needed. I expected therefore to meet—if, indeed, he would see me—a man of great age when I sent in my card. Judge, then, of my surprise, when I was ushered into the presence of a man of about my own age. I told him that I wanted to see his Johnson Collection, and added that, already, I was bitterly disappointed. "So soon?" said Mr. Adam, "how is that?" "Why," said I, "I expected to meet a man old enough to be my father. I thought it possible that some day your collection, or a part of it, would come to the auction block. Judge how disappointed I am to meet a man as young, perhaps younger than myself." "Ah!" said Mr. Adam, with a smile, "you were thinking of my father; he began the collection." That was the first I knew that there were two Adams. And that, too, was the beginning of an enduring friendship. To say "you were thinking of my father" was only in a manner of speaking, for the Collection was, in fact, begun not by Mr. Adam's father, John Scott, but by his uncle, the original Robert Borthwick Adam. The present Mr. Adam, whose name was Robert Borthwick Adam Scott, dropped Scott from his name when he was legally adopted by his uncle in 1872. It will be convenient to refer to the first Adam and the second Adam, for the sake of differentiation.

The first Adam was born in Peebles, Scotland, on February 4th, 1833, and came to this country in 1857, and in 1867 established himself in business in Buffalo. The business prospered: with prosperity came—as it should in a well ordered life—some measure of leisure, and a part of this well-earned leisure was devoted to the collection of books, autograph letters and manuscripts.

The second Adam was born in Loughborough, in Leicestershire, England, on July 7, 1863, and he comes of such excellent stock that I would gladly, if I could secure his permission, tell of the many and varied accomplishments of his father, and of R. B. Adam (1st), and of the latter's splendid career of usefulness and integrity. It is with no idea of reflecting upon the character of the second Adam that I permit myself to say that we do not breed many such men nowadays. Other times, other men as well as manners. Hard bodies made harder by the struggle for existence in Scotland a hundred years ago, fine characters made finer by tradition and training, fine minds made finer by unceasing study: such, in brief, were the distinctions of these men, and these they endeavored to hand down to R. B. (2nd). We can imagine that the boy's "breaking home ties" was very painful to him. But the character of the second Adam was in some measure fixed. When he reached Buffalo in 1872, at the age of nine, he had perhaps as solid an education, if that is the right word, as most boys five years older: he read easy Latin at sight; he was well grounded "in the mathematics"; he was well trained "in the use of globes"; he had, in a word, an excellent foundation on which almost any superstructure might be reared. It is not for me to say that this lad should have gone to college. I may, however, permit myself to say that I know few, if any, college men of a wider range of accomplishments than the present Robert Borthwick Adam. And if, as I believe, Mr. Adam has inherited many of the sterling qualities of his father, it is quite certain that with the example of his uncle before him he learned that the actual possessor of literary or artistic treasures is, in a sense, only the custodian of them. No student of

Johnson but may call on Mr. Adam for the solution of some difficulty, no worthy collector but may hope to feel the warm grasp of his hand. Or do I bear a charmed life?

It would be a waste of time for me to write more: it would not be published, for Mr. Adam is the modestest man I know. I have frequently referred to him in conversation with others as, in the best sense of the word, one of the distinguished men in Buffalo, a man whose name will certainly last long and go far.

For some years after the death of the first Adam, the second Adam did not greatly increase the Johnson collection which he had inherited. He had his own way to win in the business world: he had a wife and children on whom to lavish a husband's and a father's care—for there are two daughters and a Robert Borthwick Adam (3rd), or Junior, as he is very properly called. But once again success brings leisure, and for some years past Mr. Adam has purchased largely and read, written and studied, in the field which he has made so entirely his own that in this country, at least, no man is so entirely "Johnsonianissimus" as he. This Catalogue is at once his labor and recreation. He has written every word with his own hand. He has deciphered reams of manuscript, he can read at a glance almost any eighteenth century hand, he can identify almost any autograph letter within the Johnsonian circle, which was immense, and he can say whether it be its author's earlier or his later hand. He can disentangle and correct quotations and translate difficult ones. In a word this Catalogue is R. B. Adam, his book, his "monument, without a tomb", to quote Ben Jonson.

I do not know, perhaps Mr. Adam does not himself know, that this collection will always be kept together. Its value is increasing by leaps and bounds; only a very rich man can afford to give it to a public institution, where it may be always accessible and which is the only proper custodian of such an invaluable collection. To "disseverate" it would be a public misfortune, however much we rival (rival, it is an absurd word—Adam has no rival) Johnsonians might profit by its dispersal.

One word remains to be said. A Johnsonian is at heart a good man: there is something in the dear old man (he was so wise one never thinks of Dr. Johnson as young) which attracts good men to him and he to them. We are of the order of Masons: the door of our lodge is always open. Johnson himself has said, "As I grow older I am prepared to call a man a good man on easier terms than heretofore." As the world grows older it sees more to admire in Samuel Johnson, and more men are coming to understand and to delight in him. It is for us "old strugglers"—and who that is old is not a struggler?—and the newcomers to the Johnson cult, that this book has been so carefully prepared.

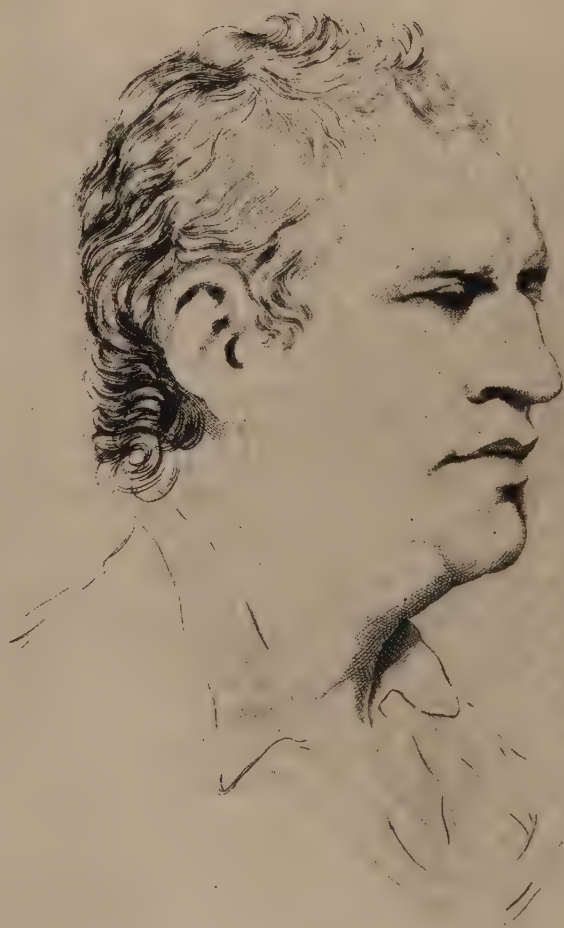
A. EDWARD NEWTON

"Oak Knoll"

Daylesford, Penn.

April 23, 1929.





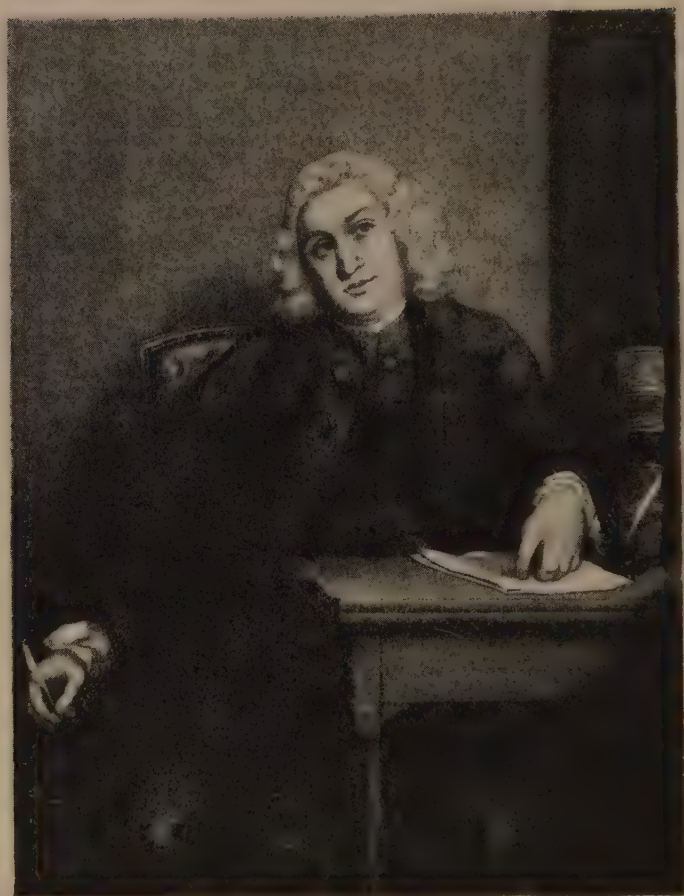
John G. Thompson. 111.  
Engraved by J. G. Thompson.

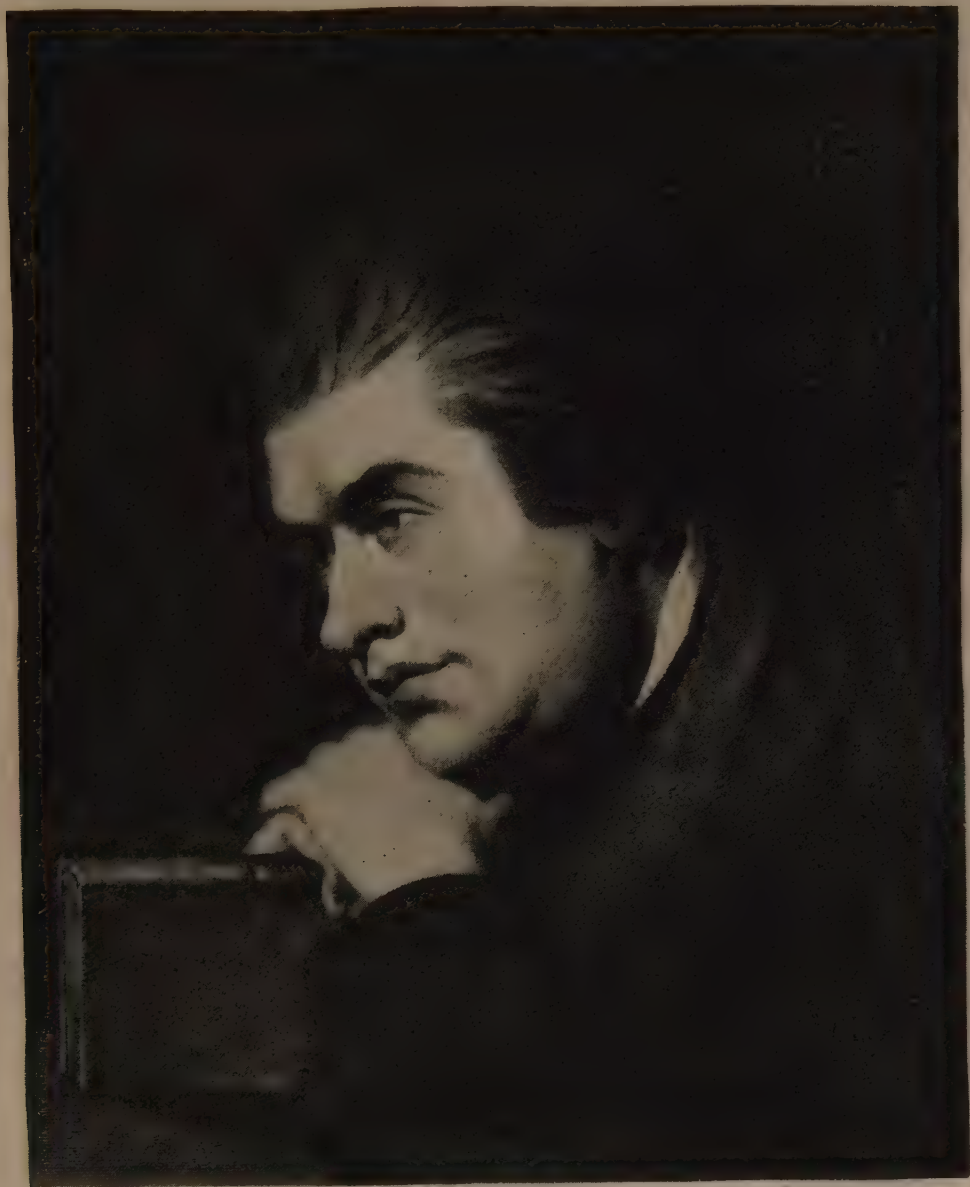
**VARIOUS PORTRAITS OF DR. JOHNSON.**

**VIEWS OF HIS BIRTHPLACE, LICHFIELD, ENGLAND.**

**LIST OF SOME OF HIS RESIDENCES IN LONDON.**

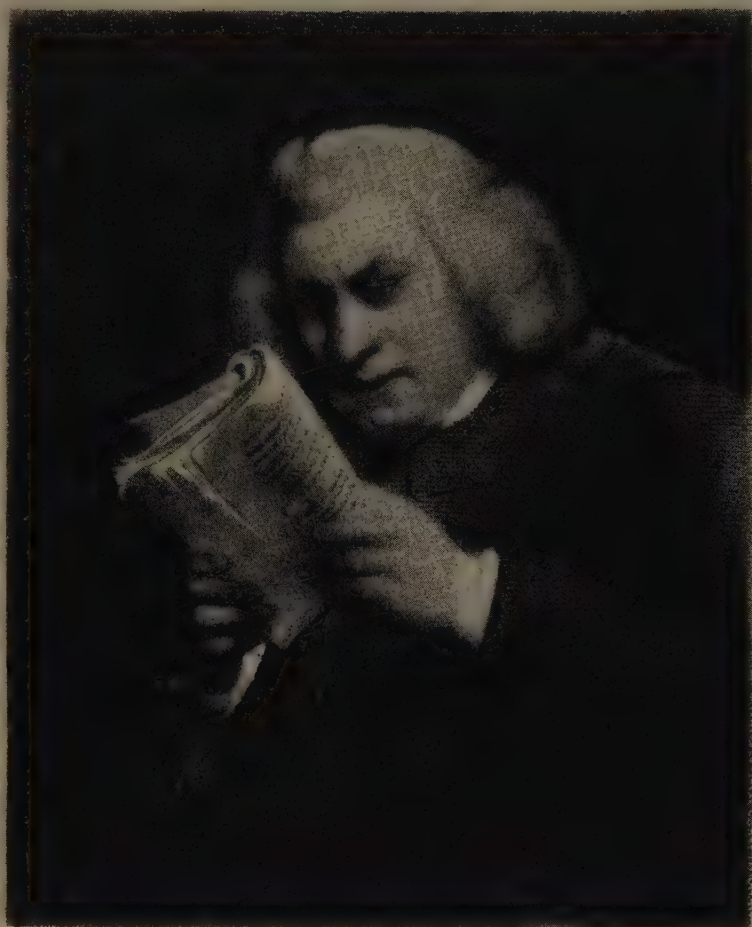






*Portrait of a man, possibly a student, resting his chin on his hand.*





THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON  
BY JAMES BOSWELL  
IN TWO VOLUMES  
LONDON: PRINTED BY A. MILLAR, IN THE ST. MARTIN'S LANE, 1791.

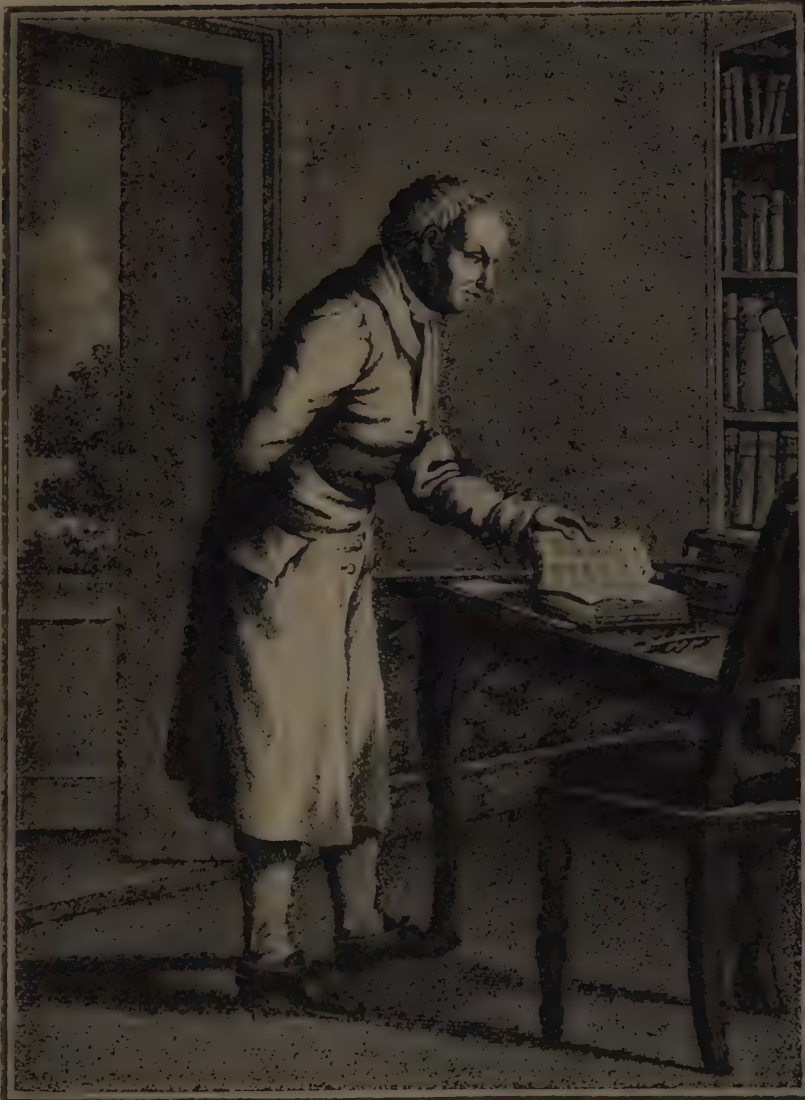




SAMUEL JOHNSON

*Engraved by The "Cock" from An Original Painting by Sir J. Stuart Peckham -  
in the possession of B. Langton Esq.*

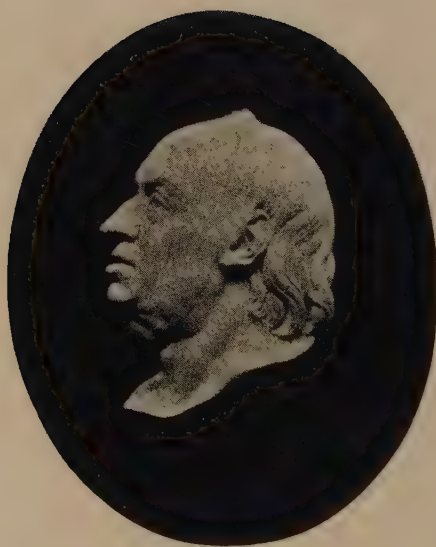
*Published as the 11th sheet. Nov. 25. 1787*



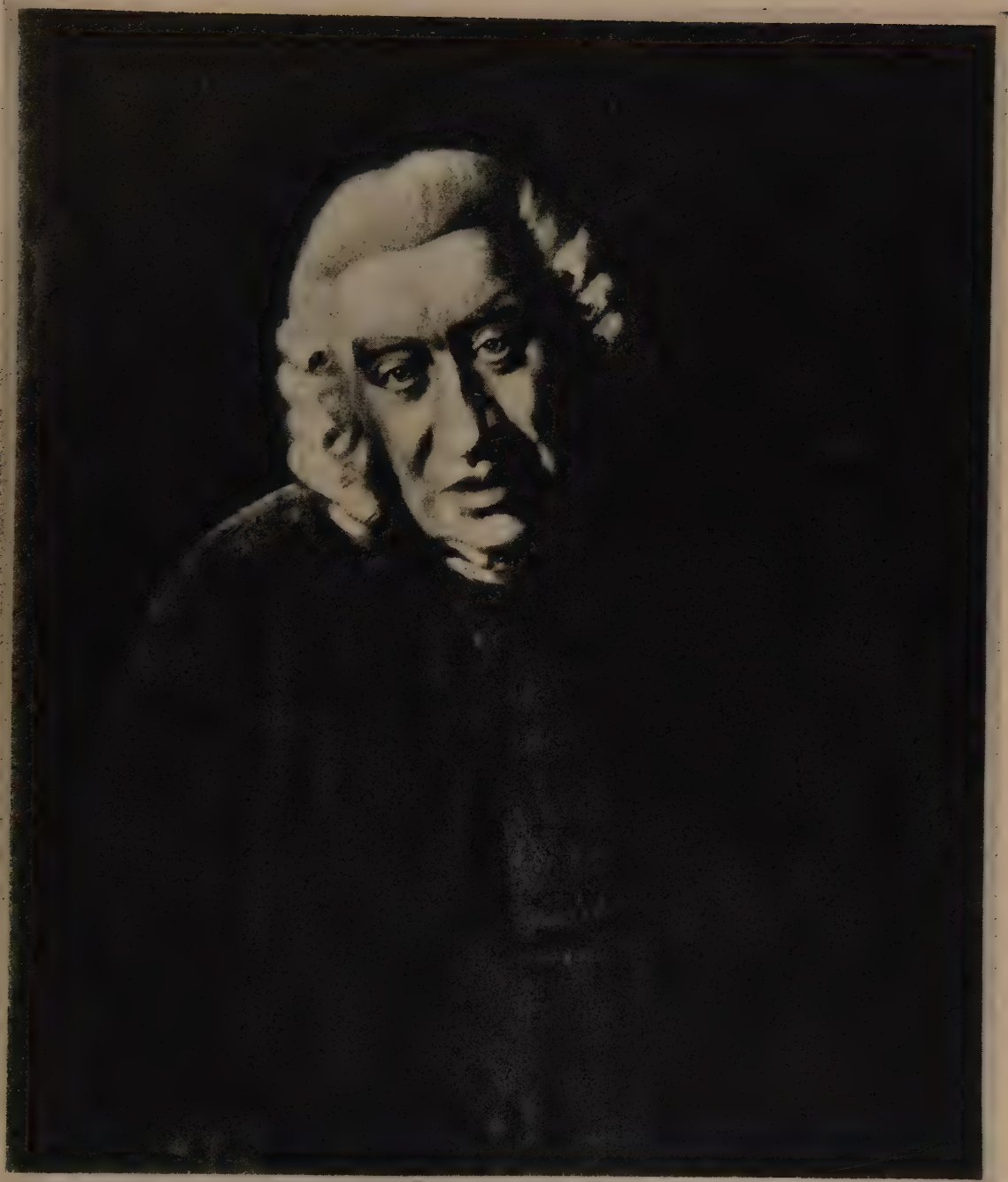
J. B. Johnson del.

J. B. Johnson sculp.

Samuel Johnson



PHOTOGRAPH IN THE COLLECTION.



REYNOLDS'S LAST PORTRAIT OF DR. JOHNSON.

The original is owned by A. Edward Newton, Esq: of Philadelphia, Pa.





LICHFIELD.

THE SOUTH WEST PROSPECT OF THE CITY OF LICHFIELD





ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

MARKET SQUARE.

DR. JOHNSON'S BIRTHPLACE.

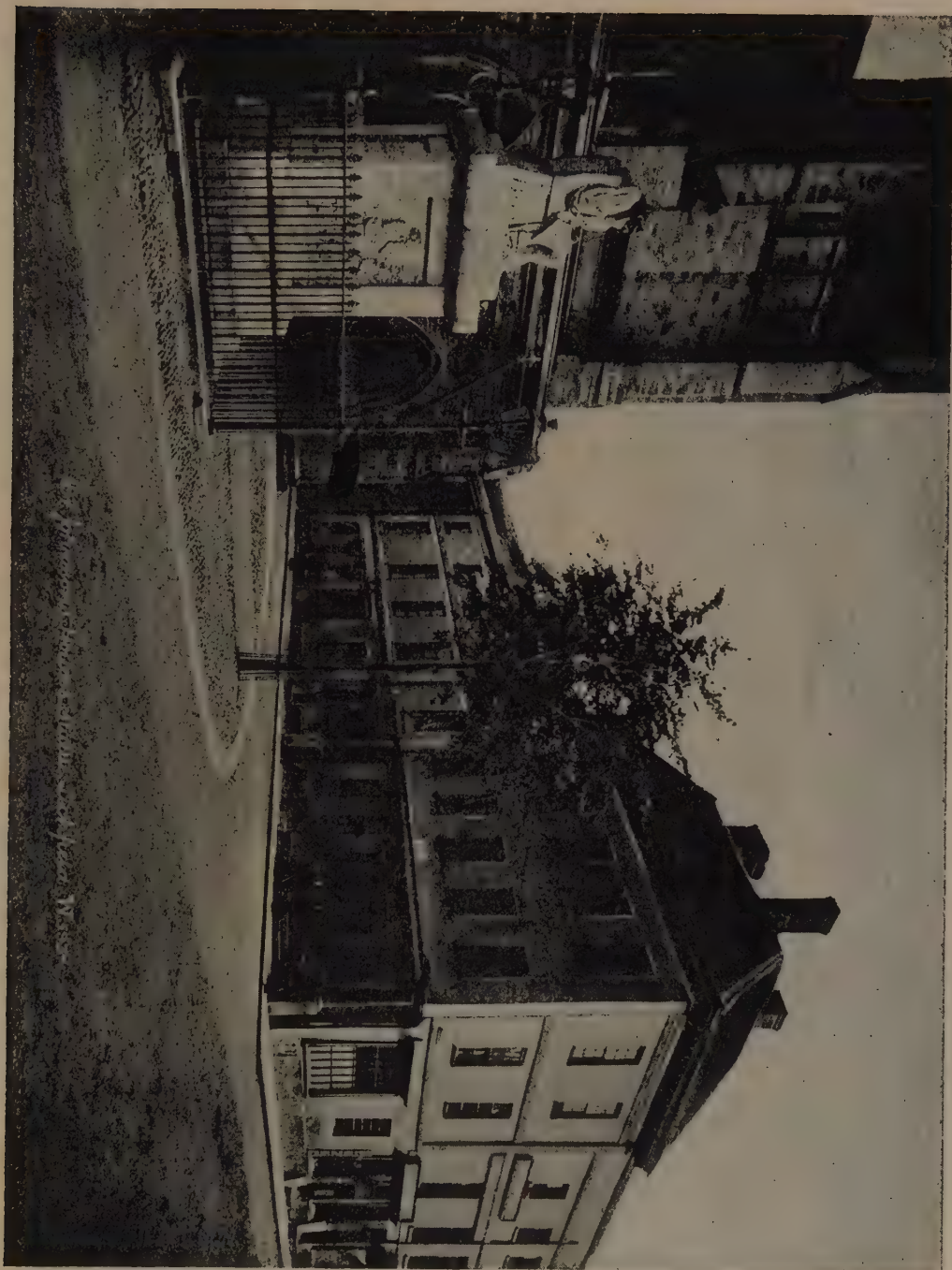








ROBERT L. WILSON



View of the City of New York, N.Y.

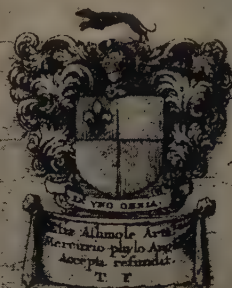




WESTWerk der Kathedrale von Amiens



LICHFIELDENSIS ECCLESIA  
SIVE CATHEDRALIS, IN AGRO  
STAFORDIENSIS IN ANGLIA  
FACIES OCCIDENTALIS.



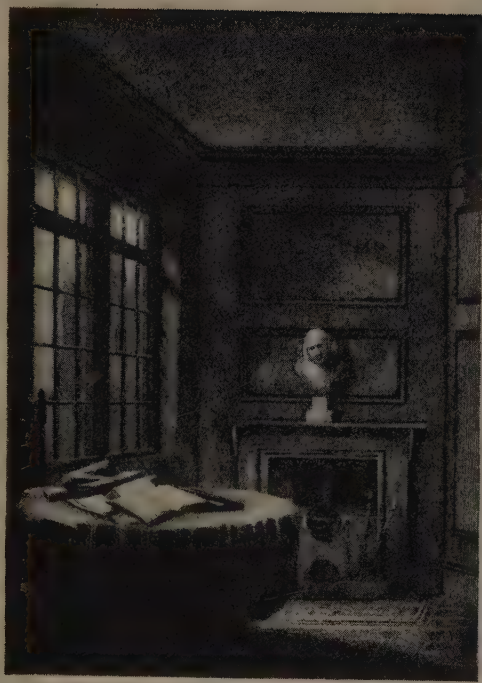
Sam. Smith pinxit. D. 1740.





*Sleeping Room in Sitting Room -*

D<sup>r</sup> Johnson's Rooms, Pembroke College  
Oxford.



# JOHN GOSNOLD'S STUDY.

A  
FINE LITHOGRAPH.

It is believed that the study of  
the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was  
the same as the one in which he wrote it.





*Engraved from an original Picture in the possession of M<sup>rs</sup> Norton, Littlefield*

*M<sup>rs</sup> Johnson*

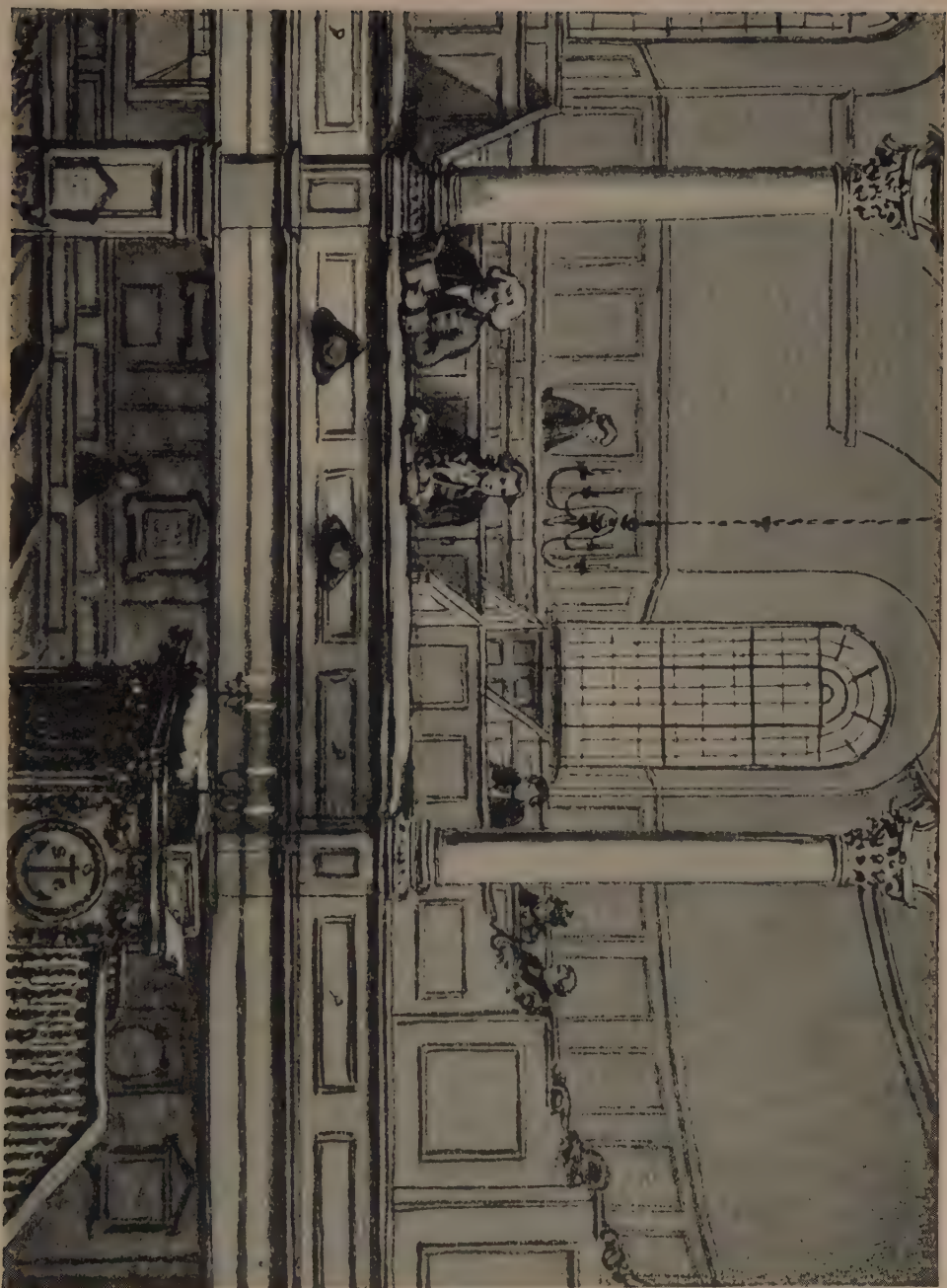
(W. C. H. D. 1871, 61)





ST. CLEMENT DANES

Etched by Joseph Pennell.



DR. JOHNSON'S PEW. ST. CLEMENT DANES.



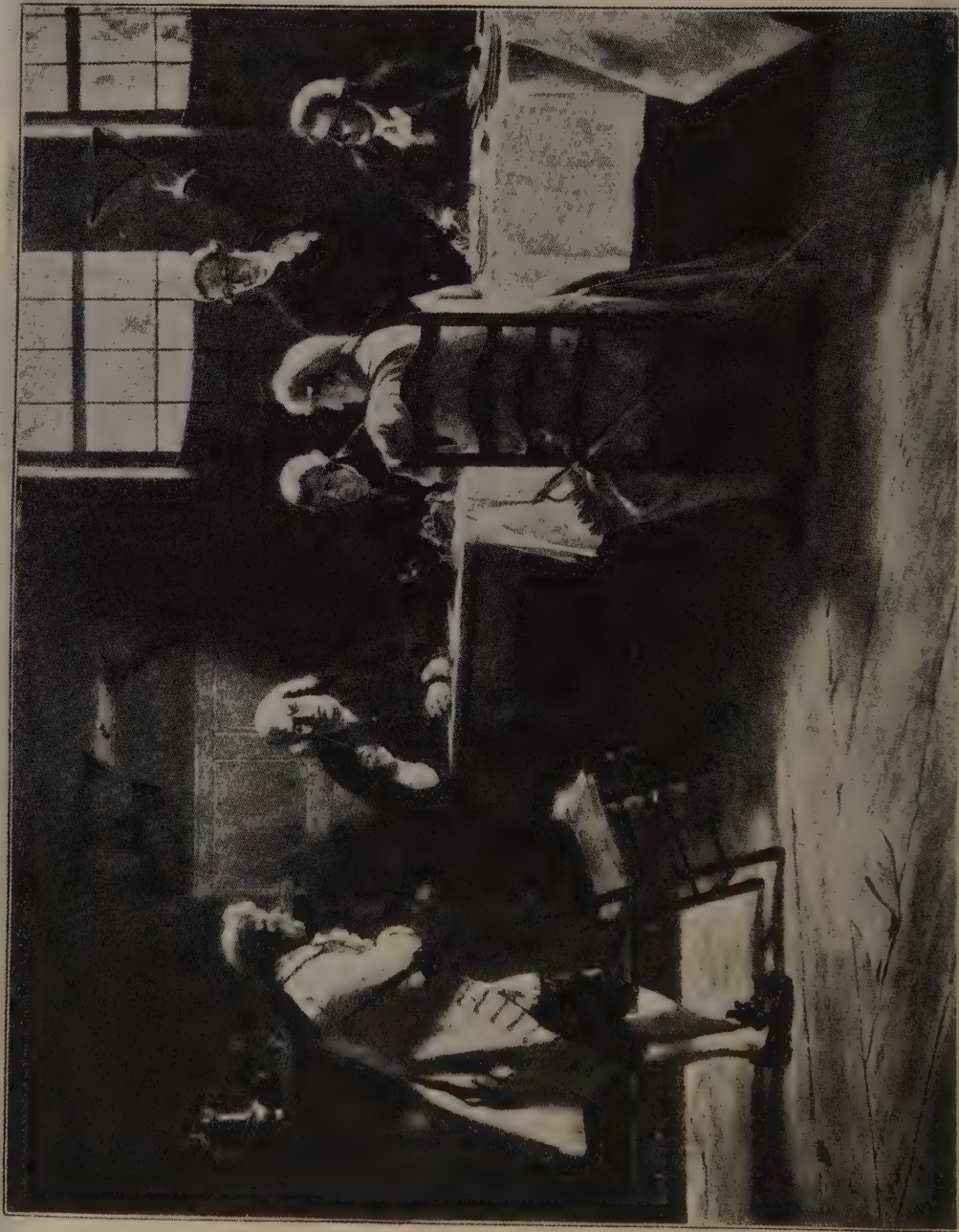
ST CLEMENT DANES





TEMPLE BAR, LONDON, IN JOHNSON'S TIME.





DR. JOHNSON AT THE CHESHIRE CHEESE.—STEPHEN LEWIS.  
EXHIBITED AT MESSRS. TOOTH'S GALLERIES, HAYMARKET.

AN EVENING WITH DR. JOHNSON AT THE "MIRE." (see page 51)

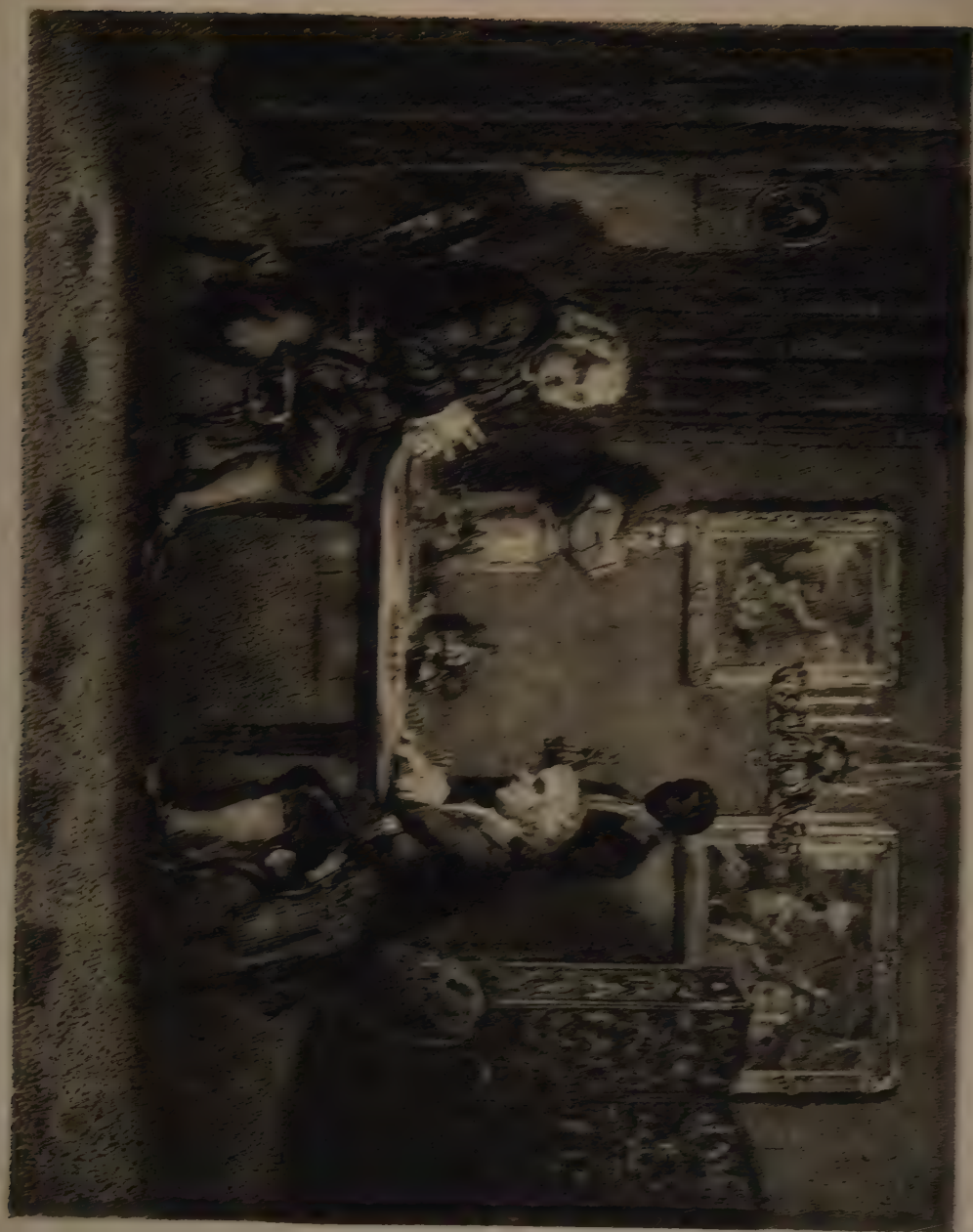




ELOQUENT MORSELS OF LONDON.



THE MITRE TAVERN, FLEET STREET.







DR. JOHNSON SURPRISED BY GEORGE III. IN THE QUEEN'S LIBRARY.

A  
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B E T W E E N

HIS MOST SACRED MAJESTY

G E O R G E III.

A N D

S A M U E L J O H N S O N, LL.D.

ILLUSTRATED WITH OBSERVATIONS,

By J A M E S B O S W E L L, Esq.

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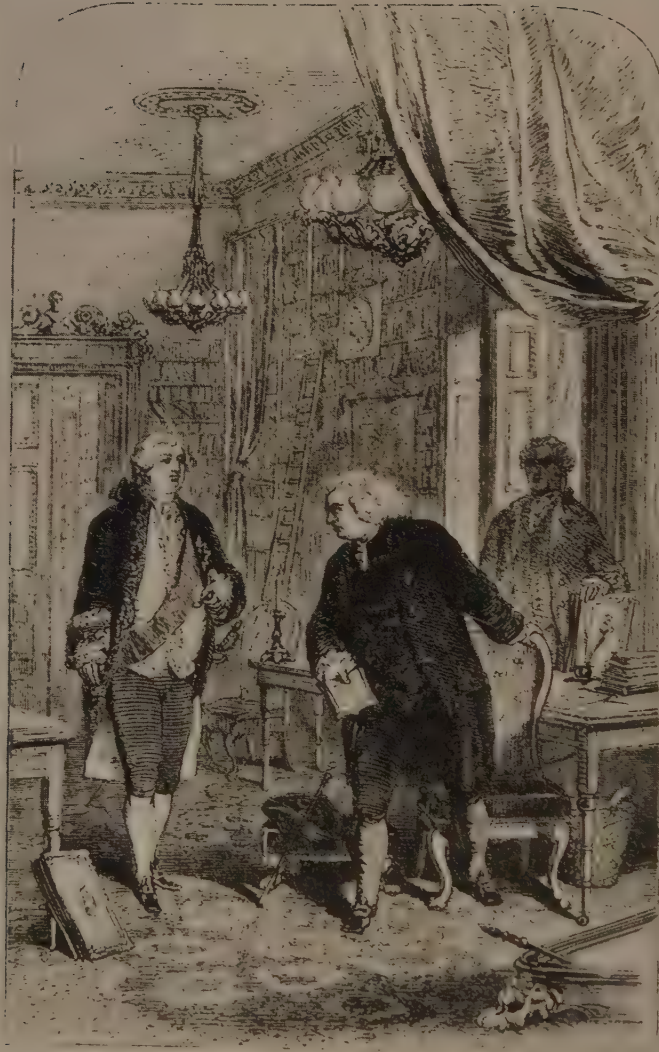
## CONVERSATION, &c.

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IN February, 1767, there happened one of the most remarkable incidents of Johnson's life, which gratified his monarchical enthusiasm, and which he loved to relate with all its circumstances, when requested by his friends. This was his being honoured by a private conversation with his Majesty, in the library at the Queen's house. He had frequently visited those splendid rooms and noble collection of books\*, which he used to say was more numerous and curious than he supposed any person could have made in the time which the King had employed. Mr. Barnard, the librarian, took care that he should have every accommodation that could contribute to his ease and convenience, while indulging his literary taste in that place; so that he had here a very agreeable resource at leisure hours.

His Majesty having been informed of his occasional visits, was pleased to signify a desire that he should be told when Dr. Johnson came next to the library. Accordingly, the next time that Johnson did come, as soon as he was fairly engaged with a book, on which, while he sat by the fire, he seemed quite intent, Mr. Barnard stole round to the apartment where the King was, and, in obedience to his Majesty's commands, mentioned that Dr. Johnson was then in the library. His Majesty said he was at leisure, and would go to him; upon which Mr. Barnard took one of the candles that stood on the King's table, and lighted his Majesty through a suite of rooms, till they came to a private

\* Dr. Johnson had the honour of contributing his assistance towards the formation of this library; for I have read a long letter from him to Mr. Barnard, giving the most masterly instructions on the subject. I wished much to have gratified my readers with the perusal of this letter, and have reason to think that his Majesty would have been graciously pleased to permit its publication; but Mr. Barnard, to whom I applied, declined it "on his own account."



"Johnson started up, and stood still. His Majesty approached him, and at once was courteously easy."  
Page 31.

door into the library, of which his Majesty had the key. Being entered, Mr. Barnard stepped forward hastily to Dr. Johnson, who was still in a profound study, and whispered him, "Sir, here is the King." Johnson started up, and stood still. His Majesty approached him, and at once was courteously easy\*.

His Majesty began by observing, that he understood he came sometimes to the library; and then mentioning his having heard that the Doctor had been lately at Oxford, asked him if he was not fond of going thither. To which Johnson answered, that he was indeed fond of going to Oxford sometimes, but was likewise glad to come back again. The King then asked him what they were doing at Oxford. Johnson answered, he could not much commend their diligence, but that in some respects they were mended, for they had put their press under better regulations, and were at that time printing Polybius. He was then asked whether there were better libraries at Oxford or Cambridge. He answered, he believed the Bodleian was larger than any they had at Cambridge; at the same time adding, "I hope, whether we have more books or not than they have at Cambridge, we shall make as good use of them as they do." Being asked whether All-Souls or Christ-Church library was the largest, he answered, "All-Souls library is the largest we have, except the Bodleian." "Aye, (said the King,) that is the publick library."

His Majesty enquired if he was then writing any thing. He answered, he was not, for he had pretty well told the world what he knew, and must now read to acquire more knowledge. The King, as it should seem with a

\* The particulars of this conversation I have been at great pains to collect with the utmost authenticity, from Dr. Johnson's own detail to myself; from Mr. Langton, who was present when he gave an account of it to Dr. Joseph Warton, and several other friends, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's; from Mr. Barnard; from the copy of a letter written by the late Mr. Strahan the printer, to Bishop Warburton; and from a minute, the original of which is among the papers of the late Sir James Caldwell, and a copy of which was most obligingly obtained for me from his son Sir John Caldwell, by Sir Francis Lumm. To all these gentlemen I beg leave to make my grateful acknowledgements, and particularly to Sir Francis Lumm, who was pleased to take a great deal of trouble, and even had the minute laid before the King by Lord Caermarthen, now Duke of Leeds, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, who announced to Sir Francis the Royal pleasure concerning it by a letter, in these words: "I have the King's commands to assure you, Sir, how sensible his Majesty is of your attention in communicating the minute of the conversation previous to its publication. As there appears no objection to your complying with Mr. Boswell's wishes on the subject, you are at full liberty to deliver it to that gentleman, to make such use of in his Life of Dr. Johnson, as he may think proper."



view to urge him to rely on his own stores as an original writer, and to continue his labours, then said, "I do not think you borrow much from any body." Johnson said, he thought he had already done his part as a writer. "I should have thought so too, (said the King,) if you had not written so well."—Johnson observed to me, upon this, that "No man could have paid a handsomer compliment; and it was fit for a King to pay. It was decisive." When asked by another friend, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, whether he made any reply to this high compliment, he answered, "No, Sir. When the King had said it, it was to be so. It was not for me to bandy civilities with my sovereign." Perhaps no man who had spent his whole life in courts could have shewn a more nice and dignified sense of true politeness, than Johnson did in this instance.

His Majesty having observed to him that he supposed he must have read a great deal; Johnson answered, that he thought more than he read; that he had read a great deal in the early part of his life, but having fallen into ill health, he had not been able to read much, compared with others: for instance, he said he had not read much compared with Dr. Warburton. Upon which the King said, that he heard Dr. Warburton was a man of such general knowledge, that you could scarce talk with him on any subject on which he was not qualified to speak; and that his learning resembled Garrick's acting, in its universality. His Majesty then talked of the controversy between Warburton and Lowth, which he seemed to have read, and asked Johnson what he thought of it. Johnson answered, "Warburton has most general, most scholastick learning; Lowth is the more correct scholar. I do not know which of them calls names best." The King was pleased to say he was of the same opinion; adding, "You do not think then, Dr. Johnson, that there was much argument in the case." Johnson said, he did not think there was. "Why truly, (said the King,) when once it comes to calling names, argument is pretty well at an end."

His Majesty then asked him what he thought of Lord Lyttelton's history, which was then just published. Johnson said, he thought his style pretty good, but that he had blamed Henry the Second rather too much. "Why, (said the King,) they seldom do these things by halves." "No, Sir, (answered Johnson,) not to Kings." But fearing to be misunderstood, he proceeded to explain himself; and immediately subjoined, "That for those who spoke worse of Kings than they deserved, he could find no excuse, but that he could more easily conceive how some might speak better of them than they deserved, without

without any ill intention; for, as Kings had much in their power to give, those who were favoured by them would frequently, from gratitude, exaggerate their praises; and as this proceeded from a good motive, it was certainly excusable, as far as error could be excusable."

The King then asked him what he thought of Dr. Hill. Johnson answered, that he was an ingenious man, but had no veracity; and immediately mentioned, as an instance of it, an assertion of that writer, that he had seen objects magnified to a much greater degree by using three or four microscopes at a time, than by using one. "Now, (added Johnson,) every one acquainted with microscopes knows, that the more of them he looks through, the less the object will appear." "Why, (replied the King,) this is not only telling an untruth, but telling it clumsily; for, if that be the case, every one who can look through a microscope will be able to detect him."

"I now, (said Johnson to his friends, when relating what had passed,) began to consider that I was depreciating this man in the estimation of his sovereign, and thought it was time for me to say something that might be more favourable." He added, therefore, that Dr. Hill was, notwithstanding, a very curious observer; and if he would have been contented to tell the world no more than he knew, he might have been a very considerable man, and needed not to have recourse to such mean expedients to raise his reputation.

The King then talked of literary journals, mentioned particularly the *Journal des Savans*, and asked Johnson if it was well done. Johnson said, it was formerly very well done, and gave some account of the persons who began it, and carried it on for some years; enlarging at the same time, on the nature and use of such works. The King asked him if it was well done now. Johnson answered, he had no reason to think that it was. The King then asked him if there were any other literary journals published in this kingdom, except the Monthly and Critical Reviews; and on being answered there were no other, his Majesty asked which of them was the best: Johnson answered, that the Monthly Review was done with most care, the Critical upon the best principles; adding, that the authours of the Monthly Review were enemies to the Church. This the King said he was sorry to hear.

The conversation next turned on the Philosophical Transactions, when Johnson observed, that they had now a better method of arranging their materials

materials than formerly. "Aye, (said the King,) they are obliged to Dr. Johnson for that;" for his Majesty had heard and remembered the circumstance, which Johnson himself had forgot.

His Majesty expressed a desire to have the literary biography of this country ably executed, and proposed to Dr. Johnson to undertake it. Johnson signified his readiness to comply with his Majesty's wishes.

During the whole of this interview, Johnson talked to his Majesty with profound respect, but still in his firm manly manner, with a sonorous voice, and never in that subdued tone which is commonly used at the levee and in the drawing-room. After the King withdrew, Johnson shewed himself highly pleased with his Majesty's conversation and gracious behaviour. He said to Mr. Barnard, "Sir, they may talk of the King as they will; but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen." And he afterwards observed to Mr. Langton, "Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we may suppose Lewis the Fourteenth or Charles the Second."

At Sir Joshua Reynolds's, where a circle of Johnson's friends was collected round him to hear his account of this memorable conversation, Dr. Joseph Warton, in his frank and lively manner, was very active in pressing him to mention the particulars. "Come now, Sir, this is an interesting matter; do favour us with it." Johnson, with great good humour, complied.

He told them, "I found his Majesty wished I should talk, and I made it my business to talk. I find it does a man good to be talked to by his sovereign. In the first place, a man cannot be in a passion—" Here some question interrupted him, which is to be regretted, as he certainly would have pointed out and illustrated many circumstances of advantage, from being in a situation, where the powers of the mind are at once excited to vigorous exertion, and tempered by reverential awe.

During all the time in which Dr. Johnson was employed in relating to the circle at Sir Joshua Reynolds's the particulars of what passed between the King and him, Dr. Goldsmith remained unmoved upon a sofa at some distance, affecting not to join in the least in the eager curiosity of the company. He assigned as a reason for his gloom and seeming inattention, that he apprehended Johnson had relinquished his purpose of furnishing him with a

Prologue



Prologue to his play, with the hopes of which he had been flattered; but it was strongly suspected that he was fretting with chagrin and envy at the singular honour Dr. Johnson had lately enjoyed. At length, the frankness and simplicity of his natural character prevailed. He sprung from the sofa, advanced to Johnson, and in a kind of flutter, from imagining himself in the situation which he had just been hearing described, exclaimed, "Well, you acquitted yourself in this conversation better than I should have done; for I should have bowed and stammered through the whole of it."



Your most sincere  
Cecil Armstrong  
Dec 2 1927

Elmer Gray

Purchased Johnson's house in Gough Square in 1911. Restored the house  
to its original state, and it is now open to the public.

# List of Residences of Dr. Johnson in London from Boswell's Life & Croker's Edition of Boswell.

- 1<sup>st</sup> Lodging at Morris the Staymaker's the corner of Easter Street adjoining Catherine Street in 1737.
- 2<sup>nd</sup> Lodging in July 12. 1737 (next door to the Golden Heart in Church Street, Greenwich, Kent.
- 3<sup>rd</sup> Lodging <sup>in 1737</sup> in Woodstock Street near Hanover Square.
- 4<sup>th</sup> Lodging <sup>in 1738</sup> at No. 6. Castle Street near Cavendish Square.
- 5<sup>th</sup> Lodging in 17 in the Strand.
- 6<sup>th</sup> Lodging in 17 in Boswell Court.
- 7<sup>th</sup> Lodging in 17 in Strand again.
- 8<sup>th</sup> Lodging in 17 in Bow Street.
- 9<sup>th</sup> Lodging in 1748 in Holborn.
- 10<sup>th</sup> Lodging in 1748 in Fetter Lane.
- 11<sup>th</sup> Lodging in 1748 in Holborn again at the Golden Anchor, near Holborn Bars.
- 12<sup>th</sup> Lodging in 1748 in Gough Square, Fleet Street.
- 13<sup>th</sup> Lodging in 1758 in Staples Inn.
- 14<sup>th</sup> Lodging in 1758 in Grays Inn.
- 15<sup>th</sup> Lodging in 1759 at No. 1. Inner Temple Lane.
- 16<sup>th</sup> Lodging in 1765 at No. 7 Johnsons Court, Fleet Street.
- 17<sup>th</sup> Lodging in 1776 at No. 8 in Bolt Court, Fleet Street  
in which House he died in 1785.



## 1<sup>st</sup> Lodging

The House at the corner of Dexter Street & Catherine Street Strand formerly the residence of one Mr. Morris a Staymaker was the House in which Dr. Johnson lodged on his first arrival in London in the year 1737 but is now and has been many years a Public House known by the sign of the Grapes in the Tenancy of Mr Watkins - The House has been during the Strand Improvements of late years been modernized by a Gent. Palace Exterior which strangely contrasts with what it was when the residence of its celebrated inhabitant. Adjoining this house in Catherine Street is the Fountain Tavern formerly a place of great resort of Johnson and his friends during the time when his play of Irene a composition of great merit was produced under the management of his Friend Garrick at ~~the~~ Swan Lane Theatre Johnson in this Tavern used to consult his friends opinions on his dramatic genius and from here he attended and witnessed from behind

the scenes the success of his play for 7 successive nights after which he said in a pet to Garrick that he should come no more to his Theatre for that his fair actresses and their silk stockings quite excited his amorous propensities - However the Play ran 9 nights and has never been played since. The Fountain Tavern is now and has been more forty years a first rate House of Ill Fame having 2 entrances into Catherine Street and Essex Street.

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### 2<sup>nd</sup> Lodging

was in a Letter to Cave the Printer (see Boswells Life Pag 83) on July 12. 1737 at (next door) to the Golden Harb, Greenwich, Kent. - On Wednesday afternoon Twenty by Steam from Westminster Bridge and perambulated for some hours and could find no such sign nor could any one inform us not even some of the oldest pensioners or even inhabitants - But I found just opposite the Church the Public House called the White Harb the corner of London Street and Church Street which

has been known within the memory of man  
(for I asked several pensioners from 80 to verging  
on to 100) & others by the sign of the White Hart.  
The White Hart was formerly a very old building  
and was unfortunately burnt some 30 years  
ago to that extent that it was obliged to be rebuilt  
or materially altered as it now stands. In the  
Street adjoining the White Hart is a large old  
fashioned low wooded House of three stories high  
which nevertheless the Fire still remains in its  
original state. It has the appearance of at  
least a century or a century and a half old and  
was originally one house but now made into  
2 dwellings the one nearest the White Hart  
is a Printing Office and Stationers Shop in the  
occupation of one Mr. Henry R. Richardson, the  
other is a Butcher and Cheesemongers Shop. This  
double Shop & House is joined by an old fashioned  
Brick House in the general line of business.  
This old fashioned double House and Shop of  
wooden erection was the generally supposed  
residence of Dr. Johnson while in Greenwich in



in the year 1738 - I made bold to enter the Stationers  
Shop and put one or two questions to a Tradesman  
Mr. Richardson (I believe) when he instantly checked  
by solving my errand and in answer to further  
questions he said he could warrant to say that  
his was the residence of Johnson but he believed  
it was and he further said that he had been re-  
peatedly asked by numerous parties the same question  
and always gave the same answer - The House  
are speaking of the age of the House, the curious  
building in woodwork, its being situated in  
Church<sup>st</sup> its adjoining the White Hart Public House  
which (by the by) might have got from the long  
distance back of 1738 corrupted or altered from the  
Golden Heart to the White Hart which circumstance  
is totally out of the memory of man (106 years ago)  
and only to be proved by the records of the County  
or rather perhaps by the now Borough of Greenwich  
itself. These circumstances and facts make me  
conclude this must have been the House and you  
would be more inclined to think so did you but  
see a drawing of it.



### 3<sup>rd</sup> Lodging

in 1737 was in Woodstock Street a short narrow Street one end running into Bedford Street the other into the North Western corner of Hanover Square. It is situated between Bond Street and Flaxwood Place. Woodstock Street contains 24 Houses 2 being Public Houses, 3 or 4 Shopkeepers in a quiet way of business; about 8 Private Houses the remaining 10 are all Houses of All Pains. Neither Boswell nor Baker give any account what number, nor could I possibly find out by any personal enquiry

---

### 4<sup>th</sup> Lodging

in 1738 was at No 6 Great Castle Street being between Regent Street and John Street. No 6 is on the North side of Great Castle Street within 1 door of John Street and is in the occupation of Mr Clark, Painter and Decorator who effected a complete new frontage to the House by cementing it all down. On enquiry personally of Mrs Clark the Mistress of the House she informed me that was formerly

the residence of Dr Johnson and stated further her  
being repeatedly enquired of the same question and  
also returned the same answer.

5<sup>th</sup> Lodging  
in 17 was in the Strand.

6<sup>th</sup> Lodging  
in 17 was in Boswell Court.

7<sup>th</sup> Lodging  
in 17 was in the Strand again.

8<sup>th</sup> Lodging  
in 17 was in Bow Street Covent Garden

9<sup>th</sup> Lodging  
in 1748 was in Holborn

10<sup>th</sup> Lodging  
in 1748 was in Fetter Lane

N.B. no  
mention at all  
of what Nos  
of any of these  
Lodgings, in  
either Boswell  
or even  
Croker.

11<sup>th</sup> Lodging  
in 1748 was at the Golden Anchor near Holborn  
Bars - I traversed Holborn from Chancery Lane  
to Farringdon Street, enquired at every Public  
House on each side of the way and could find  
no such sign nor is there that sign it might have  
been altered into another sign.

12<sup>th</sup> Lodging  
in 1748 was at No 17 in Gough Square now in  
the occupation of a Mr Green a private gentleman  
No 17 is situated at the western corner of the  
Square between Johnson's Court & the Gateway  
leading into Pemberton Row Fetter Lane. Dr  
Johnson resided temporarily previous to going  
into Gough Square in a House now pulled  
down down and rebuilt as a Manufactory —  
The House No 17 in Gough Square Johnson resided  
for more than 7 years and in it he compiled  
his Great Dictionary & many other works. It  
remains in exactly the same state in which  
Johnson left it <sup>so</sup> far as outward appearance  
with the exception of painting which has not  
been done for at least 30 or 40 years ago. A Lady  
living in the House informed me that the House  
remained as in Johnson's time both inwardly  
and outwardly.

---





THE JOHNSON HOUSE, GOUGH SQUARE.





ATTIC, DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE, GOUGH SQUARE.

13 <sup>th</sup> Lodging	} No Number mentioned either in Boswell or Croker.
in 1758 was in Staple Lane	
14 <sup>th</sup> Lodging	
in 1758 was in Grays Lane	

---

15<sup>th</sup> Lodging  
 in 1759 was at No 1 in Inner Temple Lane ex-  
 -actly opposite Chancery Lane. No 1 the first  
 on the right hand was the residence of Dr Johnson  
 more than once. It was from this house that  
 Joseph Beauchamp and Boswell knocked him up  
 at 3 o'clock in the morning to have him a frisk  
 as he termed it with them round Covent Garden. This  
 House remains in the same state as when Johnson  
 inhabited with the exception of being apparently  
 made another story higher. It being at present a  
 large house of 5 stories high is now made use of as  
 Solicitors Offices. The house seems from the exterior  
 admirably adapted for a meditative turn of mind such  
 as Johnson was, for the lover of hard study would be  
 just suited in this dwelling in this locality.

---



EXETER TOWN HALL EXETER





*Gray's Inn*





Viewed N.E.

*Inner Temple*

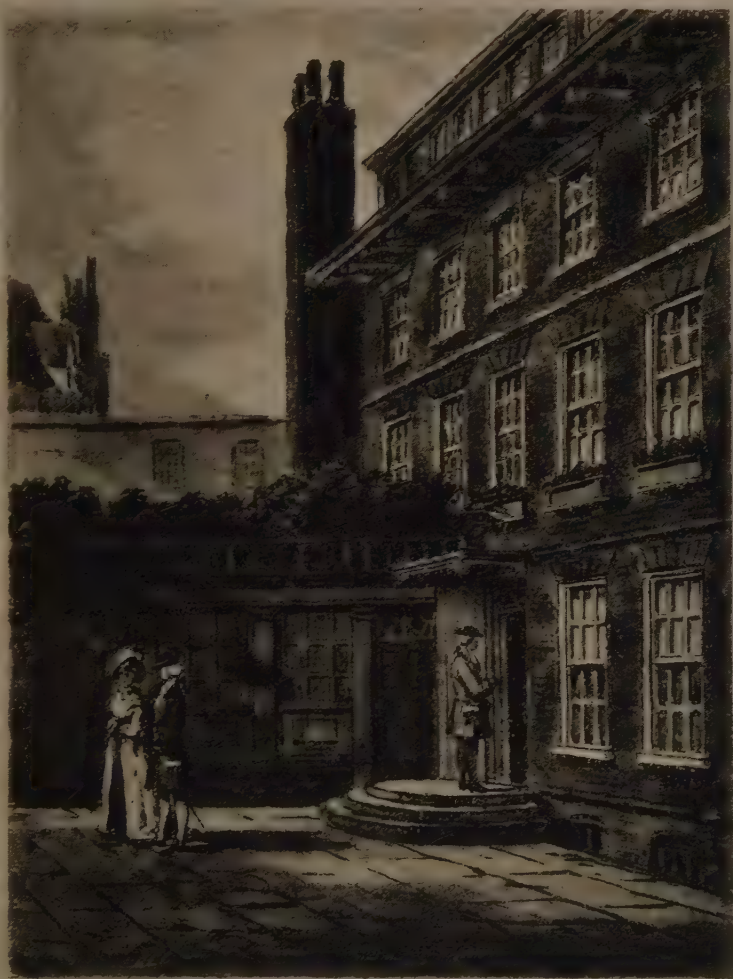
*Pub. for St. Paul's Church, 31. 1840*



JOHNSON'S COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

18<sup>th</sup> Lodge  
in 1765 was at No 7 in the Eastern corner of the Square  
of Johnson's Court between Gough Square and Fleet  
Street, and was the house he resided in after he had  
completed his great work his Dictionary in Gough Square  
and from the circumstance of having about this  
time little to occupy his mind he required smaller  
premises for occupation and accordingly took this  
House of No which is old fashioned House of 3 stories  
from the ground floor and now in the occupation  
of M<sup>r</sup>. William Harding the owner of Audertons' Hotel  
in Fleet Street upon the back of whose Hotel this  
House immediately adjoins. The House since in the  
present proprietor's hands has been materially altered  
in the interior so I was informed by the Lady of the House  
on my inquiry but the exterior remains the same  
as in Johnson's time with this alteration only of  
the unsightly old brick frontage it has entirely been  
renewed over and recently painted down from top to  
bottom presenting a cheerful aspect instead of probably  
the sombre cast of Johnson's time  
In the narrow part of Johnson's Court between Fleet Street  
and the aforesaid Square on the left hand side at No 2





DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN BOLT COURT.

in the occupation of Mrs Talbot Carpenter & Joiner who has resided there many years is also said to have been the residence of Johnson for some time and a small room on the first floor is still shown as the once study of Johnson which room is obliging shewn by the old Landlady Mrs Talbot to the curious enquirers. Johnson appears to have been partial to this spot for from his commencing his lodging first in Johnsons Court in 1765 to his death in 1785 in Bolt Court embraced a period of 20 years which locality might be walked round in five minutes passing from Fleet Street up Johnsons Court through Gough Square down Bolt Court into Fleet Street again.

---

17<sup>th</sup> & Last Lodging in which he died in 1785 in 1776 till his death was at No 8 Bolt Court Fleet Street in which he resided with his favorites nearly ten years and from which to his last home in Westminster Abbey. This residence of Johnsons adjoins the House belonging to the Medical Society and has suffered a complete alteration both in its interior as well as of its exterior for instead of a private house or large family mansion of Johnsons time time has metamorphosed it into a private Tavern now known as Mr Johnsons Tavern. This the first house on the

right hand of the Court going from Fleet Street and  
seems apparently much used as a house of con-  
viviality at the present day among the citizens  
after the manner of Jago's Hotel located gardens or  
offices in Henrietta Street.

### Conclusion

Being no hand at descriptive accounts you  
wish, Sir, I humbly trust I have procured  
the information, it is possible, and which you  
would find correct, if you at any time, with  
small sketches, of those houses known as (Johnson's  
Residences), I could have them executed, at half the  
cost, you might be charged by an Artist, who would  
of course, charge for time looking at the Houses, & the  
his drawings after! - should that ever be your wish  
Honoured Sir, I know a few poor, but really  
clever sketchers, who would be glad to earn a few  
shillings, and I should be proud, very proud to have  
it to say the idea was carried out, thus adding, to  
your valuable collection of Johnsonian Prints.





JOHNSON AND THE BEGGAR-GIRL.

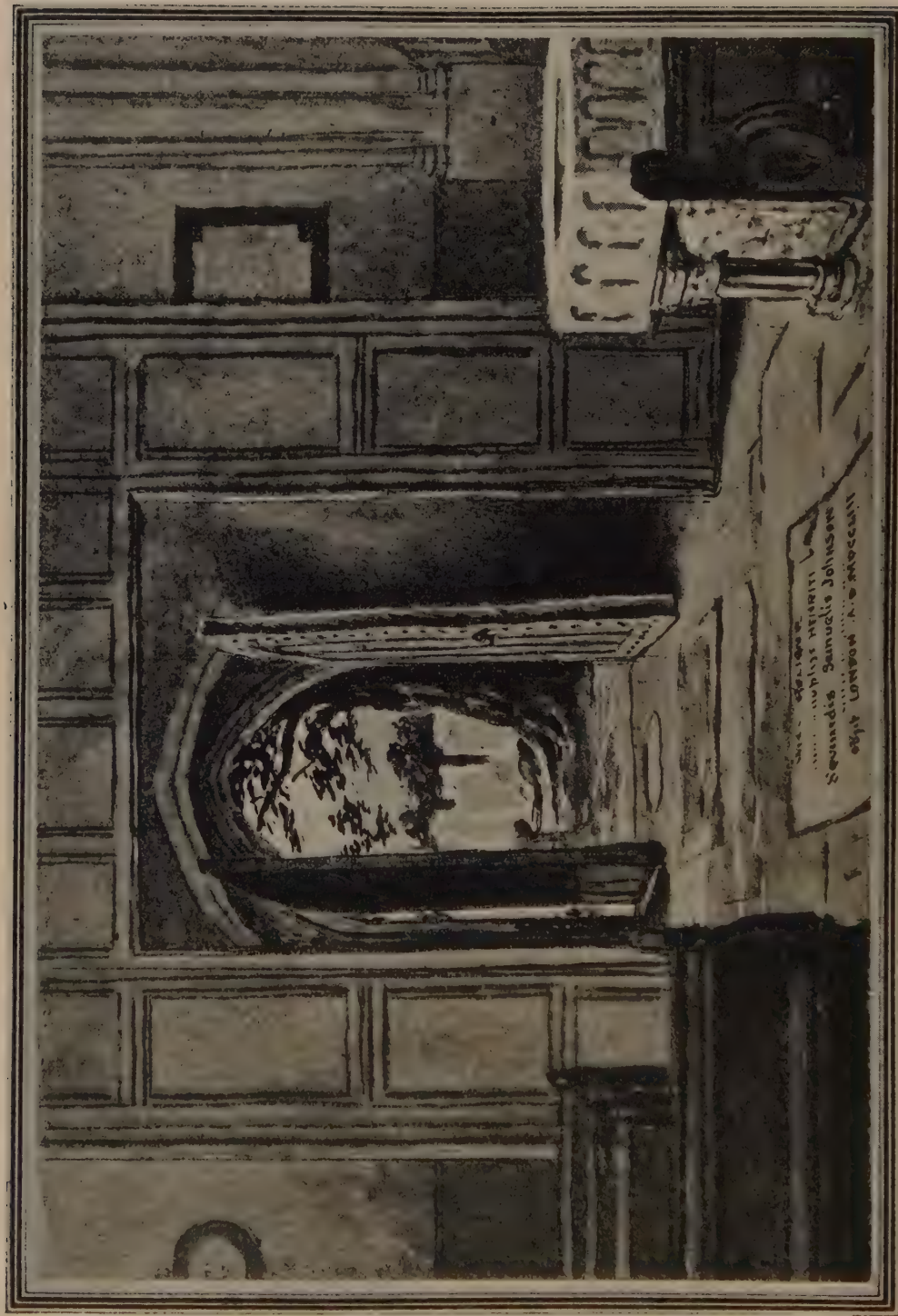


"THE LOST SHEEP."

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.  
Obiit XIII die Decembris  
Anno Domini  
MDCCLXXXIV.  
Ætatis suæ LXXV.

DR. JOHNSON'S GRAVE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The lettering restored by *The Johnson Society* of Lichfield, England.



*Mrs<sup>s</sup> Johnson's Tomb in Bromley Church.*



Underneath this Stone  
are interred the Remains of  
**JOHN HENDERSON**  
who died the 28<sup>th</sup> day of Nov<sup>r</sup> 1788  
aged 36 years.

**RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN**  
Born 1751

Died 7<sup>th</sup> July 1816

This Marble is the Tribute of  
his attached friend  
**PETER MOORE.**

**DAVID GARRICK**

Born 21<sup>st</sup> February 1716.

Died 20<sup>th</sup> January 1779

**ELIZ MARY GARRICK**

Born 29<sup>th</sup> February 1724

Died 16<sup>th</sup> October. 1822.

**SAMUEL JOHNSON LL.D**

Obiit XIII die Decembris

Anno Domini

MDCCLXXXIV.

Etatis Suae LXXV.

Yesterday the remains of the much-lamented Dr. Samuel Johnson were interred in Westminster Abbey. The procession, consisting of a hearse and six, with the corpse, and ten mourning coaches and four, set out from Bolt-court, Fleet-street, a few minutes after twelve o'clock, being followed by several gentlemen's carriages, most of the company in which were in mourning. At one o'clock the corpse arrived at the Abbey, where it was met by Dr. Taylor, who read the funeral service and several Prebends, and conducted to the Poets Corner, and laid close to the remains of David Garrick, Esq.—The following are the names of the greater number who attended at this solemnity:

Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. Scott, Executors.

Sir J. Banks, Mr. Langton, Mr. Burke, Mr. Colman, Mr. Wyndham, and another, pall-bearers; General Paoli, Rev. Dr. Farmer, Dr. Brocklesby, Dr. Burney, Mr. Steevens, Mr. Malone, Dr. Horley, Dr. Wright, Rev. Mr. Sturges, Rev. Mr. Strahan, Mr. Cook, Mr. Hoole, Mr. Ryland, Mr. Nichols, Mr. Du-Moulin, Mr. Saltres, Mr. Burke, jun. other distinguished persons, and the deceased's favourite black servant. A great concourse of people were assembled, who behaved with a degree of decency suitable to the solemn occasion.

UNDER this monument lies interr'd

The mortal part of

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D.

Which, during a long pilgrimage on earth  
Of threescore and seventeen years,  
Was animated and directed  
By the brightest spark of the immortal mind,  
Vouchsaf'd to enlighten an age blinded by  
pride,

And thoughtless dissipation,

The harbinger of reason,

To prepare the mental faculties for the  
Reception of Evangelical truths.

The undaunted Champion of Piety,

Against the attacks of infidels

In his admirable writings;

And in the example of his own life,

The strenuous assertor of the Cause of  
Virtue.

His learning was employ'd in exalting

The dignity of human nature,

By endeavouring to eradicate those sordid

Affections that retard its ascent.

He was eyes to the blind, and a father to  
the poor;

The faithful servant, who, receiving one

talent, increased it tenfold;

Not in expectation of ruling over ten cities

In this perishing and terrestrial globe,

But of partaking immortal bliss

In the kingdom of Heaven,

With Apostles and Saints, with Prophets  
and good men, made perfect.

Accomplish'd and learned Reader,

May these spontaneous effusions of an  
affectionate heart

Awake and kindle in thine

Such elegiac, and energetic strains

As listening nations may applaud;

And for a while suspend their grief,

In admiration of thy powerful lyre,

So well, according to the matchless theme,

Dr. Johnson's books, of which there is  
a prodigious number, and which were rather  
irregularly disposed, are arranging and  
putting in respectable order. It was an ob-  
servation of the Doctors, that as knowledge  
is naturally advantageous, a superfluity of  
books is not without its use, since the multi-  
tude is a security against the injuries of time,  
the rage of tyrants, and the ravages of  
barbarians.

In justice to the memory of the late emi-  
nent Dr. Samuel Johnson, the Public are  
hereby cautioned against giving credit to  
any particulars respecting him, or any pos-  
sible works pretending to be his, that  
may hereafter be published by anonymous  
authors or editors; and further are assured,  
that an authentic life of him by one of his  
Executors, and also a complete edition of  
his writings, consisting as well of original  
compositions as of those already in print,  
are preparing and will be published with all  
convenient speed.

*Dear Sir, The Executors of the late Dr. Samuel Johnson  
request the favour of your attendance on Monday next the  
20<sup>th</sup> December inst. at 10 o'clock in the forenoon at the  
Doctors Hall there in Bolt Court Fleet Street to accompany  
the Corpse to Westminster Abbey.*

*18<sup>th</sup> December 1784*

514. *Johnson's Funeral.*

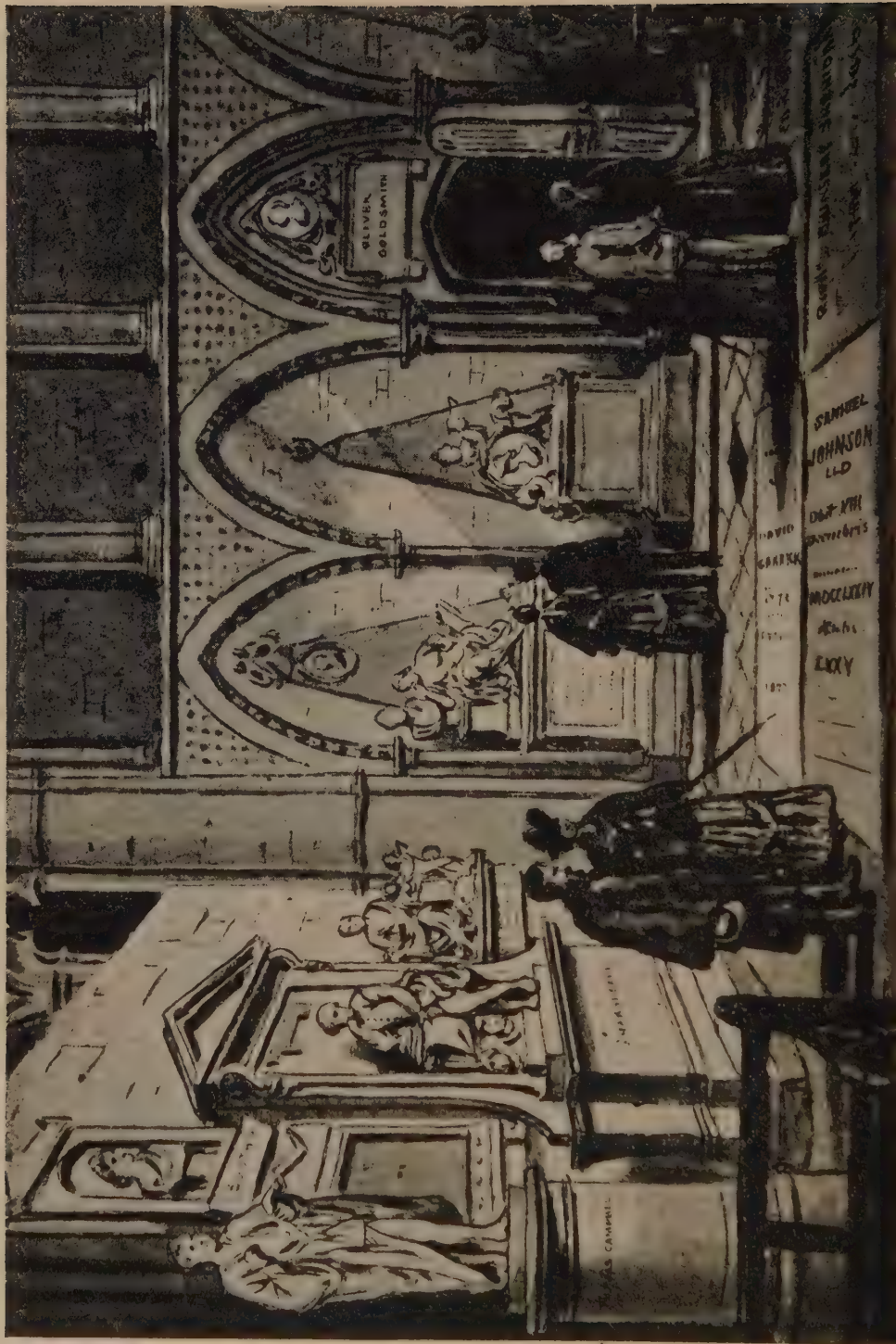
In a letter from Charles Burney, the younger, to Dr. Parr, dated Dec. 21. 1784, he says, — "Yesterday I followed our ever to be lamented friend, Dr. Johnson, to his last mansion : 'Non omnis moriar — multaque pars, mei vitabit Libitinam' — should be engraven on his stone. He died with the same piety with which he lived ; and bestowed much pains during his last illness, in endeavouring to convince some of his friends, who were in doubt, about the truth of the Christian religion. He has left behind him a collection of small Latin compositions, in verse. They are principally translations of collects and Greek epigrams. He was followed to the Abbey by a large troop of friends. Ten mourning coaches were ordered by the executors for those invited. Besides these, eight of his friends or admirers clubbed for two more carriages, in one of which I had a seat. But the executor, Sir John Hawkins, did not manage things well, for there was no anthem or choir service performed — no lesson — but merely what is read over every old woman that is buried by the parish. Surely, surely, my dear Sir, this was wrong, very wrong. Dr. Taylor read the service — but so-so. <sup>(1)</sup> He lies nearly under Shakspeare's monument, with Garrick at his right hand, just opposite the monument erected not long ago for Goldsmith by him and some of his friends.

515. *Parr on Johnson's Churchmanship.*

"It is dangerous to be of no church," said Dr. Johnson — who believed and revered his Bible, and who saw through all the proud and shallow pretences of that which calls itself liberality, and of that which is not genuine philosophy.

(1) [Dr. Parr, in a letter to Dr. Charles Burney, written in Nov. 1789, says, "Did you go to Sir Joshua Reynolds's funeral? I hope he had a complete service, not mutilated and diminished, as it was for poor Johnson at the Abbey — which is a great reproach to the lazy cattle who loll in the stalls there."]





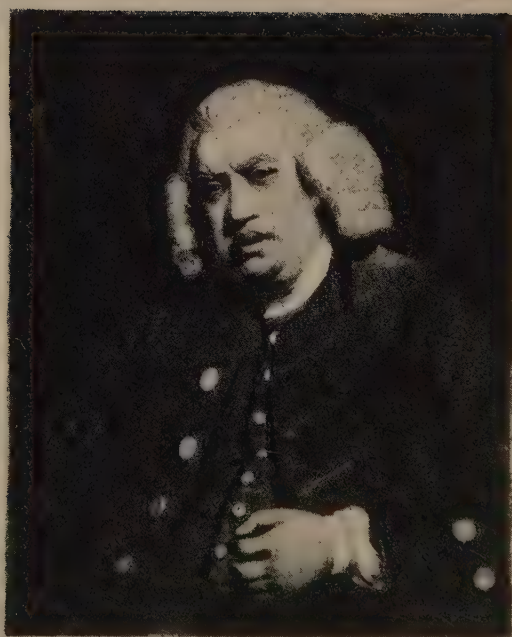


JOHNSON MEMORIAL URN AT GWYNNOG, WALES.





LETTERS  
OF  
SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.



JOHNSON

- To the REV<sup>D</sup>. WILLIAM ADAMS (1706-1789)  
Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, from 1775.
- To EDMUND ALLEN (died 1784)  
Printer in Bolt Court.
- To FRANCIS BARBER  
Dr. Johnson's Servant.
- To the CURATOR OF THE ROYAL LIBRARY (page 188)
- To DR. EDWARD BENTHAM (1707-1776)  
Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, 1754.  
Regius Professor of Divinity, 1763.
- To MISS HILL BOOTHBY (1708-1756)  
Only daughter of Brooke Boothby and Elizabeth Fitzherbert.
- To WILLIAM BOWLES, Esq.  
Of Heale, near Salisbury.
- To THOMAS CADELL (1742-1802)  
Cadell, "The Elder." London Publisher.
- To EDWARD CAVE (1691-1754)  
The original compiler and editor of *The Gentleman's Magazine*.
- To SIR ROBERT CHAMBERS (1737-1803)  
English Lawyer and Indian Judge.  
Exhibitioner of Lincoln College, Oxford.
- To GEORGE COLMAN (1732-1794)  
Colman, "The Elder." Dramatic Author and Theatre Manager.
- To MISS COTTERELL  
One of the daughters of Admiral Cotterell, probably Miss Charlotte.
- To THOMAS CUMINS, Esq.
- To MRS. DESMOULINS  
Daughter of Dr. Johnson's godfather, Dr. Swinfen. Widow of Mr. Desmoulins,  
a writing-master.
- To ROBERT DODSLEY (1703-1764)  
Partner with James in the publishing business.  
Poet, Publisher and Playwright.
- To JAMES ELPHISTONE (1721-1809)  
Edinburgh School Teacher.



**TO LADY GALWAY**

Wife of John Monckton, first Viscount Galway.

Mother of Miss Monckton, who married Edmund Boyle, 7th Earl of Cork and Orrery.

**TO MRS. DAVID GARRICK (1724-1822)**

Wife of the celebrated Garrick, the actor.

**TO THE REV. JAMES GRANGER (1723-1766)**

Vicar of Shiplake, Oxfordshire.

**TO JOHN HAWKESWORTH (1715-1773)**

Author and Essayist.

**TO SIR GEORGE HAY (1715-1778)**

One of the Lords of the Admiralty, 1756-1765.

**TO JOHN HOOLE (1727-1803)**

Translator.

**TO THE REV. DR. GEORGE HORNE (1730-1792)**

President of Magdalen College, Oxford, 1768-1790.

**TO THE REV. WILLIAM HUDDSFORD (1720-1796)**

Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in 1775.

**TO OZIAS HUMPHRY (1742-1810)**

Portrait Painter.

**TO MISS ELIZABETH LAWRENCE**

Daughter of Dr. Thomas Lawrence.

**TO THOMAS LAWRENCE (1711-1783)**

Physician and friend of Dr. Johnson.

**TO ROBERT LEVETT (died 1782)**

Pensioner of Dr. Johnson's.

**TO JOHN LEVETT (1721-1799)**

Son of Theophilus of Lichfield.

**TO JAMES MACPHERSON (1736-1796)**

Publisher of Ossian's Poems.

**TO EDMOND MALONE (1741-1812)**

Shakespearian Commentator.

**TO MRS. ELIZABETH ROBINSON MONTAGU (1720-1800)**

"Queen of the Blues."

To **GEORGE NICOL**

Bookseller to His Majesty.

To **LEWIS PAUL** (died 1759)

Inventor of spinning machine.

To the **REVD. DR. THOMAS PERCY** (1729-1811)

Bishop of Dromore.

To **LUCY PORTER** (died 1786)

Dr. Johnson's Step-daughter.

To **MISS REYNOLDS** (1729-1807)

Sister of Sir Joshua.

To **SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS** (1723-1792).

England's greatest Portrait Painter.

To **SAMUEL RICHARDSON** (1689-1761)

English Novelist.

To **JOHN RIVINGTON** (1720-1792)

Publisher.

To **JOHN RYLAND** (1723-1792)

Baptist. Brother-in-law of John Hawkesworth.

To **JOHN RYLAND** (1717?-1798)

West India Merchant on Tower Hill.

To **JOHN SCOTT** (1730-1783)

Of Amwell. Quaker Poet.

To **MR. SMITH**

Hill suggests "perhaps Henry Smith, Thrale's relation."

To the **REVD. GEORGE STRAHAN** (1744-1824)

Vicar of Islington. Son of William Strahan.

To **WILLIAM STRAHAN** (1715-1785)

Printer and Publisher.

To the **REVD. JOHN TAYLOR** (1711-1788)

Prebendary of Westminster.

To **HENRY THRALE** (died 1781)

London Brewer.

To MRS. HENRY THRALE (1741-1821)  
Wife of preceding.

To the REV. DR. VYSE

To the REV. JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791)  
Methodist Preacher.

To the REV. MR. WHITE  
Episcopalian Bishop in Pennsylvania.







PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

(TO THE REV. WILLIAM ADAMS)

Sir

The Gentleman who brings this is a learned Benedictine, in whose monastery I was treated at Paris with all the civilities, which the Society had means or opportunity of showing. I dined in their refectory, and studied in their library, and had the favour of their company in other places, as exactly but me. I therefore take the liberty of recommending him to you, Sir, and to Pembroke college; to be shown the same treatment which I was treated with with respect at Oxford: thus in France, and hope that you and my fellow-colleagues will not be unwilling to acknowledge some obligation for benefits conferred on one who has had the honour of studying amongst you. I am

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson.

May. 25. 1776



One sheet. 4to. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Dr Adams)

Sir

Let me not be thought insensible of your kind invitations, if I have hitherto delayed to accept them. I have been confined to the house one hundred and twenty nine days, and it may be easily supposed that I am yet languid with the debility of so long an illness, from only part of which I have recovered.

I hope however, that I have strength yet remaining sufficient to carry me to Oxford, and with Mr. Boswel, my old fellow traveller. I hope to see you on Thursday the 3d of June.

Our wish is, if it can [be] easily allowed us, to lodge and live in the college.

A sick Man is a very troublesome visitant. I bring my servant with me, who must be some way or other provided for.

I return dear Miss Adams my sincere thanks for her two kind visits, and for her imperturbable and irresistible tenderness and civility.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble servant

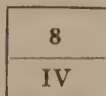
Sam: Johnson

Bolt court Fleet street. May 31. 1784

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

Postmark



Stamped Oxford.

Addressed—

To Mr Allen

in Bolt court, Fleet street,

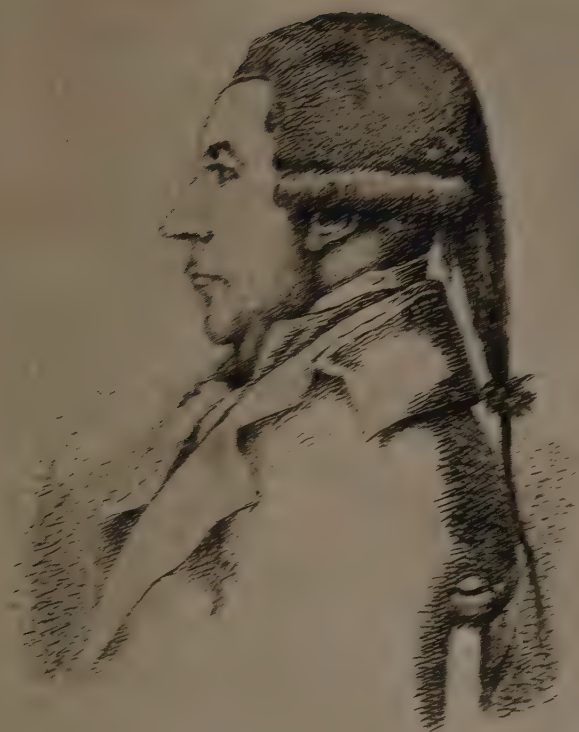
London

Dear Sir

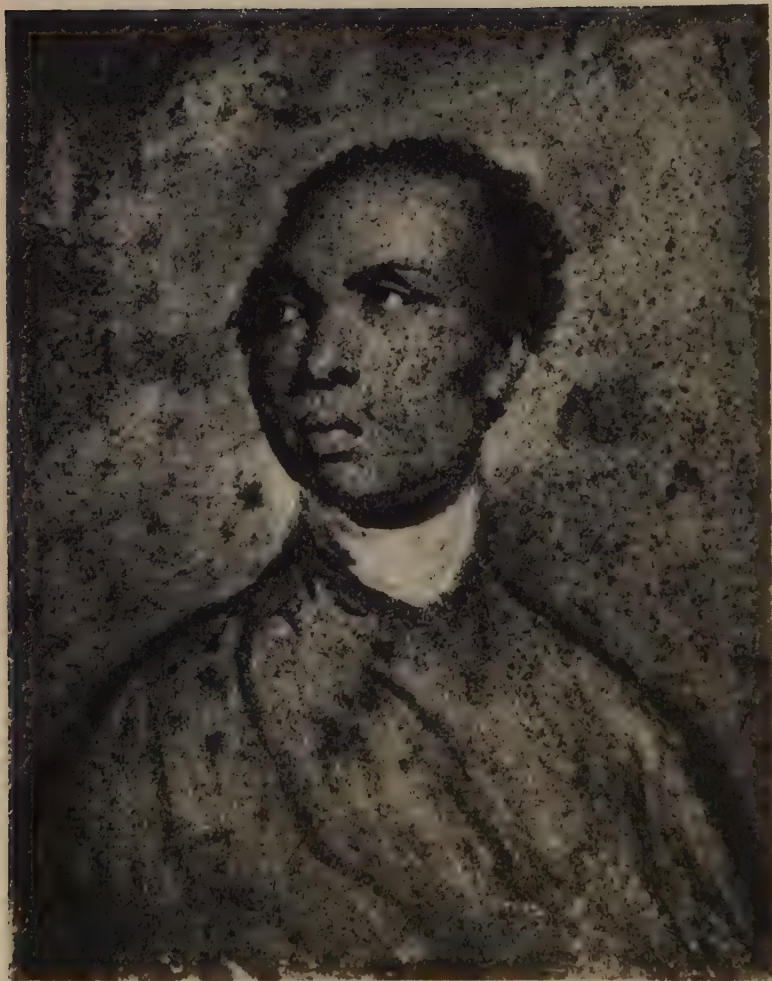
I came hither on Thursday without the least trouble or fatigue, but I do not yet perceive any improvement of my health. My Breath is very much obstructed, my legs are very soon tired, and my Nights are very restless.

[ 1 ]

Boswel



MR. BOSWELL.



FRANCIS BARBER.

Dr. Johnson's servant.



Boswel went back next day, and is not yet returned, Miss Adams, and Miss Moore are not yet come. How long I shall stay, or whither I shall go, I cannot yet guess; While I am away I beg that you will sit for me at the club, and that you will pay Betsy Barber five shilling a week. I hope I shall by degrees be better.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Pembroke College, Oxford.

June 7. 1784

---

One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Address. (To Francis Barber)

Heale. Sept. 16. 1783

Dear Francis

I rather wonder that you have never written, but that is now not necessary, for I purpose to be with [you] on Thursday before dinner.

As Thursday is my Birthday, I would have a little dinner got, and would have you invite Mrs. Desmoulins, Mrs. Davis that was about Mrs. Williams, and Mr. Allen, and Mrs. Gardiner.

I am,

Your &c

Sam: Johnson

---

One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Dr Bentham)

Sir

It might perhaps have the appearance of romantick ambition to say, that I regret that want of opposition which made your benevolent eloquence unnecessary, but at least I may [be] allowed to rejoice at the rumour of opposition which has produced from a Mind like yours, such a testimony in

my favour. Having so much of your approbation I hope to be admitted to your friendship, and shall applaud myself, if the opinion of my merit which my writings have impressed upon such a judge, is not impaired by more familiar knowledge.

I am,

Sir,

Your most obliged  
and most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

April 8. 1775

---

Two sheets. 8vo. Written on both sides of first sheet.  
No Postmark. Seal broken. No date.

Addressed—

To Miss Boothby

Dearest Dear

I am extremely obliged to you for the kindness of your enquiry. After I had written to you Dr Lawrence came, and would have given some oil and sugar, but I took Rhenish and water, and recovered my voice. I yet cough much and sleep ill. I have been visited by another Doctor to day but I laughed at his Balsam of Peru. I fasted on Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday, and felt neither hunger nor faintness. I have dined yesterday and to day, and found little refreshment. I am not much amiss, but can no more sleep than if my dearest Lady was angry at

Madam

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson.

Saturday.

(Jan 3. 1756)

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

Postmark indistinct. Seal broken.

Addressed—

To W: Bowles Esq at Heale

near Salisbury

Dear Sir

A dreadful interruption of my health, the effect, in some part at least, of the hard weather, as my Physicians flatter me, and as I am very willing to flatter myself, has hindered me not only from accepting but from acknowledging your kind invitation. My experience of the general course of life at Heale, presents to my Mind a very delightful image of a Heale Christmas, but I have from some time been too ill for pleasure. I have been too troublesome for any house but my own. The state of a sick man is to want much, and enjoy little. Your attention and that of your dear Lady would be fatigued by perpetuity of distress.

My pleasure in my former sickness was to write to my friends, but even this employment has been now less attractive, and even your letter has lain unanswered.

I have not forgotten Dr Talbot's book, when I go up into my study I will try to pick it up, and send it, and anything else that you desire, I shall be glad to do.

The time is, I hope, yet to come when change of air shall be recommended; and if you will then receive me, I know not any air like the air of Heale, a place where the elements and the inhabitants concur to procure health or preserve it.

You live in a very happy region, yet I suppose you have frost and snow, I should like to see their effect upon my little friends to whom they are new. I hope they starve their little fingers and feet, and cry, and wonder what it is that ails them. Is your River frozen over?

Have you made a Ballon? Your plain would be a good place for mounting. The effects already produced are wonderful, but hitherto of no use, but perhaps use will come hereafter.

I am

Sir

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

London. Jan. 3. 1783

Two sheets, small 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark

24
IY

With Seal.

Addressed—

To W. Bowles Esq

at Heale near

Salisbury

Dear Sir

You will easily believe that the first seizure was alarming. I recollected three that had lost their voices, of whom two continued speechless for life, but I believe, no means were used for their recovery. When the Physicians came they seemed not to consider the attack as very formidable, I feel now no effects from it but in my voice, which I cannot sustain for more than a little time.

When I received your kind letter I was at Rochester with Captain Langton, from whom I returned hither last night, and I flatter myself that I shall be able to obey your generous and friendly invitation.

I hope I am well enough not to give any extraordinary trouble. Will it be convenient that I should bring a servant? I can very well do without one.

Which day I shall come, I cannot yet quite settle you shall therefore have another letter when the time comes nearer.

Be pleased to make my most respectful compliments to your Lady.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

London July 24. 1783



Two sheets, small 4to. Written on first page.

Postmark 

25
AV

 With Seal.

Addressed—

To W. Bowles Esq  
at Heale  
near Salisbury

Dear Sir

You are very kind in accepting my apology. I have taken a place for Thursday in a Coach which comes to the white Hart in Stall street, in Salisbury, and hope at last to have the pleasure of sharing your rural amusements.

I am, Sir

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

London

Aug. 25.—83

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark 

14
IA

 With Seal.

Addressed—

To W: Bowles Esq  
at Heale  
near Salisbury

Dear Sir

What can be the reason that you do not write to me? A Friends letter is always comfortable, and I, who have now been many weeks confined to the house, have much need of comfort. My nights are sleepless; I sat in a chair till six this morning, to avoid the miseries of bed. My Physicians, who are zealous to help me, can give nothing but opium, with which they fortify me against the violence of the winter. Opium dismisses pain but does not always bring quiet, and never disposes me to sleep, till a long time after it

has been taken: Thus I am harrassed between sickness, and a palliative remedy which is still to be repeated, for I need not tell you that opium cures nothing, though by setting the powers of life at ease, I sometimes flatter myself that it may give them time to rectify themselves.

In this state you may suppose I think sometimes of Heale, which I hope to see again when I can enjoy it more. Do not forget me, nor suppose that I can forget you, or your Lady or your young ones. I wish you all many and many happy years, and am

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient servant

Sam: Johnson

London. Jan. 14. 1784

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on the four pages.

Postmark

3
FE

With Seal.

Addressed—

To W: Bowles Esq

at Heale near

Salisbury

Dear Sir

I am still confined to the house, this is the eighth week of my incarceration. I am utterly unable to sustain the violence of the weather. I am willing to be persuaded, and a sick man never wants flatterers, that I am rather oppressed without than weak within, and that I shall find ease and comfort return, when Winter raises the siege.

Confinement I should not much lament. if confinement were my whole restraint. If I could employ my time at will, I could perhaps procure to myself instruction or amusement, but so it is, that my nights passing without sleep, drag days after them of little use. Few states are more uncomfortable, and few more unprofitable than that of drowsiness without sleep.

Opiates, without any encrease of quantity, are still efficacious in quelling any irregular concussions of the body, but I dread their effect upon the mind more than those of wine or distilled spirits.

The encrease of warmth I have tried, and am compelled to practice in all the instances which you so kindly recommended.

I have fits of great dejection and cheerlessness: I take delight in recollecting our evening worship; let me have a place in your devotions.

I subscribed a few days ago to a new ballon, which is to carry five hundred weight, and with which some daring adventurer is expected to mount, and bring down the state of regions yet unexplored. This power of mounting and descending is a strange thing, but I am afraid we shall never be able to give so wide a surface any horizontal direction. We can narrow it. And to make the discoveries which it really puts in our power, the rise ought to be taken from the summit of Teneriffe, for so far we know the atmosphere without its help. The summits of the Alps may be sufficient, and thither the philosophers of Geneva are not unlikely to carry it. I wish well to such soaring curiosity.

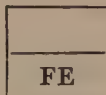
Be pleased to give my compliments to your dear Lady, to your Father, and to my little friends.—and to all friends.

I am, dear Sir &c Sam: Johnson

London Feb. 3. 1784

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark



With Seal.

Addressed—

To W. Bowles Esq

at Heale

near Salisbury

Dear Sir

I was too well pleased with your name not to send it immediately to the club; you will have I suppose this night notice of your reception.

Whether I shall ever see the Club again is yet a doubt. But I trust in God's mercy, who has already granted me great relief. Last week I emitted in about twenty hours full twenty pints of of (*sic*) urine, and the tumour of my body is very much lessened, but whether water will not gather again, He only knows by whom we live and move.

My dejection has never been more than was suitable to my condition. A sinner approaching the grave, is not likely to be very cheerful.

My present thoughts do not allow me to take pleasure in the expectation of seeing a mind so pure as yours, exposed to the contagion of publick life, and contending with the corrupt, and contaminated atmosphere of the house of commons. If half of them were like you, I should wish you among them. Consider well, and God direct you.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Febr. 23. 1784

London

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

Postmark

6
AP

Seal torn out.

Addressed—

To W. Bowles Esq

at Heale

near Salisbury

Dear Sir

My Health appears both to my Physicians and myself to grow in the main every day better and better notwithstanding the unusual length and ruggedness of the winter. I have known Winters that had greater cold than we have felt in this; such as those in which the great rivers and estuaries have frozen, and in which very deep snows have lain very long upon the ground; but I remember no Winter that has encroached so much upon the Spring, or continued such severity so long beyond the Equinox. Here will be a season lost. The physical though not the astronomical, summer begins in May, *a Geminis aestas* says Manilius, and Winter yet keeps fast hold of April. But the Sun will prevail at last.

Relating to the club leave the business to me. The basis of our constitution is commodiousness. You may come for sixpence, and stay away for threepence. This week the club does not meet.

I am pleased with Collins's project. My friend Sir John Haw-



kins, a man of very diligent enquiry and very wide intelligence, has been collecting materials for the completion of Walton's lives, of which one is the life of Herbert. I will tell him of the edition intended and he will probably suggest some improvements.

It does not occur to me how I can write a preface to which it can be proper to put my name, and I am not to put my own value without raising at least proportionally that of the book. This is therefore to be considered.

I am,

Dear Sir

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

London Apr. 5. 1748 (84)

You will make my compliments to Mrs Bowles; to your Father who is, I hope, recovered; to your Young people; and to all, and when I leave out services and compliment, you must suppose them.

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark

10
IY

With Seal.

Addressed—

To W. Bowles Esq

at Heale near

Salisbury

Dear Sir

Your kind invitation came two or three days after an engagement to pay a visit to a friend in Derbyshire, towards whom I shall, I hope, set out to morrow. When I come back, your kindness can do again what it has already done, and, I hope, may be enjoyed, more than I have been yet able to enjoy it.

Be pleased in the mean time to accept my thanks, and pay my respects to your amiable Lady, and your worthy Father, and all my friends, great and little.

The Club flourishes; We fill the table. Mr Strahan has resigned, and

[ 10 ]

My

My fellow traveller Mr Boswel is put in his place. This is all the change that has happened in our State.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Bolt court July 10. 1784

---

One sheet. 8vo. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mr Cadell)

Sir

In making up my account for the lives, I desire that you will satisfy Mr Dilly for a set of Poets and lives which he sent on my account to Mrs Boswel, and a set of lives sent by him to Lord Hailes.

I am glad that the work is at last done.

I am,

Sir,

March. 5. 1781

Your humble servant

Sam: Johnson

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Date. (July 15. 1783) Seal torn out.

Addressed—

To Mr. Cadel Bookseller

Sir

I shall be glad to see you and Mr. Nicol on tuesday morning.

Be pleased to return my respectful thanks to the proprietors, to whom I wish that success in all their undertakings which such liberality deserves.

I am

Sir,

Your very humble Servant

Sam: Johnson

To Mr Cadel Buchseler

Mr Joseph de la M. Cadel  
to Paul  
Duty of Man 800  
Holla and the 25th 800  
The money to be handed over  
to the for a person May 31.



Mrs. Carter.

G. Kneller del. et T. Smith fecit 1706

T. Smith fecit et en



Single sheet. 4to. Written on both sides.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Carter)

Madam

From the liberty of writing to you if I have been hitherto deterred by the fear of your understanding I am now encouraged to it by the confidence of your goodness.

I am soliciting a benefit for Miss Williams, and beg that if you can by letters influence any in her favour, and who is there whom you cannot influence? you will be pleased to patronise her on this occasion. You see the time is short and as you were not in town I did not till this day remember that you might help us, or recollect how widely and how rapidly light is diffused.

To every Joy is appended a Sorrow. The name of Miss Carter introduces the memory of Cave. Poor dear Cave I owed him much, for to him I owe that I have known you. He died, I am afraid, unexpectedly to himself, yet surely unburthened with any great crime, and for the positive duties of religion I have yet no right to condemn him for neglect.

I am, with respect which I neither owe nor pay to any other

Madam,

Your most obedient

and

most humble Servant

Sam: Johnson

Gough Square. Jan 14th 1756

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

Postmark

27
No

Stamped Litchfield

Addressed—

\*

To Mr. Cave

at St. John's Gate

London

\*

Novr. 25th. 1734

Sir

As you appear no less sensible than your Readers of the defects of your Poetical Article, you will not be displeased, if, in order to the improvement of it, I communicate to you the Sentiments of a person, who will undertake on reasonable terms sometimes to fill a column.

His opinion is, that the Publick would not give you a bad reception, if beside the current Wit of the Month, which a critical examination would generally reduce to a narrow Compass, you admitted not only Poems, Inscriptions &c never printed before, which he will sometimes supply you with; but likewise short literary Dissertations in Latin or English, Critical Remarks on Authours Ancient or Modern, forgotten Poems that deserve Revival, or loose pieces, like Floyers, worth preserving. By this Method your Literary Article, for so it might be call'd, will, he thinks, be better recommended to the Publick, than by low Jests, awkward Buffoonery, or the dull Scurrilities of either Party.

If such a Correspondence will be agreeable to you, be pleased to inform me in two posts, what the Conditions are on which you shall expect it. Your late offer gives me no reason to distrust your Generosity. If you engage in any Literary projects besides this Paper, I have other designs to impart if I could be secure from having others reap the advantage of what I should hint.

Your letter, by being directed to S. Smith to be left at the Castle in Birmingham, Warwackshire, will reach,

Your humble Servant.

\* *answer'd*

\* *Answerd Dec 2*

[Cave's writing]

Sir      Osward Lee

Nov<sup>r</sup> 28<sup>th</sup> 1734

As you appear so sensible than your Readers of the defects of your Poetical Article, you will not be displeased, if, in order to the improvement of it, I communicate ~~you~~ the Sentiments of a person, who will undertake on reasonable terms sometimes to fill a column.

His opinion is, that the Publick would not give you a bad reception, if beside the current Wit of the Month, which a critical examination would generally reduce to a narrow Compass, you admitted not only Poems, Inscriptions ye never printed before, which he will sometimes supply you with; but likewise short Literary Disquisitions in Latin or English, Critical Remarks on Authors Ancient or Modern, Forgotten Poems that deserve Revival, or scarce pieces, like Fables, worth preserving. By this Method your Literary Article, for so it might be call'd, will, he thinks, be better recommended to the Publick, than by long Jells, awkward Raps, Sonnets, or the dull Searchings of either Party.

If such a Correspondence will be agreeable to you, I'd please to inform me in two posts, what the Conditions are on which you shall accept it. Your late offer gives me no reason to distrust your Generosity. I am engage in any Literary project respecting Paper, & have other designs to impart if I could be secure from having others reap the advantage of what I should hint.

Your letter, by being directed to J. Smith at the Castle in Birmingham, Warwickshire, will reach      your humble servant.

One sheet. 4to. Written on first and second pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Edward Cave)

Sir

Having observed in your papers very uncommon offers of encouragement to Men of Letters, I have chosen, being a Stranger in London, to communicate to you the following design, which, I hope, if you join in it, will be of advantage to both of us.

The History of the council of Trent having been lately translated into French, and published with large Notes by Dr Le Courayer, The Reputation of that Book is so much revived in England, that it is presumed, a new translation of it from the Italian, together with Le Courayer's Notes from the French, could not fail of a favourable Reception.

If it be answered that the History is already in English, it must be remembred, that there was the same objection against Le Courayer's Undertaking; with this disadvantage, that the French had a version by one of their best translators, whereas you cannot read three Pages of the English History, without discovering that the Stile is capable of great Improvements, but whether those improvements are to be expected from this attempt, you must judge from the Specimen which, if you approve the Proposal, I shall submit to your examination.

Suppose the merit of the Versions equal, we may hope that the Addition of the Notes will turn the Ballance in our Favour, considering the Reputation of the Annotator.

Be pleas'd to favour me with a speedy Answer, if you are not willing to engage in this Scheme, and appoint me a day to wait upon you, if you are.

I am,

Sir,

Your humble Servant

Sam: Johnson

Greenwich next door to

the golden Heart, Church Street

July 12th 1737



Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark indistinct.

Addressed—

To Mr. Cave at

St. John's Gate.

Sir

I am to return you thanks for the present you were so kind as to send by me, and to entreat that you will be pleas'd to inform me by the Penny-post whether you resolve to print the Poem. If you please to send it me by the post with a Note to Dodsley, I will go and read the lines to him, that We may have his Consent to put his name in the Title-page. As to the Printing, if it can be set immediately about, I will be so much the Authours Friend as not to content myself with meer solicitations in his favour. I propose if my calculations be near the truth to engage for the reimbursement of all that you shall lose by an impression of 500 provided, as you very generously propose, that the profit, if any, be set aside for the Authour's use, excepting the present you made, which, if he be a gainer, it is fit he should repay. I beg that you will let one of your servants write an exact account of the expence of such an impression, and send it with the Poem, that I may know what I engage for. I am very sensible from your generosity on this Occasion, of your regard to learning even in its unhappiest State, and cannot but think such a temper deserving of the Gratitude of those who suffer so often from a contrary Disposition,

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

Sam: Johnson

Monday

No 6 Castle Street

I beg that you will not  
delay your Answer.

Sir

I waited on you to take the Copy to D. F. Lee,  
as I remember the Number of lines which it contains  
is <sup>be longer than Eugene's</sup> still with the Quotations, which must be only in  
at the Bottom of the Page, but of the beauty of the  
performance (if any beauty be allowed it) consisting in  
adapting Juvenal's Sentiments to modern facts and Per-  
sons. It will with those additions very eminently  
make Five Shaks. And since the Expense will be  
no more I shall unhesitatingly insure it, as I men-  
tioned in my letter. It will be not therefore gone to Godfrey  
I beg it may be with me by the evening of the 10th inst.  
that I may have it in the morning. I have composed  
a Greek Epigram to Eliza, and think she ought  
to be celebrated in as many different ~~different~~ <sup>different</sup> ~~gar-~~  
~~ages~~ <sup>garages</sup> as Paris to Grand. Pray send me word when  
you will begin upon the Poem, for it is a long way  
to walk. I would have my Epigram but have not  
day-light to transcribe it. I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully  
G. G. James Johnson

One sheet, small 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Edward Cave)

Sir

I waited on you to take the Copy to Dodsley's, as I remember the Number of Lines which it contains it will be longer than Eugenio" with the Quotations, which must be subjoined at the bottom of the Page, part of the beauty of the performance (if any beauty be allow'd it) consisting in adapting Juvenals Sentiments to modern facts and Persons. It will with those additions very conveniently make five sheets. And since the Expence will be no more I shall contentedly insure it, as I mention'd in my last. If it be not therefore gone to Dodsley's I beg it may be sent me by the penny-post that I may have it in the morning. I have compos'd a Greek Epigram to Eliza, and think she ought to be celebrated in as many different Languages as Lewis le Grand. Pray send me word when you will begin upon the Poem, for it is a long way to walk. I would leave my Epigram but have not day-light to transcribe it

I am, Sir,

Yr. &c. Sam: Johnson

On reverse— Sir

Please to publish the inclosed in your Paper p. first, and place to Acct. of Mr Ed. Cave:

For whom I am

Sir

Yr hum Servt

J. Bland

St. John's Gate

Ap. 6th 1738

Εἰς τὸ τῆς ἙΛΙΣΣΗΣ περὶ τῶν Ὀνείρων Ἀινιγμα.†

Τῇ κάλλεος δυνάμει τὶ τέλος ; Ζεὺς πάντα δέδωκεν  
Κύπριδι, μὴδ' αὐτῇ σκῆπτρα μέμηλε Θεῶ.  
Ἐκ Διὸς ἐστὶν Ὀναρ, θεῶς ποτ' ἔγραψεν Ὀμηρος,  
Ἀλλὰ τόδ' εἰς θνητῶς Κύπρις ἐπεμψεν Ὀναρ.  
Ζεὺς μῶνος φλογόεντι πόλεις ἔκπερσε κεραυνῷ,  
Ὀμμασι λαμπρὰ Διὸς Κύπρις οἷσά τ' ἀφέρει.

IN ELIZÆ ENIGMA.

Quis formæ modus imperio? Venus arrogat audax  
Omnia, nec curæ sunt sua sceptrâ Jovi.  
Ab Jove Mæonides descendere somnia narrat :  
Hæc veniunt Cypriæ somnia missa Deæ.  
Jupiter unus erat, qui stravit fulmine gentes;  
Nunc armant Veneris lumina tela Jovis.





( Miss Carter -

Painted by James O. Hill

Engraved by J. C. Smith from a drawing by J. O. Hill. Published by J. C. Smith, New York.

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

No Postmark. No Date.

Addressed—

To Mr. Cave at

St. John's Gate

London

Sir

I did not care to detain your Servant while I wrote an answer to your Letter, in which you seem to insinuate that I had promised more than I am ready to perform. If I have raised your Expectations by any thing that may have escap'd my memory I am sorry, and if you remind me of it shall thank you for the favour. If I made fewer alterations than usual in the debates it was only because there appear'd, and still appears to me to be less need of Alteration. The verses on Lady Firebrace may be had when you please, for you know that such a subject neither deserves much thought nor requires it. The Chinese Stories may be had folded down when you please to send, in which I do not recollect that you desired any alterations to be made.

An answer to another Query I am very willing to write and had consulted with you about it last night, if there had been time. For I think it the most proper way of inviting such a correspondence, as may be an advantage to the Paper, not a load upon it.

As to the prize verses a backwardness to determine their degrees of merit, is nothing peculiar to me, you may, if you please still have what I can say, but I shall engage with little spirit in an affair, which I shall *hardly* end to my own satisfaction, and *certainly* not to the satisfaction of the parties concerned.

As to Father Paul, I have not yet been just to my proposal, but have met with impediments which I hope, are now at an end, and if you find the Progress hereafter not such as you have a right to expect, you can easily stimulate a negligent Translator.

If any or all these have contributed to your discontent, I will endeavour to remove it. And desire you to propose the Question to which you wish for an answer.

I am

Sir

Your humble Servant

Sam: Johnson

Wednesday.

One sheet. 4to.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Edward Cave)

No Date. (1738)

Dear Sir

You may remember I have formerly talked with you about a Military Dictionary. The Eldest Mr Macbean who was with Mr Chambers has very good Materials for such a Work which I have seen, and will do it at a very low rate. I think the terms of War and Navigation might be comprised with good explanations in one 8vo pica which he is willing to do for twelve shillings a sheet, to be made up a Guinea at the second impression.

If you think on it, I will wait on you with him.

I am,

Pray lend me

Sir,

Topsel on Animals.

Your humble Servant

Sam: Johnson

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One sheet, large folio. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Date.

Addressed—

To Mr Cave

Sir

I believe I am going to write a long Letter, and have therefore taken a whole Sheet of Paper. The first thing to be written about is our Historical Design.

You mentioned the proposal of printing in Numbers as an alteration in the Scheme, but I believe you mistook some way or other, my meaning, I had no other view than that you might rather print too many of five sheets than of five and thirty.

With regard to what I shall say on the manner of proceeding, I would have it understood as wholly indifferent to me, and my opinion only not my Resolution. Emptoris sit eligere.

I think the insertion of the exact dates of the most important events in the margin or of so many events as may enable the reader to regulate the order of facts with sufficient exactness the proper medium between a Journal which has regard only to time, and a history which ranges facts according to

their dependence on each other, and postpones or anticipates according to the convenience of narration. I think our work ought to partake of the Spirit of History which is contrary to minute exactness, and of the regularity of a Journal which is inconsistent with spirit. For this Reason I neither admit numbers or dates nor reject them.

I am of your opinion with regard to placing most of the resolutions &c in the Margin, and think we shall give the most complete account of Parliamentary proceedings that [can] be contrived. The Naked Papers without an Historical treatise interwoven, require some other Book to make them understood. I will date the succeeding parts with some exactness but, I think in the margin. You told me on Saturday that I had received money on this work and I find set down 13L 2-6. reckoning the half Guinea, of last Saturday, as you hinted to me that you had many calls for Money. I would not press you too hard, and therefore shall desire only as I send it in two Guineas for a sheet of Copy the rest you may pay me when it may be more convenient, and even by this sheet payment I shall for some time be very expensive.

The Life of Savage I am ready to go upon and in great Primer and Pica Notes reckon on sending in half a sheet a day, but the money for that shall likewise lye by in your hands till it is done.

With the debates shall I not have business enough? If I had but good Pens.—Towards Mr Savage's Life what more have you got? I would willingly have his tryal &c and know whether his Defence be at Bristol, and would have his Collection of Poems on account of the Preface—The Plain Dealer—All the Magazines that have anything of his or relating to him. I thought my Letter would be long but it is now, ended and I am, Sir

Your &c

Sam: Johnson

The Boy found me writing this almost in the dark, when I could not quite easily read yours, I have read the Latin—nothing in it is well.

I had no notion of having anything for the Inscription, I hope you don't think I kept it to extort a price. I could think on Nothing till today. If you could spare me another Guinea for the Hist. I should take it very kindly tonight, but if you do not shall not think it an injury.—I am almost well again—

---

Two sheets. 4to. Fully written on first two pages.

No Postmark. No Address. No Date. (1742)

(To Edward Cave)

Sir

You did not tell me your determination about the *Soldier's Letter*, which I am confident was never printed. I think it will not do by itself, or in any



other place so well as the Mag—extraordinary. If you will have it at all. I believe you do not think I set it high, and I will be glad if what you give for it you will give quickly.

You need not be in care about something to print, for I have got the State tryals and shall extract Layer, Atterbury, and Macclesfield from them and shall bring them to you in a fortnight, after which I will try to get the South sea, (—) and then I hope to proceed regularly.

I am &c

Sam: Johnson.

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Two sheets. 8vo. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Date.

Addressed—

To Mr Chambers

Dear Sir

Mr Wise kept me so late that I could not come home soon enough to bid you farewell, and thank you for your company and kindness. I therefore have left this note to testify my acknowledgements.

I shall be glad to see you at London, for I am

Sir

affectionately yours

Sam: Johnson

Monday night  
(August, 1755)

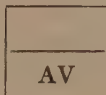
[See letter of Aug. 7, following.]



W. H. WOODS. Sculp. J. H. B. 1797.

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

Postmark



with seal partially destroyed.

Addressed—

To Mr Chambers

of Lincoln College.

Oxford

Dear Sir

Being kept late by Mr Wise, I could not see you the last night but left a note in your Newton which I hope you found. I once more return you thanks for your kindness and company.

As you are soon to come to town I shall be glad if you will pay my Barber whom I forgot for a weeks shaving &c and call at Mrs Simpson's for a box of pills which I left behind me, and am loath to lose. I am

Sir

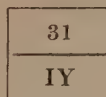
Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Aug: 7. 1755

Two sheets. 4to. Fully written on first two pages.

Postmark



Seal torn off.

Addressed—

To Mr Chambers

at Lincoln College

Oxford

Dear Sir

Your Life came indeed too late for the month, but we suffered no inconvenience from the delay, because we had more materials than room. I have sent it already to the press, unread, for the next month, and am much obliged to you for doing it. I will contrive to find you more work. If you

[ 21 ]

could

could send us any performances from Oxford they would be of great advantage to us. I wish you could add something to the printed accounts of any events that happen among you. I shall take care to send you the monthly month gratis, if you contribute to it. But you must not tell that I have any thing in it. For though it is known conjecturally I would not have it made certain.

Your friends Mr Levett and Miss Williams are both well, and I believe nothing has happened here in which you can be much interested. You have little to do with war or trade, and if your curiosity outgoes your interest, and inclines you to know what little concerns you, intelligence will reach you as soon as me, who have scarcely any information but from the publick papers.

I think much on my friends, and shall take pleasure to hear of your operations at Lincoln college, when I am unconcerned about the marches and countermarches in America, therefor pray write sometimes to

Dear Sir

Your affectionate servant

Sam: Johnson

July 31. 1756

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One sheet folio. Written on first page.

Faint trace of Postmark. Seal broken.

Addressed—

To Mr Chambers  
of Lincoln College  
Oxford

Frank

J. Philipps

Dear Sir

I have only time to tell you that I have little interest, but that I wish you success. You will read the inclosed papers and do with them as you please.

I am

Sir

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Apr. 8. 1758

[ 22 ]



Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

With Seal. No Postmark.

Addressed—

To Mr Chambers

of Lincoln College

Dear Sir

I long to hear how you go on in your solicitation, and what hopes you have of success. Of what value do you expect any of these new benefactions to be. The great fault of our constitution is that we have many little things which may support idleness, but scarcely any thing great enough to kindle ambition. So that very few men stay in the houses who are qualified to live elsewhere. A professorship of the common law is at least decent, but I do not expect it to be of much use; it will not be worth the acceptance of any practical Lawyer, and a mere speculist (*sic*) will have no authority. However I am glad it is thought on.

I have sent you a parcel of receipts, as a fund out of which any body that wants them may be supplied; set down the numbers of those which you give to others.

Let me know which of my letters you delivered, and how they were received. I have no pretensions to much regard from those to whom I wrote, having never done any thing for them, However let me hear what they said to you.

I am,

Sir,

Your most affectionate

and

most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Apr. 14. 1758

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

No Postmark.

Addressed—

To Mr Chambers

in Lincoln College

Dear Sir

I am extremely glad that you are likely to succeed. The honour is not less than you have one of the Scholarships without opposition, for you have it only because your character makes opposition hopeless. Nothing remains but that you consider how much will be expected from one that begins so well, and that you take care not to break the promise you have made.

Mr Newberry left a packet for you on your table which you forgot to mention.

I need not recommend Mr Baretti to you he is now taking a ramble through part of England, and I hope will be well used, wherever he comes.

I am

Dear Sir

Your most affectionate

and

most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

June 1. 1758

Mr Wise wrote me  
an answer with high  
commendations of you.

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark.

Addressed—

To Mr Chambers

in Lincoln College

Dear Sir

The Gentleman who brings this is [a] very learned and celebrated Mathematician of Italy. I am sorry that he visits Oxford in the vacation, but am the less sorry since you are there, whose civility and knowledge will supply the place of many other friends to whom I might have recommended him.

I am

Dear Sir

Your most obliged servant

June 23 1760

Sam: Johnson

---

Two sheets, small 4to. Written on first page.

Postmark

7
IA

Seal broken.

Addressed—

To Mr Chambers

of Lincoln College

Oxford

Dear Sir

The Newspapers inform us that we are in danger of losing Sir John Philips, and that he is now ill of a mortified leg at Oxford. He is the chief friend of Miss Williams, who is very solicitous about him and begs that you will enquire about his condition as minutely as you can, and favour us with the best account you can get. I wish [you] many happy years, for I am

Dearest Sir,

Your most affectionate

humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Miss Williams sends  
her compliments and good  
wishes.

Decr. 31. 1760

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

Postmark

22
OC

indistinct.

Addressed—

To Mr Chambers

at University College

Oxford

Dear Sir

I thank you for transmitting my letter, to which I have had an answer reasonable enough as to the conditions, but written in so unscholarlike a manner, that I must entreat the favour of you to make some enquiry into his abilities by such means as may not hurt him. I suppose it very possible that a Schoolmaster sufficiently skilful and learned, may for want of use be no great writer of English letters, but having at present nothing or but little to put in ballance against his deficiencies, I am in doubt what to determine. You will by taking [the or this\*] affair a little to heart, do what will be considered as [a] very important kindness to,

Sir,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Oct. 22. 1762

Miss Williams sends her compliments.—(On margin of letter.)

\* Blotted out.



One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. With Seal.

The Letter with card enclosed, and

Addressed—

To Robert Chambers Esqre  
of University College  
Oxford

Free  
Harborough

Dear Sir

If you will be so kind as to send me a speedy answer to the question inclosed, you will do a favour to a very ingenious Gentleman, who has some interest in it, and to whom it [will] be very pleasing to me, to procure any gratification.

Be pleased to make my compliments to the Gentlemen of your College. Langton is come home.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

March 15. 1763

The card inclosed reads—

“I want some Gentleman resident in Oxford to examine the University Registers with a view to inform me whether the Revd Mr Thomas Warter who was matriculated in 1745 or 1746, and afterwards took his Degree of A. B. and A. M. has yet proceeded to take his degree of B. D. I forgot to mention that Mr Warter was of Christ-Church.”

On reverse of card—“Concerng Mr Thomas Warter of Christ Church. The favour of a speedy answer is intreated.”

Two sheets, folio. Lower half of first sheet torn off.

Postmark

8
OC

Stamped Litchfield. With Seal.

Addressed—

To Robert Chambers Esqre  
in the King's Bench Walk, Temple

London

[Readdressed in other hand, at University College, Oxford.]

Dear Sir

I was much delighted both with the poetry and prose of your affectionate letter. The company of the Ladies will add much to the pleasure of our cohabitation at Oxford, but you must put up a Bed for me in another Chamber.

I have passed this summer very uneasily. My old melancholy has laid hold upon me to a degree sometimes not easily supportable. God has been pleased to grant me some remission for a few days past. [Here the page is torn off.]

On reverse—

that visit to be long, but there are some who will expect to see me.

I do not design that it shall be longer than may consist with our necessary operations. Let me therefore know immediately how soon it will be necessary for us to be together. If I cannot immediately go with you to Oxford, you must be content to stay a little while in London.

The great enquiry which you make I am not not (*sic*) qualified to satisfy at present, but we will endeavour to discuss it at leisure, and much [Here the page is torn off.]

(September 1766?)

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark.

Addressed—

To Robert Chambers Esq

Dear Sir

I have been twice to see you and missed you. I have now a little favor to ask. I beg to be informed, if you know or can enquire what are the reasons for which Dr Blackstone thinks the late embargo to be not legal, as I hear he does. it always seemed legal to me. But I judge upon mere principles without much knowledge of laws or facts.

Absurdum est cui plus licet, ei minus non licere

I am

Sir

&c

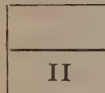
Sam: Johnson

Nov. 19. Wednesday Morning  
1766.

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

Postmark



indistinct. Seal broken.

Addressed—

To Robert Chambers Esq

at University College

Oxford

Dear Sir

I suppose you are dining and supping, and lying in bed. Come up to town, and lock yourself up from all but me, and I doubt not but Lectures will be produced. You must not miss another term.

If you could get me any information about the East Indian affairs, you may promise that if it is used at all, it shall be used in favour of the

Company. Come up and work, and I will try to help you. You asked me what amends you could make me. You shall always be my friend. I am

Dear Sir

Your affectionate humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Decr. 11. 1766

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark



Upper part indistinct.  
Stamped Oxford. Stamped Free.  
With broken seal.

Addressed (not in Johnson's hand)—

To

Robert Chambers Esq

University College

Oxon

Free Thrale

[Readdressed—No. 6 Kings-Bench Walks, Inner Temple, London.]

Dear Sir

The affairs of the East Indies are to come at last before the parliament, and therefore we shall be glad of any information about them. We are likewise desirous of the papers which have been laid before the House, which can be no longer secret, and therefore, I suppose may be easily granted us. We will pay for transcribing if that be any difficulty. What other papers shall be put into our hands, shall be used if they are used at all, in defence of the company. Help us, dear Sir, if you can.

I hope you are soon to come again, and go to the old business, for which I shall expect [\* ] abundance of materials and to sit very close, and then there will be no danger, and needs to be no fear. I am

Dear Sir,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

London. Jan. 22. 1767

\*Word erased.



Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

Postmark 

24
M—

 With Seal.

Addressed—

To Robert Chambers Esq  
at Mr Bell's in Coney Street  
York

Dear Sir

I see nothing that needs hinder me from going with you for a few days to Oxford, and therefore intend to do it. I am just now out of order with the Rheumatism, but hope to get over it. Though it is painful, it is an evil much more easily born than my former complaints.

I am

Sir

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

March 24. 1770.

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

Postmark 

6
AP

 With Seal.

Addressed—

To Robert Chambers Esq  
at New inn Hall  
Oxford

Dear Sir

I am very much obliged by your kind invitation, but as you are to come hither so soon, why should we make journies for that which will be had without them.

*Quadrigris petimus bene vivere; quod petis hic est.*

We can live together in town, and dine in chambers or at the mitre, and do as well as at New inn hall.



My Friends tell me that I am pretty well, and I hope you are well too. Come hither as soon as you can. I am

Sir

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Apr. 6. 1771

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

Postmark

11
AP

Seal intact (black wax).

Addressed—

To Robert Chambers Esq

at New Inn Hall

Oxford

Dear Sir

I found my desire of your company excited by your kind letter, but a little business in which I am now engaged puts it out of my power to gratify myself without more inconvenience than you desire me to incur. We must therefore be content for some time to live apart. I am detained here as you are detained at Oxford. In the mean time you need not forget me. I shall be glad to hear any good of my old friends at University college, or any other house.

I think nothing has happened here, but that Boswel is come up gratis with an appeal to the Lords. While I am writing I expect to hear him come in, with his noisy benevolence.

I am

Sir

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

London. April 11. 1772

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

Postmark

9
DE

indistinct. Stamped Litchfield. With Seal.

Addressed—

To Robert Chambers Esq

at New Inn Hall

Oxford

[Readdressed—No 6 Kings Bench Walks, Inner Temple, London.]

Dear Sir

By your advertisement I guess that you are at Oxford. I shall come through Oxford next week and if you leave it, beg the favour of you to order beds for me and Francis at your Hall.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

Lichfield Dec. 3. 1772

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark

25
OC

Seal destroyed.

Addressed—

To Robert Chambers Esq

in the Temple

London

Dear Sir

We are imp[risoned\*] in Skie. The weather is such as no boat will venture [to cross over\*]. Two have been lately lost in these equinoctial tempests. This restraint, which has all the alleviations that courtesy and

[ 33 ]

hospitality



hospitality can afford, is made very painful to me by the fear of not being able to take leave of you, before your departure. If I am detained from you by insuperable obstructions, let this be witness that I love you, and that I wish you all the good that can be enjoyed through [the] whole of our Existence. You are going where there will be many opportunities of profitable wickedness, but you go with good principles, a confirmed and solid Christian. I hope to see you come back with fortune encreased, and Virtue grown more resolute by contest.

Do not forget young Lawrence. His father has for more than twenty years been doing me all the good that he could, and I believe you will not look with indifference on the son of a Man to whom I am desirous to give assistance in the only case, which can probably put assistance in my [power\*] If I do not come, be pleased to call on him as you very [kindly\*] proposed.

If you go before I [come, write\*] me a letter. I shall value it. I can say no more but tha[t again\*] and again I wish you well.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Most affectionately yours

Sam: Johnson

Ostick, in Skie. Sept. 30. 1773

\* Torn out.

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark

NO
5

in red.

9
NO

in black.

Addressed—

To Robert Chambers Esq

in King's Bench Walks Temple

London

Isle of *Mull*. Oct. 15. 1773

Dear Sir

We have been driven by the Wind out to *Coll*, an Island which has no communication with the world. We have now reached Mull in a sloop which we hired on purpose. We are hastening home as fast as we can.

[ 34 ]

Boswel

Boswel will expect that I should pass a few days at his Father's, and by one stop and another, we shall hardly see Edinburgh, before a letter from you may arrive. I beg that you will immediately write, if you are yet in London, and tell me the time fixed for your departure. I am very desirous to take my leave of you, since you are going far off and I feel very sensibly the weight of time.

Be pleased before you write to call on Mrs Williams, who may have something to say which she cannot well entrust to her ordinary secretaries. If they are in want of money, and you are not going, before I can see you, advance them what they cannot do without. Do not omit a post. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your humble servant

Sam: Johnson

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

Postmark

27

NO

Stamped Oxford. With Seal.

Addressed—

To Robert Chambers Esq

at New Inn Hall.

Oxford.

[Readdressed in other hand—No. 6. King's Bench Walks,  
Inner Temple, London.]

Dear Sir

I came home last night no more weary than if I had not moved from the same place. I have desired Mr Levet to take a place for me in Monday's coach. You will take care that we have our time to ourselves.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your humble servant,

Nov. 27. 1773.

[ 35 ]

Isle of Mull. Oct. 13. 1773

Dear Sir

We have been driven by the Wind out to  
Toile, an Island which has no communication with  
the main. We have now reached Mull in a Skiff which  
we hired on purpose. We are hastening home as fast as  
we can.

Robert will expect that I should pass a few  
days at his Father's, and by one Skiff and another, we shall  
be ready for Edinburgh, before a letter from you may ar-  
rive. I beg that you will immediately write, if you are  
yet in London, and tell me the time fixed for your re-  
turn. I am very desirous to take my leave of you, since  
you are going far off and I feel very probably the weight  
of time.

Thankful to see you write to call on Mrs Williams, who may  
have something to say which she cannot well entrust to her ordi-  
nary secretaries. If they are in want of money, and you  
are not going, write & say for you, advance them what they  
cannot do without. Do not omit a post. I am,

Yours truly,

Genl. M. L. Brown

Chas. J. H. S.



Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Robert Chambers)

Dear Sir

Your long letter and Lady Chambers's pretty journal gave me great delight, and I intend a long answer for which the bringer of this letter cannot stay, for he goes away tomorrow. I believe it will please you to hear that my health has within this last half year been improved very perceptibly to myself, and very visibly to others. I am not without hope of seeing you again.

I am very glad that you have thought it proper to show some countenance to Mr Joseph Fowke. I always thought him a good Man, and I loved him as long as I knew him. Do not let him be oppressed so far as you can protect him.

Mr Levet, and Miss Williams are still with me; Levet is stout, but Williams is declining. I will not tell you more of my domestick affairs, because I reserve from my long letter. The reason for which I now write, is that this young adventurer may have an opportunity of seeing you, and some kind of right to such notice as you can properly take of him, as the son of an ingenious man, and an amiable woman who were known to,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Oct. 31. 1779

Bolt court, Fleet street.

---

Two sheets, folio. Written on first six pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Robert Chambers)

Dear Sir

Of the books which I now send you I sent you the first edition, but it fell by the chance of war into the hands of the French. I sent likewise to Mr. Hastings. Be pleased to have these parcels properly delivered.

Removed as We are with so much land and sea between us, We ought to compensate the difficulty of correspondence by the length of our letters, yet searching my memory, I do not [find] much to communicate. Of all public transactions you have more exact accounts than I can give; you know our foreign miscarriages and our intestine discontents, and do not want to be told

that we have now neither power nor peace, neither influence in other nations nor quiet amongst ourselves. The state of the Publick, and the operations of government have little influence upon the private happiness of private men, nor can I pretend that much of the national calamities is felt by me; yet I cannot but suffer some pain when I compare the state of this Kingdom, with that in which we triumphed twenty years ago. I have at least endeavoured to preserve order and support Monarchy.

Having been thus allured to the mention of myself, I shall give you a little of my story. That dreadful illness which seized me at New inn Hall, left consequences which have I think always hung upon me. I have never since cared much to walk. My mental abilities I do not perceive that it impaired. One great abatement of all miseries was the attention of Mr. Thrale, which from our first acquaintance was never intermitted. I passed far the greater part of many years in his house where I had all the pleasure of riches without the solicitude. He took me into France one year, and into Wales another, and if he had lived would have shown me Italy and perhaps many other countries, but he died in the spring of eighty one, and left me to write his epitaph.

But for much of this time my constitutional maladies persued me. My thoughts were disturbed, my nights were insufferably restless, and by spasms in the breast I was condemned to the torture of sleepyness without the power to sleep. These spasms after enduring them more than twenty years I eased by three powerful remedies, abstinence, opium and mercury, but after a short time they were succeeded by a strange oppression of another kind which when I lay down disturbed me with a sensation like flatulence or intumescence which I cannot describe. To this supervened a difficulty of respiration, such as sometimes makes it painful to cross a street or climb to my chamber; which I have eased by venisection till the Physician forbids me to bleed, as my legs have begun to swel. Almost all the last year past in a succession of diseases *ἐκ κακῶν κακά*, and this year till within these few days has heaped misery upon me. I have just now a lucid interval.

With these afflictions, I have the common accidents of life to suffer. He that lives long must outlive many, and I am now sometimes to seek for friends of easy conversation and familiar confidence. Mrs. Williams is much worn; Mr. Levet died suddenly in my house about a year ago. Doctor Lawrence is totally disabled by a palsy, and can neither speak nor write. He is removed to Canterbury. Beauclerc died about two years ago and in his last sickness desired to be buried by the side of his Mother. Langton has eight children by Lady Rothes. He lives very little in London, and is by no means at ease. Goldsmith died partly of a fever and partly of anxiety, being immoderately and disgracefully in debt. Dier lost his fortune by dealing in the East India stock, and, I fear, languished into the grave. Boswels father is lately dead, but has left the estate incumbered; Boswel has, I think, five children. He is now paying us his annual visit, he is all that he was, and more. Doctor Scot prospers exceedingly in the commons, but I seldom see him; He is married and has a Daughter.

Dear Sir

Of the Books which I now send you I put you  
the first edition, but it fell by the chance of war into the  
hands of the French. I put likewise to Mr Hastings. It is pleas-  
ed to have these parcels properly delivered.

Remind as We are with so much Care and for be-  
wilder us, We ought to compensate the difficulty of correct judgment  
by the Regula of our Talkers, yet bounding my memory, I do not  
much so communicate. Of all publick Transactions You  
have more exact accounts than I can give; You know our  
foreign entanglements and our intestine dissensions, and do  
not want to be told that we have not neither power nor  
peace, neither influence in other Nations nor spirit amongst  
ourselves. The State of the Publick, and the operations of  
government have little influence upon the private Happi-  
ness of private Men, but can I pretend that I neglect the  
national calamities in York by me; yet I cannot but suffer  
some pain when I compare the State of this Kingdom with  
that it shew us triumphed twenty years ago. I have at  
least endeavored to preserve order and support Moderation.

Trusting I can thus allude to the members of my party, I shall



give you a little of my story. That dreadful stroke which seized me at Newton Hall, left consequences which have I think always hung upon me. I have never since could much to walk. My mental abilities I do not perceive that are impaired. One great abatement of all mirth was the loss of Mr. Shale, which from our first acquaintance was never interrupted. I spent the greater part of many years in his house where I had all the pleasures of riches without the solicitude. He took me into France one year, and into Wales another, and if he had lived would have shown me Italy and perhaps many other countries, but he died in the Spring of eightye one, and left me to write his epitaph.

But for much of this time my constitutional malady pursued me. My thoughts were distracted, my nights were insupportably restless, and by Spasms in the breast I was condemned to the nature of Shopgrip without the power to sleep. Shop Spasms after enduring them more than twenty years I eased by three powerful remedies, abstinence, opium, and mercury, but after a short time they were succeeded by a strange disposition of the liver which when I lay down distressed me with a sensation like the violence or inflammation which I cannot describe. So this superseded a difficulty of respiration, such as sometimes makes it painful to creep a short or climb to my chamber, which I have eased by venesection till the Physician tells me to bleed, as my legs



have begun to snow. Almost all the last year past in a snowstorm  
of days in winter season, and this year all within these few  
days has heaped misery upon me. I have just now a friend in town  
and.

With these afflictions, I have these common accidents  
of life to suffer. No that Mrs. Cogg must either <sup>miss</sup> ~~lose~~ and I am  
now sometimes to take the grounds of early conversation and familiarity  
as a consolation. Mrs. Williams is much worn; Mr. Gert died  
suddenly in my house about a year ago. Doctor Lawrence is wholly  
disabled by a palsy, and can neither speak nor write. He is  
removed to Dauling. Frederick died about two years ago  
and in his last sickness desired to be buried by the side of his  
Mother. Layton has eight children by Lady Kethes. He lives  
very little in London, and is by no means at ease. Goldsmith  
died partly of a fever and partly of anxiety, being unreasonably  
disgracefully in debt. Dean left his fortune by  
beating in the East India Stock, and, I fear, lay in the  
grave. Brough's father is lately dead, but has left the  
estate increased; Brough has, I think, five children. He is  
now going on his annual visit, <sup>he is</sup> all that he was, and more.  
Doctor Scott has been exceedingly in the country, but I seldom see  
him; He is married and has a Daughter.

James now Sir William, will give you the first part of  
the story which is now very miscellaneous, and very heterogeneous

in it otherwise without confidence, and without pleasure. I go on  
in only as to a kind of public duties. Reynolds continues to write  
in relation and in others but his health has been shaken.

Dr. Searcy is now Bishop of Diocese, but has I believe lost his  
<sup>only</sup> son. Such are the deductions from human happiness.

I I have now reached an age which is to a great man-  
ny diminution of the good whatever it be, that life wants;  
I have lost many friends, I am now either afflicted or  
threatened by many diseases, but perhaps not with more than  
are commonly incident to events of years, and I am afraid  
that I bear the weight of mine with unusual, if not with  
fatal impatience. I hope that God will enable me to correct  
this as well as my other faults, before he calls me to appear  
before him.

In return for this history of myself I shall expect some  
account of you, also to hear of your children how much more to  
see. I hope to hear that the father and the children are  
all well, and that your constitution accommodates itself  
easily to the climate. If you have health, you may study,  
and if you can study, you will surely not miss the oppor-  
tunity which time and power give you, to get what any Eng-  
lishman qualified by <sup>practical</sup> ~~practical~~ knowledge, ever enjoyed be-  
fore, of enquiring into spiritual liberalness. Many men  
single, amidst the scholars of the century, learn the laws

gesser, at last follow me, and master it. So the Malabar-  
nick Book which is, I think, got a shancer. But my  
advice comes late; what you purpose to do, you have already  
begun, but in all your good purposes persevere. Life is short,  
and you do not intend to pass all your life in India.

How long you write stays, I cannot conjecture. The efforts  
of English India men are not believed here to have add-  
ed any thing to the happiness of the native dominions. Of  
you, Sir, I rejoice to say that I have heard no evil. There  
was a trifling charge produced in Parliament, but it seems  
to be forgotten, nor did it appear to imply any thing very  
blamable. This purity of character you write, I hope  
continue to retain. One of my last wishes for you, at a  
gay table was agitation is idleness. Let me now add in a  
more serious hour, and in more powerful words. Keep in no-  
cency, and take heed to the thing that is right, for that  
shall bring a Man peace at the last.

I shall thank my self favoured by any help that  
shall give to Mr Joseph Fowler, or Mr Lawrence. Both  
are always friendly to me, and Lawrence is the son of a  
Man, whom I have long placed in the first rank of my  
friends. Do not let my recommendation counteract efforts.

Let me now mention an occasion on which you may per-  
haps do great good without cost to yourself. Gaydon is



much embarrassed by a mortgage made I think by his grand  
father, and perhaps augmented by his father. The British  
call for his money, and it is in the present general distress  
very difficult to make a versura. If you could let him have  
six thousand pounds upon the security of the same land, you  
would save him from the misfortune of selling part of his estate  
under the great disadvantage produced by the present high  
price of money. This proposal needs give you no pain. You  
say you know nothing of it, and may perhaps have settled  
this affair before this answer can be received. As the Society  
is good, you should not take more than four per cent.

Nothing now, I think remains but that I assure you,  
as I do, of my kindest and good wishes, and express my hope  
that you do not forget your old friend

and

Yours servant,

Sam: Johnson.

W. R. cart. Fleet Street. Apr. 19. 1783

Mr. Langton, who is just come in,  
sends his best respects.  
As he knows little nothing



Jones now Sir William, will give you the present state of the club, which is now very miscellaneous, and very heterogeneous it is therefore without confidence, and without pleasure. I go to it only as to a kind of publick dinner. Reynolds continues to rise in reputation and in riches, but his health has been shaken. Dr. Percy is now Bishop of Dromore, but has I believe lost his only son. Such are the deductions from human happiness.

I have now reached an age which is to expect many diminutions of the good, whatever it be, that life affords; I have lost many friends, I am now either afflicted or threatened by many diseases, but perhaps not with more than are commonly incident to encrease of years, and I am afraid that I bear the weight of time with unseemly, if not with sinful impatience. I hope that God will enable me to correct this as well as my other faults, before he calls me to appear before him.

In return for this history of myself I shall expect some account of you, who by your situation have much more to tell. I hope to hear that the Ladies and the Children are all well, and that your constitution accommodates itself easily to the climate. If you have health, you may study, and if you can study, you will surely not miss the opportunity which place and power give you, beyond what any Englishman qualified by precious knowledge, ever enjoyed before, of enquiring into Asiatick Literature. Buy manuscripts, consult the Scholars of the country, learn the languages, at least select one, and master it. To the Malabarick Books Europe is, I think, yet a Stranger. But my advice comes late; what you purpose to do, you have already begun, but in all your good purposes persevere. Life is short, and you do not intend to pass all your life in India.

How long you will stay, I cannot conjecture. The effects of English Judicature are not believed here to have added any thing to the happiness of the new dominions. Of you, Sir, I rejoice to say that I have heard no evil. There was a trifling charge produced in parliament, but it seems to be forgotten, nor did it appear to imply any thing very blamable. This purity of character you will, I hope continue to retain. One of my last wishes for you, at a gay table was ἀπετήν τε καὶ ὀλβόν. Let me now add in a more serious hour, and in more powerful words—*Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right, for that shall bring a Man peace at the last.*

I shall think myself favoured by any help that you shall give to Mr. Joseph Fowke, or Mr. Lawrence. Fowke was always friendly to me, and Lawrence is the son of a Man, whom I have long placed in the first rank of my friends. Do not let my recommendation be without effect.

Let me now mention an occasion on which you may perhaps do great good without evil to yourself. Langton is much embarrassed by a mortgage made, I think, by his grandfather, and perhaps aggravated by his father. The Creditor calls for his money, and it is in the present general distress very difficult to make a *versura*. If you could let him have six thousand pounds. upon the security of the same land, you would save him from the necessity of selling part of his Estate under the great disadvantage produced by the present

high price of money. This proposal needs give you no pain, for Langton knows nothing of it, and may perhaps have settled his affairs before the answer can be received. As the security is good, you should not take more than four per cent.

Nothing now, I think, remains but that I assure you, as I do, of my kindness, and good wishes, and express my hopes that you do not forget

Your old Friend

and humble servant,

Sam: Johnson.

Bolt court, Fleetstreet. Apr. 19. 1783

Mr. Langton, who is just come in,  
sends his best respects.

but he knows still nothing.

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To George Colman)

Sir

Since your kind promise of a benefit for Mrs Williams, my Friend Mr Strahan has obtained the concurrence of all the other partners, except Mr Powel to whom I have written, and who delays his answers till he has consulted you. As you will not counsel him to refuse what you have yourself granted, I suppose, he will make no objection, and therefore entreat you to give me, as soon as you can, the play which you think most proper and appoint us the day which can first be spared. You can perhaps give us the choice of several plays, but we know not how to choose as well as you, and therefore hope that you will contrive to make your favour as efficacious as you can.

You will therefore, I hope, turn this business in your mind, and favour me as soon as you can with your determination.

I am

Sir,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Jan. 17. 1769

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Miss Cotterell)

Madam

I know not how liberally your Generosity would reward those who should do you any service, when you can so kindly acknowledge a favour which I intended only to myself. That accidentally hearing that you were in town I made haste to enjoy an interval of pleasure which I feared would be short, was the natural consequence of that self-love which is always busy in quest of happiness, of that happiness which we often miss when we think it near, and sometimes find when we imagine it lost. When I had missed you I went away disappointed, and did not know that my vexation would be so amply repaid by so kind a letter. A letter indeed can but imperfectly supply the place of its writer, at least of such a writer as Miss Cotterell, and a letter which makes me still more desire your presence is but a weak consolation under the necessity of living longer without you, with this however I must be for a time content, as much content at least as discontent will suffer me, for Mr Barette being a single Being in this part of the world, and entirely clear from all engagements, takes the advantage of his independence and will come before me, for which if I could blame him, I should punish him, but my own heart tells me that he only does to me, what, if I could, I should do to him.

I hope Mrs Porter when she came to her favourite place, found her house dry, and her woods growing, and the breeze whistling, and the birds singing, and her own heart dancing. And for you, Madam, whose heart cannot yet dance to such musick, I know not what to hope, indeed I could hope every thing that would please you, except that perhaps the absence of higher pleasures is necessary to keep some little place vacant in your remembrance for

Madam,

Your most obliged

most obedient

and

most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

July 19. 1755

Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages.

Postmarks indistinct.

Addressed—

To Thomas Cumins Esq  
next door to Mrs Forster's School  
at Tottenham Green  
near Newington

May 25 . afternoon

Dear Sir

I have been talking of your case with my Friend Mr Levet, who has had great practice, and of whom I have a very high opinion. He thinks you neither have nor ever had a proper dropsy. He says that your Lungs are much obstructed and inflamed, but he agrees with me that they are not ulcerated, and that the the (*sic*) little flux of blood has nothing in it much to be feared. But as you are brought so low, he thinks your case out of the power of medicine, and to be helped only by proper diet, with occasional helps from slight emetics.

Mrs Williams, who likewise has good Judgement, desires me to persuade you with all my power to return to Clerkenwel, where you may have her visits and Mr Levet's, and be more within reach of all that you can want. For this removal you and I know yet a better reason, the necessity of abstracting you from your own thoughts, and of driving by external objects out of your mind, those troublesome and intrusive images which with so little reason, have by taking advantage of a distempered body, harrassed you so long.

I do not say put these painful imaginations out of your head, I know that they have got a dominion which you cannot control; but, I say, get help to dislodge them, come where your friends may amuse and entertain you. Cheerful company and proper diet may yet restore you in less time than you suppose.

You see at least that your present method gives you no help; try another. The[re] is a Man now living whom Mr Levet restored from ulcerated lungs, after many Physitians had deserted him. I earnestly desire your life, and I have a right to persuade [you] to something. If what we do has no effect you will at least be no loser, for nothing that you now take gives you any relief. Come therefore and try. Do not perish without resistance, but make one effort more; and may that effort be successful.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Wednesday. May 25. 1774



One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

Postmark indistinct.

Addressed—

To Mrs Desmoulins  
in Chelsea

Madam

Mr Garrick has done as he used to do. You may tell him that Dr Hawkesworth and I never exchanged any letters worth publication; our notes were commonly to tell when we should be at home, and I believe were seldom kept on either side. If I have any thing that will do any honour to his memory, I shall gladly supply it, but I remember nothing.

I am,

Madam,

Your humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

Lichfield. August. 5. 1775

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Date. (1747)

Addressed—

To Mr Dodsley

Sir

I received yesterday the agreement fairly engrossed which I have examined and find exact, I therefore wrote this morning to Mr Knapton, and find that he is gone from home and that his return is not expected till after midsummer. I conclude therefore that the writings were sent to me, that I might put an end to the treaty with the rest in his absence, I have therefore given the Bearer a note to be carried if you approve it to Mr Longman who is named the second in the articles, to which you may if you please add your concurrence, or send me word what steps I shall take. I think it is by no means necessary that all the partners should sign on the same day, nor can it be done in this affair because Mr Knapton does not return before the time at which the contract commences. His Brother directed me to apply to the Partners.

I am sir &c

Sam: Johnson

*On margin of letter—*

The Bonds I have not seen the Attorney should be directed to send them. I know not who he is.

One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark.

Addressed—

To Mr Elphinston

Sir

I have for a long time intended to answer the Letter which you were pleased to send me, and know not why I have delayed it so long, but that I had nothing particular either of enquiry or information to send you, and the same reason might still have the same consequence, but I find in my recluse kind of Life, that I am not likely to have much more to say at one time than at another, and that therefore I may endanger by an appearance of neglect long continued, the loss of such an Acquaintance as I know not where to supply.

I therefore write now to assure you how sensible I am of the kindness you have always expressed to me, and how much I desire the cultivation of that Benevolence which perhaps nothing but the distance between us has hindered from ripening before this time into Friendship. Of myself I have very little to say, and of any body else less, let me however be allowed one thing and that in my own favour that I am

Dear Sir

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

April 20<sup>th</sup>. 1749

---

Single sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark.

Addressed—

To Mrs Galway

Madam

You are entreated to accept of the Almanack that was promised you last year by,

Madam

Your most humble Servant

Sam: Johnson

Jan. 1. 1755

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark indistinct. Stamped Lichfield. Seal broken.

Addressed—

To Mrs Garrick  
at the Adelph  
London

Madam

I did not wonder that your heart failed you, when the journey to Lichfield came nearer, and indeed I love you the more for your tenderness and sensibility. I am now at Lichfield a second time, and am returned to it with some improvement of my health, in the two months for which I staid away, and have the delight to find both Mrs Aston and Mrs Porter much mended in the same time. Mr Garrick was with me lately, and is well. Mr Seward is very lame, but his daughter flourishes in poetical reputation. What Lichfield affords more than this I hope to tell when I wait on you in London.

Please to make my compliments to dear Miss Moore.

I am

Madam

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Lichfield. Oct. 2. 1781

---

One sheet. 4to. Written on first side.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Dr. Granger)

Sir

When I returned from the country I found your letter, and would very gladly have done what you desire had it been in my power. But Mr Farmer is, I am confident, mistaken in supposing that he gave me any such pamphlet or cut. I should as soon have suspected myself as Mr Farmer of forgetfulness, but that I do not know except from your Letter the name of Arthur o Toole, nor recollect that I ever heard it before. I think it impossible that I should have suffered such a total obliteration, from my mind, of any thing which was ever there. This at least is certain, that I do not know of any such pamphlet, and equally certain I desire you to think it, that if I had it, you should immediately receive it, from,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant

Dec. 15. 1772

Sam: Johnson

One sheet, folio. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Sir George Hay)

Sir

I should not have easily prevailed upon myself to trouble a Person in your high station with a request, had I not observed that Men have commonly benevolence in proportion to their capacities, and that the most extensive minds are most open to solicitation.

I had a Negro Boy named Francis Barber, given me by a Friend whom I much respect, and treated by me for some years with great tenderness. Being disgusted in the house he ran away to Sea, and was in the Summer on board the Ship stationed at Yarmouth to protect the fishery.

It [would] be a great pleasure and some convenience to me, if the Lords of the Admiralty would be pleased to discharge him, which as he is no seaman, may be done with little injury to the King's service.

You were pleased, Sir, to order his discharge in the spring at the request of Mr Wilkes, but I left London about that time and received no advantage from your favour. I therefore presume to entreat that you will repeat your order, and inform me how to cooperate with it so that it may [be] made effectual.

I shall take the liberty of waiting at the Admiralty next Tuesday for your Answer. I hope my request is not such as it is necessary to refuse, and what it is not necessary to refuse, I doubt not but your humanity will dispose you to grant, even to one that can make no higher pretensions to your favour, than

Sir

Your most obedient

and

most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Grays Inn

November the 9th 1759



One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Dr. Hawkesworth)

No Date. (March 1756)

Dear Sir

I have been looking into the Book (here and there) and I think have had a pretty fair specimen. It is written with uncommon knowledge of Mankind, which is the chief excellence of such a book. The Sentences are keenly pointed, and vigourously pushed which is the second excellence. But it is too Gallick, and the proper names are often ill formed or ill chosen. To use a french phrase I think the good *carries it over* the bad. The good is in the constituent the bad in the accidental parts.

We cannot come to morrow, but I purpose to be with you on the Saturday following, to see the Spring and Mrs. Hawkesworth.

I am

Sir

Your most humble servant

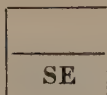
Sam: Johnson

Miss W— sends her  
compliments.

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark not readable.



Stamped—

Ash  
born

With Seal.

Addressed—

To Mr Hoole

in Queens Street, Lincolns Inn

London

Dear Sir

I thank you for your affectionate letter. I hope we shall both be the better for each other's friendship, and I hope we shall not very quickly be parted. I have a better opinion of myself than I had reason to entertain when



This House in which the "Great West End" was held, the sketch taken in 1845.  
C. J. Smith

I left London. My Breath is more free, and my Water is again run off. But my legs are very weak, and my nights generally bad.

Tell Mr Nichols that I shall be glad of his correspondence when his business allows him a little remission, though to wish him less business that I may have more pleasure, would be selfish.

Mr Hastings's Packet I received, but do not know that I have a right to print it, or permit it to be copied. You, Sir, shall see it, if you desire it, when I come to London.

To pay for seats at the Ballon is not very necessary, because in less than a minute they who gaze at a mile's distance will see all that can be seen. About the wings I am of your mind they cannot at all assist it, nor I think regulate its motion.

I am now grown somewhat easier in my body, but my mind is sometimes depressed. I have here hardly any company, and at home poor Williams is gone—but gone, I hope, to Heaven. May We, when we are called, be called to Happiness.

About the club\* I am in no great pain. The forfeitures go on, and the house, I hear, is improved for our future meetings. I hope we shall meet often, and sit long.

I am, Dear Sir,

✍ Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Ashbourn. Aug. 13. 1784

\* "At the Essex Head in Essex Street."—(In Boswell's handwriting.)

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark

30
AP

Addressed—

To the Reverend Dr Horne  
of Magdalen College  
Oxford

Dear Sir

Somebody has observed that there seem to be times when writers of value emerge from oblivion by general consent. Walton's time is at last come. You are reviving him at Oxford, Lord Hail one of the Judges of Scotland

THE  
COMPLETE ANGLER:  
OR,  
Contemplative Man's Recreation.  
BEING A  
DISCOURSE  
ON  
RIVERS, FISH-PONDS, FISH,  
and FISHING.

In TWO PARTS.

The FIRST written by Mr. IZAAK WALTON,

The SECOND by CHARLES COTTON, Esq;

To which are now prefixed,

The LIVES of the AUTHORS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

CUTS of the several Kinds of River-Fish,  
and of the Implements used in Angling, Views of  
the principal Scenes described in the Book.

AND

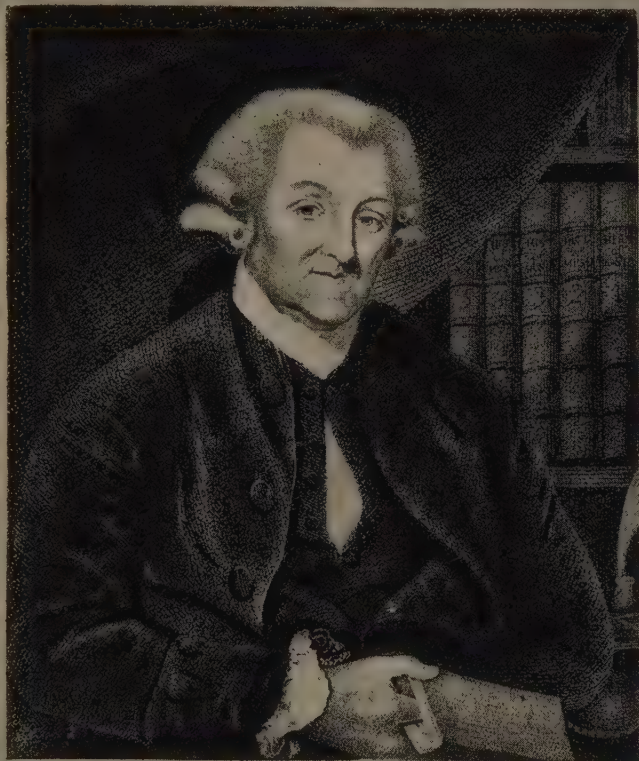
Notes Historical, Critical and Explanatory.

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LONDON:

Printed only for THOMAS HOPE, at the Bible and Anchor,  
opposite the North Gate of the Royal-Exchange, Thread-  
needle-Street; and sold by him and SACKVILLE PARKER,  
at Oxford; RICHARD MATTHEWS, at Cambridge; and  
SAMUEL TRIMMER, at Derby. 1760.





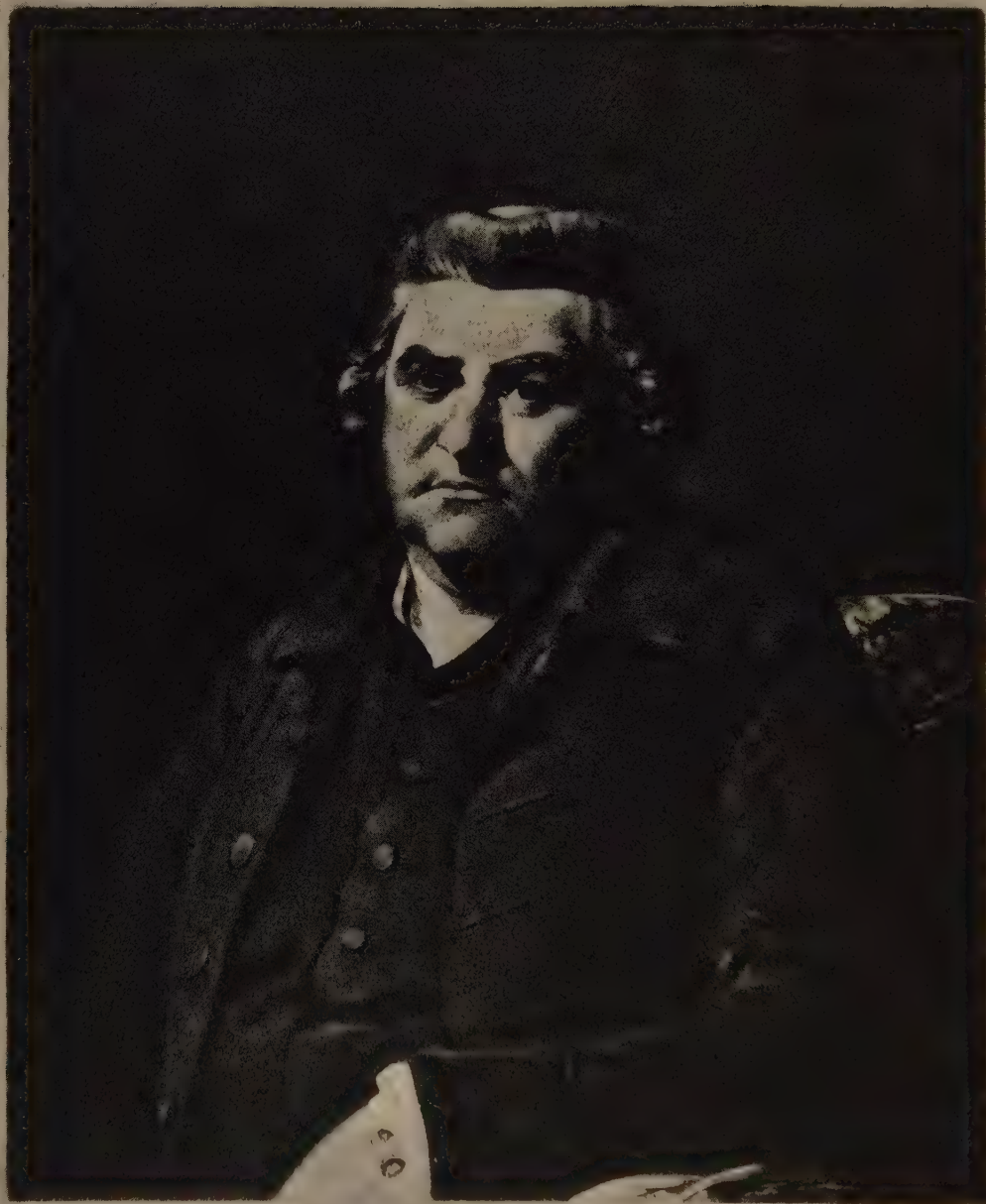
*J. Harding del.*

*Pub. 4 Sept. 1794. by E. & S. Harding, Pall Mall.*

*R. Clapton sculp.*

**SIR JOHN HAWKINS.**

*From an Original Picture by J. Roberts, in the Music School, Oxford.*



*For the Rev. Mr. Marton*

*C. S. Hodges painted*

THE REV. MR. MARTON.

land appears to have the same design. I once had it too. I had talk with Lord Hail about the manner of doing it with notes; and should wish to know whether he proceeds. Shall I write to him? Or had you rather go on without any communication? Let but the work be done, and do not stay too long for one another.

The Life of Walton has happily fallen into good hands. Sir John Hawkins has prefixed it to the late edition of the Angler, very diligently collected, and very elegantly composed. You will ask his leave to reprint it, and not wish for a better.

I wish that in the leisure of academical retirement more Men would think to review our stores of antiquated literature, and bring back into notice what is undeservedly forgotten. Warton has set a noble example, may he have many to follow him, and none, unless it be you and me, to overtake him.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

April 30. 1774

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark.

Addressed—

To the Revd Dr Huddesford

Londini 4to Cal. Mart.

1755

Viro reverendo . . . . . Huddesford S. T. P.

Universitatis Oxoniensis Vicecancellario dignissimo—S. P. D.

Sam: Johnson.

Ingratus plane et tibi et mihi videar, nisi quanto me gaudio affecerint, quos nuper mihi honores, te, credo, auctore, decrevit Senatus academicus, literarum, quo tamen nihil levius, officio significem; ingratus etiam nisi comitatem quâ vir eximius mihi vestri testimonium amoris, in manus tradidit, agnoscam et laudem. Si quid est, unde rei tam gratae accedat gratia, hoc ipso magis mihi placet, quod eo tempore in ordines academicos denuò cooptatus sim, quo tuam imminuere auctoritatem, famamque Oxoniensium laedere, omnibus modis conantur homines vafri nec tamen acuti, quibus ego, prout Viro umbratico licuit, semper restiti, semper restiturus. Qui enim, has inter rerum procellas, vel tibi vel Academiae defuerit, illum virtuti et literis, sibi et posteris defuturum existimo. Vale.

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. Seal broken.

Addressed—

To Mr Humphry

Sir

The Bearer is my Godson whom I take the liberty of recommending to your kindness, which I hope he will deserve by his respect to your excellence, and his gratitude for your favours.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

Apr. 13. 1784

Bolt court

---

Two sheets, small 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark

26
AV

With Seal.

Addressed—

To Mrs Eliz. Laurence

in Castle Street

Canterbury

August 26 1782.

Madam

I am much delighted even with the small advances which dear Dr Laurence makes towards recovery. If we could have again but his mind and his tongue, or his mind and his right hand, we would not much lament the rest. I should not despair of helping the swelled hand by electricity, if it were frequently and diligently applied.



Let me know from time to time whatever happens. I hope I need not tell you how much I am interested in every change.

Please to make my compliments to all the Ladies.

I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson.

I am much better than  
I was when you last saw me.

---

Two sheets, small 4to. Written on first two pages.

No Postmark. With Seal.

Addressed—

To Mrs Eliz Laurence

in Castle Street

Canterbury

Madam

Though the account with which you favoured me in your last letter could not give the pleasure that I wished, yet I was glad to receive it, for my affection for my dear friend makes me desirous of knowing his state, whatever it be.

I beg therefore that you continue to let me know from time to time all that you observe.

Many fits of severe illness have for about twelve months past found my kind Physician often upon my mind. I am now better, and hope gratitude as well as distress can be a motive to remembrance.

I am afraid to ask questions, yet I am very desirous to know what you think of his memory and his judgement, and whether he is silent for want of words, or by having lost the power of utterance. Does he grow stronger or weaker? is he more or less attentive to things about him? Dear Madam let me know what is to be known; write at leisure and write at large.

I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant,

Febr. 4. 1783

Sam: Johnson

Bolt court. Fleet street

Two sheets. 16mo. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Date. (January, 1777.?)

Addressed—

To Dr. Laurence

Mr. Johnson has sent the volumes that are at hand. The first volume Sir J: Hawkins took back, the third he will send tomorrow. Dr. Laurence needs not be in haste to return the books, Sir John will be glad that he needs them.

Mr. Johnson feels no consequence from the loss of blood.

---

Two sheets. 8vo. Written on first page.

No Postmark. With Seal.

Addressed—

To Dr Laurence

Dear Sir

I am much distressed in the night and have lately had such an account of Musk that I wish to try it, unless you think it improper. If you consent to the use of it, my request is that you will send your servant, or my servant with a note, to Apothecaries Hall, to buy it. I may then expect to have it good. It is, I find, four pound an ounce. I would have a dram.

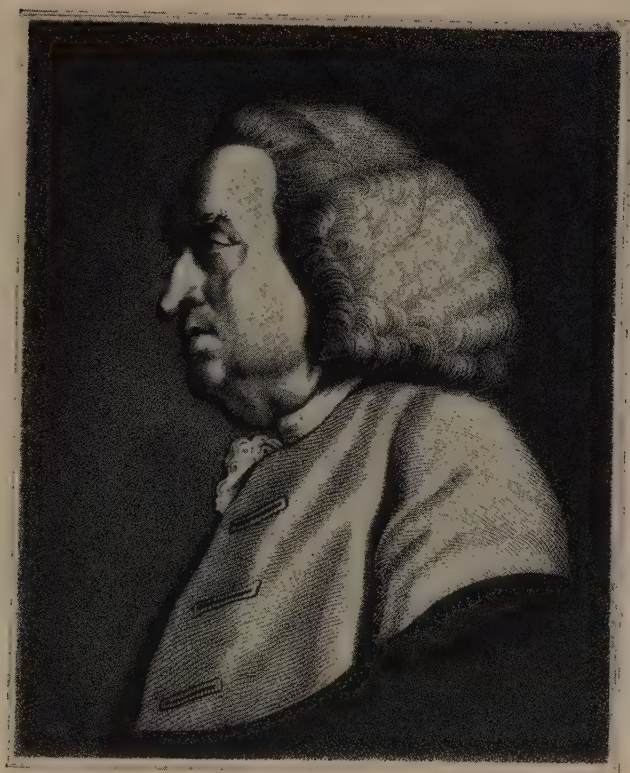
I am,

Sir

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Oct. 13. 1778





MR. HARRIS. 1811.



Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark.

Addressed—

To Dr. Laurence

Dear Sir

This last phlebotomy has, I think, done me good. I had this morning a very kindly sweat.

Please to send me your papers, which I am sorry that you should mention with an apology, as if you suspected me of forgetting the disproportion between what I can do for you, and what You can do for Me. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged and most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Febr. 4. 1782

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. With broken Seal.

Addressed—

To Mr Levett (Robert)

Dear Sir

Mr Thrale to enquire after you, and this is the answer. You must contrive to be more particular when we return. We are going to Brighthelmston, but shall hardly stay long so late in the year. Francis and his Wife have both given great satisfaction by their behaviour. I am

Sir

Your humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

Sept. 23. 1776

Single sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. No Date. (1744)

(To John Levett)

Sir

I have been hindred from writing to you by an imagination that it was necessary to write more than I had time for, but recollecting that Business may be despatched much more expeditiously by conversation, I beg to be informed when I can wait on you with most convenience to yourself. I believe I shall find means of accomodating the affair so as to give you reasonable satisfaction. You forgot to send me word what interest is due which I mention that you may examine, for though Mr Aston has a receipt for Interest which I got him to pay to your Father, I cannot conveniently wait on him about it.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant

Sam: Johnson

Golden Anchor. Holborn

Sat. Morning

---

Single sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Date.

No Address, except "vett," in Johnson's hand. (To John Levett)

Sir

I am very ill, and unable to wait on you or treat with you. I have been disappointed by two to whom I applied, and either of whom might have done it without inconvenience. The Gentleman whom I have desired to come with this has effected it, on terms which may make a little longer delay, but if you have any one with whom you can leave the things necessary it may now be done.

I am,

Sir,

Your humble Servant

Sam: Johnson

I had sent to you  
but I had forgot your  
lodging which you have  
not mentioned in your  
notes.

Two sheets. 4to. Written on both sides of first sheet.

Postmark

21
JY

Addressed—

To John Levet Esqr  
in Lichfield

Sir

It is not many weeks past the time that I promised you to pay the mortgage and I shall be obliged to you not to take advantage of so small a lapse

The account, I think, stands thus  
for Principal and Interest 146

of which Mr Aston paid	* 12
I paid John Asbridge by your	
bill which I have by me	14
By Miss Porter	20
	<hr/>
	46

\* Of this you know I have at present no proof, but I believe it may be got, from some Banker's books. I have set this down to my Mother certainly 10.

I have this day sent my Mother a Bank note of 100 L. so that you may easily settle the affair, which I am [sorry to] have so long and so uneasily protracted.

The money paid by Mr Aston was I am very confident three years interest, but if I was to declare upon oath, I would not go to the utmost. Ten pounds I could swear to. I suppose you do not think I would cheat you of ten or twelve pounds, nor do I believe you would require them unjustly of me.

Be so kind as to spare my Mother all the trouble you can, and the twelve pounds shall make no difference between us,

I am

Sir

Your very humble servant

Sam: Johnson

July 21. 1751

Single sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark.

Address pasted on—

to—Levett Esqr (To John Levett)  
in Lichfield

Sir

I am extremely obliged to you for the long credit and kind forbearance which I have received from you. I have sold a property principally to satisfy you, and in consequence of that Sale can now give you a Draught of one hundred pounds upon a Bookseller of credit payable on the first of May and negotiable in the meantime. If you have not any evidence [\* ] Money paid for me by Mr Aston I know not how to ascertain it, for though I could make oath to a payment I cannot certainly tell of how much though I think of twelve pounds. Would you be pleased to terminate the affair with Mr J. Sympson? I have not mentioned it to him, because I neither would employ any one you may not desire to be employed, nor oblige you to confess any dislike. I know not indeed that any body needs to be employed, for I do not doubt your candour

I am Sir with great respect

Your humble servant

Sam: Johnson

March 17th 1752

For any Money above  
the hundred pounds  
I must beg you to accept  
my Note for six Months.

\* Words erased (of the).



Single sheet. 4to. Written on both sides of sheet.

No Postmark. No Address. (To John Levett)

Sir

I am extremely ashamed after what I wrote last to you with so much Confidence, to have disappointed you, but I am really no otherwise than unfortunate in the affair. I then told you that I had sold a property, which was exactly true, but I have not yet received a third part of the money which I expected from it; a circumstance that, after what I had written shocked me so much that I could not bear to see you, as I expected to receive the rest every day, and was willing to spare us both so disagreeable an Interview. The thing has however given me more credit, so I am about to borrow the money, which I will immediately send you as soon as it comes to my hands, which cannot, unless every thing fail me, be but a few weeks, and so much for the sake of my Mother, I beg you to add to the favours already indulged to,

Sir,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

July 26. 1752

---

One sheet. 8vo. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mauritius Lowe)

Sir

I have put Mr. Kearsley's note into the hands of Mr. Allen to whom I owe rent; if any assistance of yours is necessary, you will certainly give it. If something is not done before my return, I think his last proposal such as leaves him very little claim to tenderness. I am

Sir,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Oct. 15. 1781

Two sheets, small 4to. Written on first and second pages.

No Postmark. Seal torn.

Addressed—

To Mr Lowe

Sir

I congratulate you on the good that has befallen you. I always told you that it would come. I would not however have you flatter yourself too soon with punctuality. You must not expect the other half year at Christmas. You may use the money as your needs require, but save what you can.

You must undoubtedly write a letter of thanks to your benefactor in your own name. I have put something on the other side.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

Oct. 22. 1782

On reverse—

My Lord

The allowance which you are pleased to make me, I received on the . . . . . by Mr Paget. Of the joy which it brought your Lordship cannot judge, because you cannot imagine my distress. It was long since I had known a morning without solicitude for noon, or lain down at night without foreseeing with terrour the distresses of the morning. My debts were small but many; my creditors were poor and therefore troublesome. Of this misery your Lordship's bounty has given me an intermission. May your Lordship live long to do much good, and to do for many what you have done for

My Lord

Your Lordships &c

Lowe

26<sup>th</sup> Jan'y 1775.  
Mr. James Johnson.

£3

most curious, original  
note : N.W.W.

Mr. James Johnson

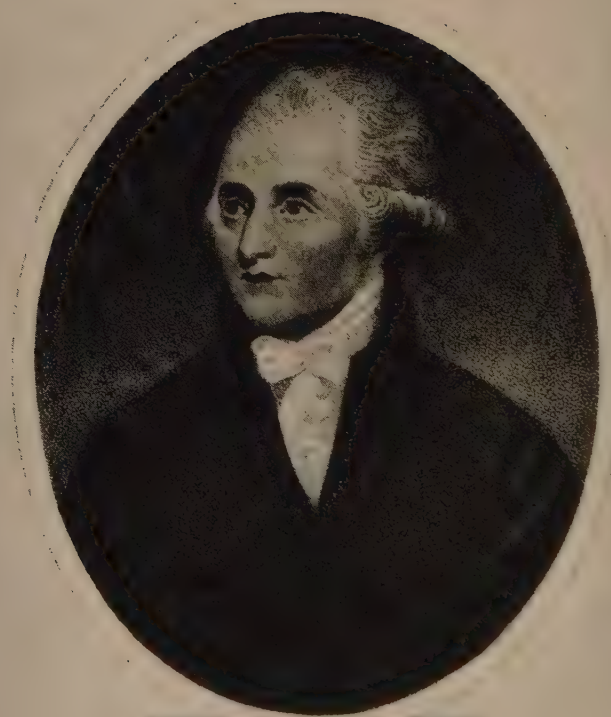
Mr James Mackintosh - I received your kind  
and important note. Whatever is offered me  
I will do my best to accept, and what I cannot do  
for myself the Law will do for me. I will not  
desist from detecting what I think a cheat from  
my Lord of the Anchorage of a Lincolne.

You must see to what. What, that I re-  
spect? I thought you took an impression from  
the writing. I think it upon your paper  
an impression still. For this opinion I give the  
quicker my paper which I have done you to  
aspire.



With pleasure I have accepted your & Mrs. M. M. M.  
and I am sure the genuineness of the work  
of the "Catholic" is. You have to do, your children  
and your home are not to be neglected, and I hope  
that you will be able to do so. I am sure you will  
not be able to do so, but I am sure you will  
do so very well. I am sure you will.

Sincerely,  
J. M. M.  
Jan. 20. 1975



ALFRED

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

No Postmark. Seal broken.

Addressed—

To Mr James Macpherson

Mr James Macpherson—I received your foolish and impudent note. Whatever insult is offered me I will do my best to repel, and what I cannot do for myself the law will do for me. I will not desist from detecting what I think a cheat, from any fear of the menaces of a Ruffian.

You want me to retract. What shall I retract? I thought your book an imposture from the beginning, I think it upon yet surer reasons an imposture still. For this opinion I give the publick my reasons which I here dare you to refute.

But however I may despise you, I reverence truth and if you can prove the genuineness of the work I will confess it. Your rage I defy, your abilities since your Homer are not so formidable, and what I have heard of your morals disposes me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you can prove.

You may print this if you will.

Sam: Johnson

Jan. 20. 1775

---

Two sheets, small 4to.

Postmark indistinct. With Seal.

Addressed—

To Mr Malone No 55

Queen Anne Street. East.

Sir

I have for many weeks been so much out of order, that I have gone out only in a coach to Mrs Thrale's, where I can use all the freedom that sickness requires. Do not therefore take it amiss that I am not with you and Dr Farmer. I hope hereafter to see you often.

I am

Sir

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Febr. 27. 1782



MRS. ANNA WILLIAMS.



Two sheets. 8vo. Written on first page.

No Postmark.

Addressed—

To Edmund Malone Esq

Dear Sir

I hope, I grow better, and shall soon be able to enjoy the kindness of my friends. I think this wild adherence to Chatterton more unaccountable than the obstinate defence of Ossian. For Ossian there is a national pride, [which] may be forgiven though it cannot be applauded: for Chatterton there is nothing but the resolution to say again what has been said.

I am Sir

Your humble servant

Sam: Johnson

March 2. 1782

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on both sides of first sheet.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Montagu)

Madam

That respect which is always due to beneficence makes it fit that you should be informed otherwise than by the papers, that on the sixth of this month, died your Pensioner Anna Williams, of whom it may be truly said that she received your bounty with gratitude, and enjoyed it with propriety. You perhaps have still her prayers.

You have, Madam, the satisfaction of having alleviated the sufferings of a Woman of great merit both intellectual and moral. Her curiosity was universal, her knowledge was very extensive, and she sustained forty years of misery with steady fortitude. Thirty years and more she had been my companion, and her death has left me very desolate.

That I have not written sooner, you may impute to absence, to ill health, to any thing rather than want of regard to the Benefactress of my departed Friend.

I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Sept. 22. 1783



THE GATE (ST. JOHN'S) LONDON.

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

Postmark

8
JV

With Seal.

Addressed—

To Mr Nicol

Bookseller in the Strand

London

Sir

You were pleased to promise me that when the great Voyage should be published, you would send it to me. I am now at Pembroke College, Oxford, and if you can conveniently enclose it in a parcel, or send it any other way, I shall think the perusal of it a great favour.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

June 8. 1784.

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. Seal destroyed.

Addressed—

To Mr Paul

Sir

I would not have it thought that if I sometimes transgress the rules of civility, I would violate the laws of friendship. If I had heard any thing from the gate I would have informed you, and I will send to them lest they should neglect to transmit any accounts that they receive. I have been many times hindred from coming to you, but if by coming I could have been of any considerable use, I would not have been hindred. They are so cold at the gate both to the landlord and to you, that if I could think of any body else to apply to, I would trouble them no more. I am thinking of Dicey. I am Sir

Your humble servant

Sept. 29. 1756.

Sam: Johnson

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

No Postmark.

Addressed—

To the Reverend Mr Pennick  
at the Museum.

Sir

I am flattered by others with an honour with which I dare not presume to flatter myself, that of having *gained* so much of your kindness or regard, as that my recommendation of a Candidate for SOUTHWARK, may have some influence in determining your vote at the approaching election.

As a Man is willing to believe well of himself I now indulge my Vanity by soliciting your Vote and Interest for MR THRALE, whose encomium I shall make very compendiously by telling you, that you would certainly vote for him if you knew him.

I ought to have waited on you with this request, even though my right to make it, had been greater. But as the Election approaches, and I know not how long I may be detained here, I hope you will not impute this unceremonious treatment, to any want of respect in

Sir

Your most obedient

and

most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

New Inn Hall, Oxford. March 3. 1768

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

Postmark

12
SE

Addressed—

To the Revd Mr Percy  
at Easton Mauduit  
Northamptonshire  
by Castle Ashly bag.

Dear Sir

The kindness of your invitation would tempt one to leave pomp and tumult behind, and hasten to your retreat, however as I cannot perhaps see  
[ 61 ] another





Engraved by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Thomas Percy Esq.

Esq. of the Inner Temple

Printed by J. Smith, at the Theatre Royal, in Pall Mall.

another coronation so conveniently as this, and I may see many young Percies, I beg your pardon for staying till this great ceremony is over after which I purpose to pass some time with you, though I cannot flatter myself that I can even then long enjoy the pleasure which your company always gives me, and which is likewise expected from that of Mrs Percy, by,

Sir,

Your most affectionate

Sam: Johnson

Sept. 12. 1761

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark.

Addressed—

To the Reverend Mr Percy

Dear Sir

I should not think our visit an event so important as to require any previous Notification, but that Mrs Williams tells me, such was your desire. We purpose to set out on Monday morning in the Berlin in which we could not get places last week, and hope to have the honour in the evening of telling you and Mrs Percy that we are

Your humble servants.

London June 23

1764

Sam: Johnson

---

One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Miss Porter)

Dear Madam

I thought your last letter long in coming, and did not require or expect such an inventory of little things as you have sent me, I could have taken your word for a matter of much greater value. I am glad that Kitty is better, let her be paid first, as my dear dear Mother ordered, and then let me know at

once the sum necessary to discharge her other debts, and I will send it you very soon.

I beg, my dear, that you would act for me without the least scruple, for I can repose myself very confidently upon your prudence, and hope we shall never have reason to love each other less. I shall take it very kindly, if you make it a rule to write to me once at least every week, for I am now very desolate, and am loath to be universally forgotten.

I am

Dear Sweet

Your affectionate servant

March 1. 1758 (9)

Sam: Johnson

---

Single sheet. 4to. Written on both sides.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Lucy Porter)

London June 7. 1768

My Dearest,

You would have heard from me many times in these last weeks but that I have been very ill. I am now getting better. Do not forget to pray for me.

I hope you have had the Books and the Reading glass. I sent you the nicest glass that I could get, and hope you will find it fit, and think it pretty. Whatever I can do for you, I do with great willingness, and have much pleasure in thinking that I am remembred by you.

Mr Heely whom you may perhaps remember to have married a cousin Betty Ford of mine, is come up to town from Scotland very poor, his wife my Cousin died on the road, and I procured him money to bury her.

Poor Jos: Simpson is dead at last. Every day Somebody dies, and it must soon be our turn. May we be fit for it.

When you write make your letters as long as you can, for I always think them too short. Let me know how you live, and how you supply the loss of your friends. Be as cheerful as you can and pass some part of every day in reading, and a little part in thinking upon me. I wish we were nearer that I might sometimes see you. Let me know if your Glass fits you, for if it does not fit, it must be changed.

I am,

My dearest,

Your most humble Servant

Sam: Johnson

Two sheets, folio. Written on first two pages.

Postmark	20	Stamped	Free
	NO		

Addressed—(in Mr Thrale's hand)

To Mrs Lucy Porter

Lichfield

Free Thrale

London Nov. 20. 1777

Dear Love

You ordered me to write you word when I came home. I have been for some days at Brighthelmston and came back on Tuesday night.

You know that when I left you I was not well, I have taken physick very diligently and am perceptibly better, so much better that I hope by care and perseverance to recover, and see you again from time to time.

Mr Nollkens the statuary has had my direction to send you a cast of my head. I will pay the carriage when we meet. Let me know how you like it, and what the Ladies of your rout say to it. I have heard different opinions. I cannot think where you can put it.

I found every body here well. Miss has a mind to be womanly, and her womanhood does not sit well upon her.

Please to make my compliments to all the Ladies and all the Gentlemen to whom I owe them, that is, to a great part of the town.

I am,

Dear Madam,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson



Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. Stamped 145 Ashborn (indistinct.) With Seal.

Addressed—

To Mrs Lucy Porter

in Lichfield

Turn at Derby

My Dearest

By great perseverance in the use of medicines, it has pleased God that I am much better. The water is almost all run off, my breath is more free, and my legs grow stronger. My sleep was better for a few nights, but it has not staid with me. I purpose within a fortnight to be again at Lichfield, and hope to find you likewise better. The summer has not been kindly, but it seems now to mend, and I hope will at last do us all good.

I am,

Dear Madam,

Your humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Ashbourn Sept. 11. 1784

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark.

Addressed—

To Mrs Reynolds

Dearest Madam

To do what you desire with your restrictions is impossible. I shall not see Mrs Thrale till tuesday in the afternoon. If I write, I must give a stronger reason than you care to allow. The company is already very numerous, but yet there might I suppose be found room for a girl, if the proposal could be made. Even writing if you allow it, will hardly do, the penny post does not go on Sunday, and Mr Thrale does not always come to town on Monday. However let me know what you would have done. I am

Madam

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Aug. 3. (1776?)

Two sheets. 8vo.

No Postmark. Seal broken.

Addressed—

To Mrs Reynolds

Dear Madam

Instead of having me at your table which cannot, I fear, quickly happen, come, if you can, to dine this day with me. It will give pleasure to a sick friend.

Let me know whether you can come.

I am

Madam,

Yours affectionately

Sam: Johnson

Oct. 23. 1783

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

No Postmark. With Seal.

Addressed—

To Sir Joshua Reynolds

Sir

Mr Mason's address to you deserves no great praise it is lax without easiness, and familiar without gayety. Of his Translation I think much more favourably, so far as I have read, which is not a great part, I find him better than exact, he has his authours distinctness and clearness, without his dryness and sterility.

As I suspect you to have lost your Lives, I desire you to accept of these volumes and to keep them somewhere out of harm's way; that you may sometimes remember the writer.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Febr. 19. 1783.

[ 66 ]



*Portrait of Miss Frances Reynolds*

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COTTONIAN LIBRARY, PLYMOUTH

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark

11
SE

Stamped

145 Ash

Born.

Addressed—

To Sir Joshua Reynolds

in London

Dear Sir

I could not answer your letter before this day, because I went on the sixth to Chatsworth and did not come back till the post was gone.

Many words I hope are not necessary between you and me to convince you, what gratitude is excited in my heart, by the Chancellor's Liberality, and your kind offices. I did not indeed expect that what was asked by the Chancellor would have been refused, but since it has, we will not tell that any thing has been asked.

I have enclosed a Letter to the Chancellor, which, when you have read it, you will be pleased to seal with a Head or other general seal, and convey it to him: had I sent it directly to him, I should have seemed to overlook the favour of your intervention.

My last letter told you of my advance in health, which, I think, in the whole still continues. Of the hydropick tumour there is now very little appearance: the Asthma is much less troublesome, and seems [to] remit something day after day. I do not despair of supporting an English winter.

At Chatsworth I met young Mr Burke, who led me very commodiously into conversation with the Duke and Dutchess. We had a very good morning. The Diner was publick.

I am,

Dear Sir,

with great affection,

Your humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

Ashbourne Sept. 9. 1784





M<sup>r</sup> John Reynolds  
Esq<sup>r</sup> of "The Vineyard" - 1785.

Sir

I am obliged to inform you ap[er]tains I am  
now under an an[no]nce for five pounds eight shillings  
the shilling from whom I should have received the re-  
sponding help in this case is out at home, and I am  
afraid of ever finding Mr. Waller, if you will be  
so good as to find me this sum, I will very gratefully  
repay you, and add it to all former obligations.

I am

Sir

March 16. 1756.

Sent Six Guineas

Witness

W. Richardson

Yours most obedient  
and

most humble servant

Sam. Johnson

Esq. of the Middle Temple

One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Date.

No Address. (To Samuel Richardson)

Dear Sir

I return you my sincerest thanks for the favour which you were pleased to do me two nights ago.

Be pleased to accept of this little book, which is all that I have published this winter. The inflammation is come again into my eye, so that I, can write very little.

I am

Sir

Your most obliged

and

most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Fryday.

*This letter is endorsed on reverse by Richardson:*

*"Mr. S. Johnson Arrested Tuesday, 19 Febr. 1756."*

---

One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Samuel Richardson)

Sir

I am obliged to entreat your assistance, I am now under an arrest for five pounds eighteen shillings. Mr. Strahan from whom I should have received the necessary help in this case is not at home, and I am afraid of not finding Mr. Millar, if you will be so good as to send me this sum, I will very gratefully repay you and add it to all former obligations

I am

Sir,

Your most obedient

and

most humble Servant

Sam: Johnson

Gough Square March 16

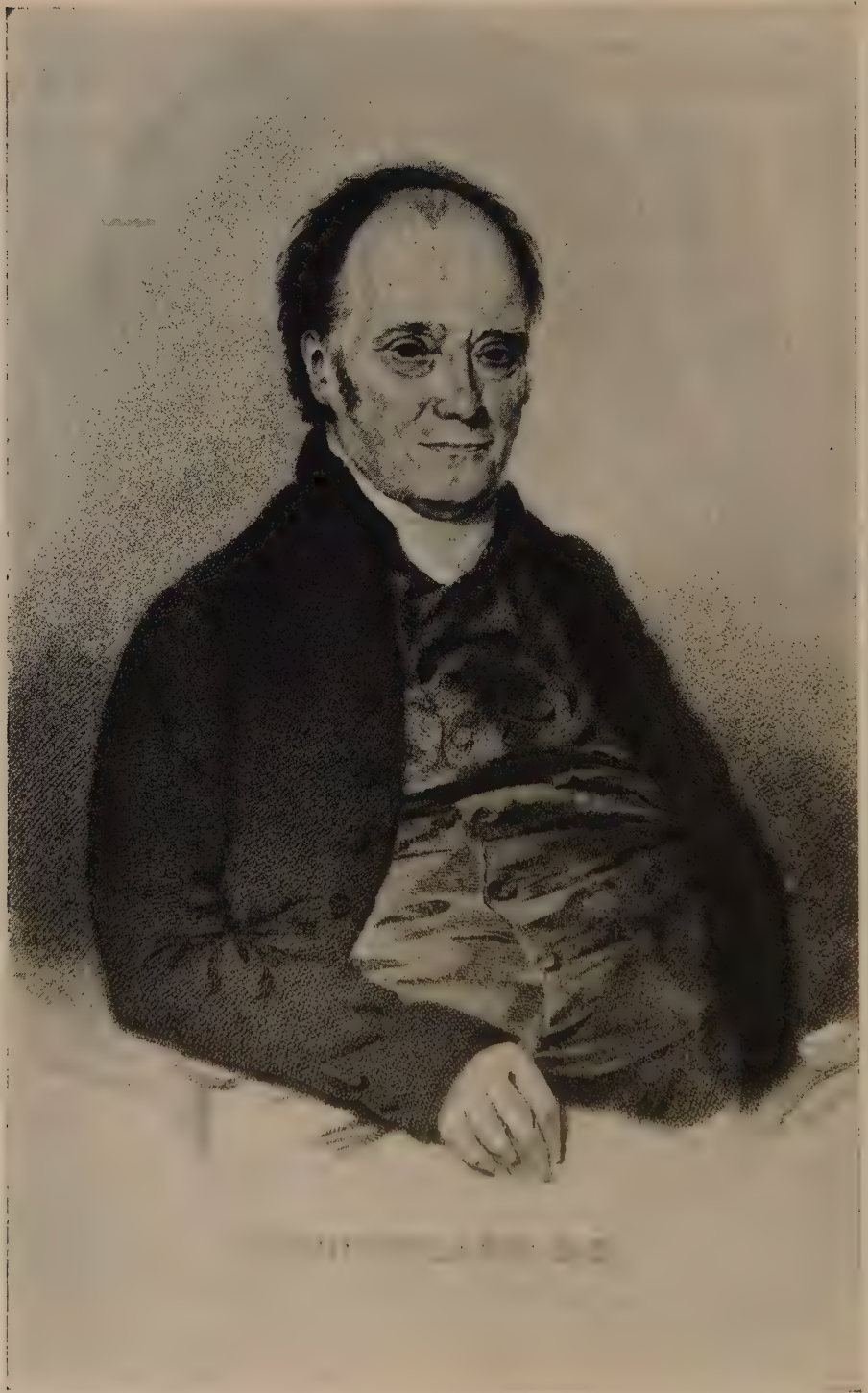
(In Samuel Richardson's hand writing)

*March 16. 1756.*

*Sent Six Guineas*

*Witness*

*Wm. Richardson.*





Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark.

Addressed—

To Mr Rivington Bookseller.

Sir

When Mr Steevens treated with you about the new impression of Shakespeare, he agreed with [*sic*] the additions now made should be printed by themselves for the benefit of former purchasers. As some of my subscribers may think themselves ill treated, it is proper to advertise our intention, and I shall be glad to see it done in one or more of the papers next week.

I am

Sir,

Your humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Febr. 2. 1771

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages.

No Postmark. With Seal.

Addressed—

To Mr Ryland

Sir

I have sent you the papers. Of this parcel I have ejected no poetry. Of the letters there are some which I should be sorry to omit, some that it is not proper to insert, and very many which as we want room or want matter we may use or neglect. When we come to these we will have another selection. But to these I think our present plan of publication will never bring us. His poems with his play will I think make two volumes. The Adventurers will make at least one, and for the fourth, as I think you intend four which will make the subscription a Guinea, if you subscribe, we have so much more than we want that the difficulty will [*be*] to reject.

If Mrs Hawkesworth sells the copy, we are then to consider how many volumes she sells, and if they are fewer than we have matter to fill, we will be the more rigorous in our choice.

I am for letting none stand that are only relatively good as they were

written in youth. The Buyer has no better bargain when he pays for mean performances, by being told that the authour wrote them young.

If the Lady can get an hundred pounds a volume, I should advise her to take it. She may ask more. I am not willing to take less.

If she prints them by subscription the volumes should be four, if, at her own expence, I still do not see considering the great quantity of our matter how they can be fewer. But in this I shall not be obstinate.

I have yet not mentioned Swift's Life, nor the Novel which together will go far towards a volume.

Who was his Amanuensis? that small hand strikes a reader with terrour. It is pale as well as small.

Many little things are, I believe, in the Magazines, which should be marked and considered. I do not always know them but by conjecture.

The poetry I would have printed in order of time, which he seems to have intended by noting the dates, which dates I should like to preserve, they show the progress of [his] Mind, and of a very powerful Mind. The same [rule] may be generally observed in the prose pieces.

What we have to consider, and what I have considered are the Authour's credit, and the Lady's advantage.

I should be glad to talk over the whole, when you can spend an hour or two with, Sir

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Apr. 12. 1777

---

Two sheets, small 4to. Written on three pages.

Postmark

24
IY

With Seal.

Addressed—

To Mr Ryland

at Cranbrook

Kent

Dear Sir

For omitting mention of the verses in your first letter I had no particular reason: I did not read them critically, but upon a second view, they seem to me rather to favour solitude too much. Retreat from the world is flight rather than conquest, and in those who have any power of benefiting

others, may be consider[ed] as a kind of *moral suicide*. I never found any *sweets* in solitude, and it certainly admits not many *virtues*.

In a state of imbecillity retirement is not [only] lawful but decent and proper, and at all times intervals of recess may afford useful opportunities of recollection and such meditation as every Christian ought to practice. But we recollect in order to improve, and meditate for the sake of acting.

I am not yet willing to forsake *towered cities* or to leave *the busy hum of men* quite behind me, but how long I shall be able to sustain my part among them He only knows whose supervision comprises the great drama of the world.

Of the Latin verses, the first distich was very sweet, the second was less elegant.

Yesterday I returned from Rochester. I came from Gravesend by water. I have been kindly treated, often amused, and hope I am come back rather better than I went. I am warmly invited into Wiltshire, and think to go in the beginning of the next month.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

London July 24. 1783

There was not very long ago a Clergyman of great eminence for learning at Cranbroke, whose name was Johnson; enquire what is remembred concerning him.

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark indistinct. With Seal.

Addressed—

To Mr Ryland

in Muscovy Court

Tower hill.

Dear Sir

Mr Payne will pay you fifteen pounds towards the stone of which you have kindly undertaken the care. The Inscription is in the hands of Mr Bagshaw, who has a right to inspect it, before he admits it into his Church.

Be pleased to let the whole be done with privacy, that I may elude the vigilance of the papers.

I am going for a while into Derbyshire in hope of help from the air of the country. I hope your journey has benefited you. The Club prospers; we meet by ten at a time.

God send that you and I may enjoy and improve each other.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

July 12. 1784

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on both sides first sheet.

Postmark not readable. Seal broken. Stamped Litch  
field

Addressed—

To Mr Ryland

Merchant in

London

Dear Sir

I have slackened in my diligence of correspondence certainly not by ingratitude or less delight to hear from my friends, and as little would I have it imputed to idleness, or amusement of any other kind. The truth is that I care not much to think on my own state. I have for some time past grown worse, the water makes slow advances, and my breath though not so much obstructed as in some former periods of my disorder, is very short. I am not however heartless. The water has, since its first great effusion, invaded me twice, and twice has retreated.

Accept my sincere thanks for your care in laying down the stone; what you and young Mr Ryland have done, I doubt not of finding well done, if ever I can make my mind firm enough to visit it.

I am now contriving to return, and hope to be yet no disgrace to our monthly meeting. When I shall be with you, as my resolution is not very steady, and as chance must have some part in the opportunity, I cannot tell. Do not omit to write, for your letters are a great part of my comfort. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Pray write.

Lichfield Oct. 30. 1784



Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages.

Postmark

8
NO

With Seal. Stamped—Litch  
field

Addressed—

To Mr Ryland

Merchant in

London

Dear Sir

I have just received a letter in which you tell me that you love to hear from me, and I value such a declaration too much to neglect it. To have a friend, and a friend like you, may be numbered among the first felicities of life; at a time when weakness either of body or mind loses the pride and the confidence of self-sufficiency, and looks round for that help which perhaps human kindness cannot give, and which we yet are willing to expect from one another.

I am, at this time very much dejected. The water grows fast upon me, but it has invaded me twice in this last half year, and has been twice expelled, it will I hope give way to the same remedies. My Breath is tolerably easy, and since the remission of asthma about two months ago, have (*sic*) never been so strait and so much obstructed as it once was.

I took this day a very uncommon dose of squills, but hitherto without effect, but I will continue their use very diligently. Let me have your prayers.

I am now preparing myself for my return, and do not despair of some more monthly meetings. To hear that dear Payne is better gives me great delight.

I saw the draught of the stone. I am afraid the date is wrong. I think it should be 52. We will have it rectified. You say nothing of the cost but that you have paid it. My intention was the (*sic*) Mr Payne should have put into your hands fifteen pounds which he received for me at Midsummer. If he has not done it, I will order you the money, which is in his hands.

Shall I ever be able to bear the sight of this stone? In your company, I hope I shall. You will not wonder that I write no more. God bless you for Christs sake.

I am

Dear Sir,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Lichfield Nov. 4. 1784

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

Postmark

2
IV

Addressed—

To John Scot Esq  
at Amwel near  
Ware

Dear Sir

On Tuesday the seventh of June, I hope to have the pleasure of introducing some very judicious spectators to your Garden and subterraneous retirements. They will not be prevailed on to do more than dine. If you can be at home be so kind as to let me know, that we may have no uncertainty on either part.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Johnson's court Fleet street  
No. 7. June 2. 1774

---

One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark.

Addressed—

To Mr Smith

Sir

I beg leave to give you again the trouble which you were so kind as to take last year of cashing these bills and paying them.

Be pleased to send me some Irish Cloath for 12 Shirts at 4 yards to a shirt, the price may be from 3s. 6d. to 4s the yard. The piece which you sent in the Summer to Mrs Williams, you may charge to me.

[ 74 ]

I inclose,

I inclose, as I did last year, a bill of 50 L which I beg to know whether you receive. You need send back no money, but a state of the account between us.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

As I remember there was  
a surplus of about ten pounds  
in your hands last year.

January 29. 1771

---

One sheet. 4to. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To George Strahan, at Abingdon Grammar School.)

Dear Sir

Your account of your proficiency is more nearly equal, I find, to my expectation than to your own. You are angry that a theme on which you took so much pains was at last a kind of English Latin; what could you expect more? If at the end of seven years you write good Latin, you will excel most of your contemporaries. *Scribendo discas scribere*, it is only by writing ill that you can attain to write well. Be but diligent and constant, and make no doubt of success.

I will allow you but six weeks for Tully's Offices. Walkers Particles I would not have you trouble yourself to learn at all by heart, but look in it from time to time and observe his notes and remarks, and see how they are exemplified. The translation from Clark's history will improve you, and I would have you continue it to the end of the book.

I hope you read by the way at loose hours other books though you do not mention them, for no time is to be lost, and what can be done with a Master is but a small part of the whole. I would have you now and then try at some English verses. When you find that you have mistaken any thing review the passage carefully and settle it in your mind.

Be pleased to make my compliments, and those of Miss Williams to all our friends.

I am

Dear Sir

Yours most affectionately

Sam: Johnson

Apr. 16. 1763

[ 75 ]

Single sheet. 4to. Written on one side.  
No Postmark. No Date. (1751) Seal broken.

Addressed—

To Mr Strahan

Dear Sir

I must desire you to add to your other civilities this one, to go to Mr. Millar and represent to him our manner of going on, and inform him that I know not how to manage, I pay three and twenty shillings a week to my assistants, in truth without having much assistance from them, but they tell me they shall be able to fall better in method, as indeed I intend they shall. The point is to get two Guineas

for

Your humble Servant  
Sam: Johnson.

---

Two sheets, folio. Written on first page.  
No Postmark.

Addressed—

To Mr Strahan

Novr. 1. 1751

Dearest Sir.

The message which you sent me by Mr Stuart I do not consider as at all your own, but if you were contented to be the deliverer of it to me, you must favour me so far as to return my answer, which I have written down to spare you the unpleasing office of doing it in your own words. You advise me to write, I know with very kind intentions, nor did I intend to treat your counsel with any disregard when I declare that in the present state of the matter "I shall *not* write"—otherwise than the words following—

"That my Resolution has long been, and is *not* now altered, and is now *less* likely to be altered, that I shall *not* see the Gentlemen Partners till the first volume is in the press which they may forward or retard by dispensing or not dispensing with the last Message."

Be pleased to lay this my determination before them this morning, for I shall think of taking my measures accordingly to morrow evening, only this that I mean no harm, but that my citadel shall not be taken by storm while I can defend it, and that if a blockade is intended, the country is under the command of my batteries, I shall think of laying it under contribution to morrow Evening.

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged, most obedient, and most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson.



of a place here is unknown, the only is under the command of my father, I  
shall think of going to under commission to Governor Foster, from his  
you might expect more than; and might be made more

The map is so which you put me by Mr. Stuart I do not  
consider as at all great one, but if you were inclined to be the  
holder of it to me, you might favour me so far as to  
have my name, which I have written down to you the  
unpleasant price of being in your own hands. You advise me  
to write, I know with my kind intentions, but do I intend to  
have your counsel with my disregard when I declare that  
in the present state of the matter "I shall not write".  
otherwise than the words following.

As a playmate. As long as this my determination be  
free them this morning, for I shall think of con-  
king my monstrosities according to common usage, only  
this that I mean no harm, but that my model shall  
not be taken of them while I can defend it, and that

Two sheets, folio. Written on first and second pages.

No Postmark. Seal broken. No Date.

Addressed—

To Mr Strahan

Sir

I have inclosed the Scheme which I mentioned Yesterday, in which the work proposed is sufficiently explained.

The Undertaker, Mr Bathurst is a Physician of the University of Cambridge of about eight years standing, and will perform the work in such a manner as may satisfy the publick. No advice of mine will be wanting but advice will be all that I propose to contribute unless it should be thought worth while that I should write a preface, which if desired I will do and put my name to it. The terms which I am commissioned to offer are these.

1 A Guinea and half shall be paid for each sheet of Copy.

2 The Authour will receive a Guinea and a half a Week from the date of the Contract.

3 As it is certain that many books will be necessary the Authour will at the end of the work take the books furnished him in part payment at prime Cost, which will be a considerable reduction of the price of the Copy. Or if it seems as you thought yesterday no reduction, he will allow out of the last payment fifty pounds for the use of the Books and return them.

4 In two months after his first demand of books shall be supplied he purposes to write three sheets a week and to continue the same quantity to the end of the work unless he shall be hindered by want of Books. He does not however expect to be always able to write according to the order of the Alphabet but as his Books shall happen to supply him, and therefore cannot send any part to the press till the whole is nearly finished.

5 He undertakes as usual the Correction.

I am

Sir

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

March 22d. (1753?)

Enclosing "Proposal," for "Geographical Dictionary" to be under taken by "Mr Bathurst."

Two sheets. 4to. Written on all four pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To William Strahan?)

Sir

I will tell you in a few words, what is, in my opinion, the most desirable state of Copyright or literary Property.

The Authour has a natural and peculiar right to the profits of his own work.

But as every Man who claims the protection of Society, must purchase it by resigning some part of his natural right, the authour must recede from so much of his claim, as shall be deemed injurious or inconvenient to Society.

It is inconvenient to Society that an useful book should become perpetual and exclusive property.

The Judgement of the Lords was therefore legally and politically right.

But the Authours enjoyment of his natural right might without any inconvenience be protracted beyond the term settled by the statute. And it is, I think, to be desired

1 That an Authour should retain during his life the sole right of printing and selling his work.

This is agreeable to moral right, and not inconvenient to the publick, for who will be so diligent as the authour to improve the book, or who can know so well how to improve it?

2 That the authour be allowed, as by the present act, to alienate his right only for fourteen years.

A shorter time would not procure a sufficient price, and a longer would cut off all hope of future profit, and consequently all solicitude for correction or addition.

3 That when after fourteen years the copy shall revert to the authour, he be allowed to alienate it again only for seven years at a time.

After fourteen years the value of the work will be known, and it will be no longer bought at hazard. Seven years of possession will therefore have an assignable price. It is proper that the authour be always incited to polish and improve his work, by that prospect of accruing interest which those shorter periods of alienation will afford him.

4 That after the Authours death his work should continue an exclusive property capable of bequest and inheritance, and of conveyance by gift or sale for thirty years.

By these regulations a book may continue the property of the authour or of those who claim from him about fifty years, a term sufficient to reward the writer without any loss to the publick. In fifty years far the greater number of books are forgotten and annihilated, and it is for the ad-



vantage of learning that those which fifty years have not destroyed should become *bona communia*, to be used by every scholar as he shall think best.

In fifty years almost every book begins to require notes either to explain forgotten allusions and obsolete words; or to subjoin those discoveries which have been made by the gradual advancement of knowledge; or to correct those mistakes which time may have discovered.

Such Notes cannot be written to any useful purpose without the text, and the text will frequently be refused while it is any man's property.

I am

Sir

Your humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

March 7. 1774

---

One sheet. 4to. Written on both sides.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mr Strahan)

Sir

I waited on you this morning having forgotten your new engagement: for this you must not reproach me, for if I had looked upon your present station with malignity, I could not have forgotten it.

I came to consult you upon a little matter that gives me some uneasiness. In one of the pages there is a severe censure of the Clergy of an English Cathedral which I am afraid is just, but I have since recollected that from me it may be thought improper for the Dean did me a kindness about forty years ago. He is now very old, and I am not young. Reproach can do him no good, and in myself I know not whether it is zeal or wantonness.

Can a leaf be cancelled without too much trouble? Tell me what I shall do. I have no settled choice, but I would not refuse to allow the charge. To cancel it seems the surer side. Determine for me.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Tell me your mind, if  
you will cancel it, I will write  
something to fill up the vacuum.  
Please to direct to the Borough.

Nov. 30. 1774

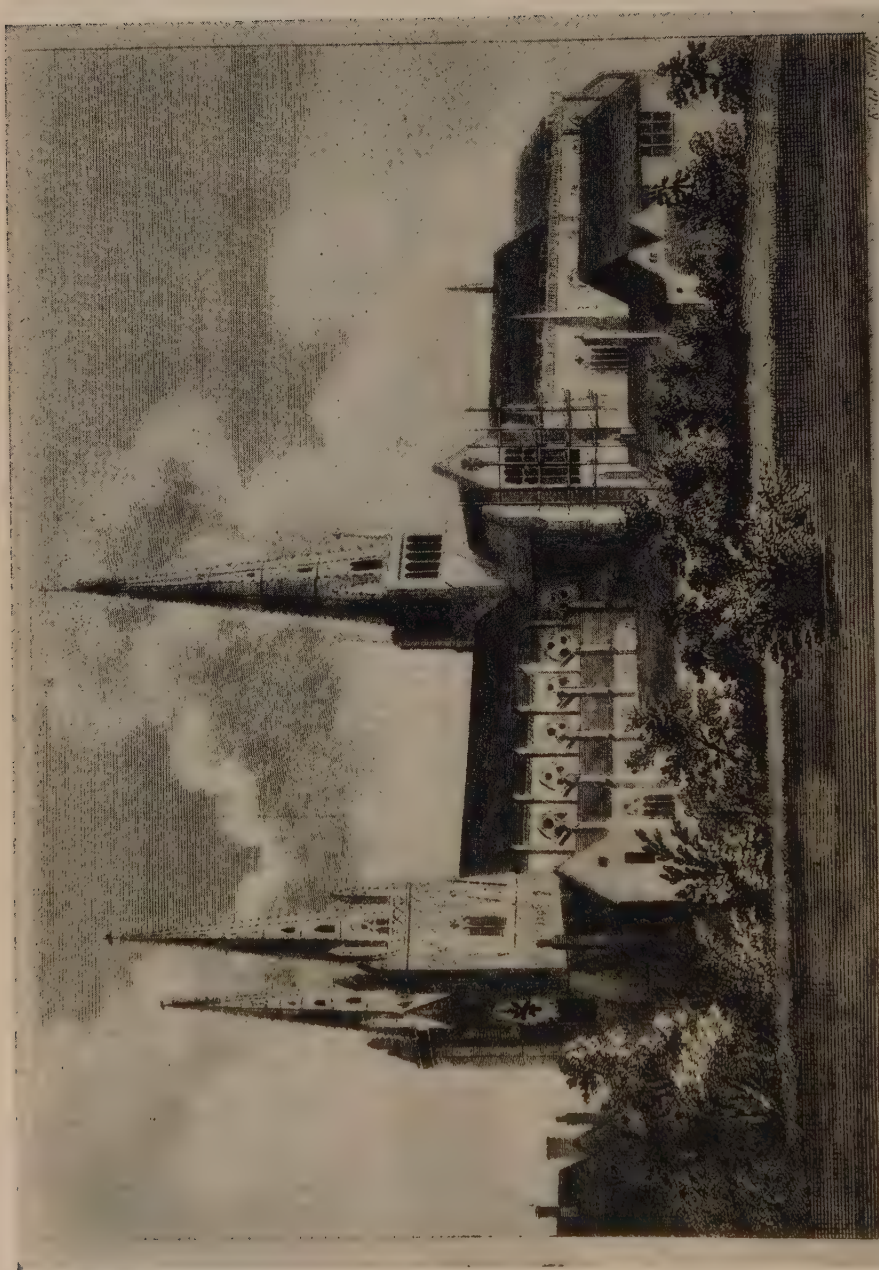


48 A JOURNEY TO THE

away, and converted into money for the support of the army. A Scotch army was in those times very cheaply kept; yet the lead of two churches must have born so small a proportion to any military expence, that it is hard not to believe the reason alleged to be merely popular, and the money intended for some private purse. The order however was obeyed; the two churches were stripped, and the lead was shipped to be sold in Holland. I hope every reader will rejoice that this cargo of sacrilege was lost at sea.

Let us not however make too much haste to despise our neighbours. There is now, as I have heard, a body of men, not less decent or virtuous than the Scottish council, longing to melt the lead of an English cathedral. What they shall melt, it were just that they should swallow.

*This leaf was cancelled by Those  
the Author & is inserted in error in  
Barnet of this last paragraph.  
Lichfield in the Cathedral alluded to.*



SOUTH WEST VIEW OF LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

*Published as the Gift of the Society of the Friends of Lichfield.*

One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. With Seal.

(To William Strahan)

Sir

I am sorry to see that all the alterations proposed are evidences of timidity. You may be sure that I do [not?] wish to publish, what those for whom I write do not like to have published. But print me half a dozen copies in the original state. and lay them up for me. It concludes well enough as it is.

When you print it, if you print it, please to frank one to me here, and frank another to Mrs Aston at Stow Hill, Lichfield.

The changes are not for the better, except where the facts were mistaken. The last paragraph was indeed rather contemptuous, there was one more of it which I put out myself.

I am Sir

Your humble servant

Sam: Johnson

March 1. 1775

---

One sheet. 4to. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To William Strahan)

Sir

Our post is so unskilfully managed that we can very rarely, if ever, answer a letter from London on the day when we receive it. Your pages were sent back the next post, for there was nothing to do. I had no great difficulty in persuading myself to admit the alterations, for why should I in defense of the ministry provoke those, whom in their own defense they dare not provoke.—But are such men fit to be the governours of kingdoms?

They are here much discouraged by the last motion, and undoubtedly every Man's confidence in Government must be diminished, yet if Lives can be saved, some deviation from rigid policy may be excused.

I expect to return some time in the next week, perhaps not till the latter end.



Do not omit to have the presentation pamphlets, done and sent to Mrs Williams, and lay by for me the half dozen which you print without correction, and please to send me one by the post of the corrected books.

I am,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

March 3. 1775

University College

You will send to Mr Cooper  
and such as you think proper  
either in my name or your  
own.

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. With broken Seal.

Addressed—

To William Strahan Esq

Sir

Having now done my lives I shall have money to receive, and shall be glad to add to it, what remains due for the Hebrides, which you cannot charge [me] with grasping very rapaciously. The price was two hundred Guineas or pounds; I think first pounds then Guineas. I have had one hundred.

There is likewise something due for the political pamphlets, which I left without bargain to your liberality and Mr Cadel's. Of this you will likewise think that I may have all together.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

March 5. 1781



Two sheets, 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark not readable.

Addressed—

To William Strahan Esq M. P.

London

Sir

Your kindness gives you a right to such intelligence relating to myself as I can give you.

My Friends all tell me that I am grown much better since my arrival at this place. I do not for my own part think myself well, but I certainly mend.

I shall not stay here above a week longer, and indeed it is not easy to tell why we stay so long, for the company is gone.

Last Fryday or Saturday there was at this place the greatest take of herrings that has been ever known. The number caught was eight lasts, which at eight hundred a last, make eight hundred thousand.

I am

Sir

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Brighthelmston Nov. 14. 1782

Make my compliments to  
dear Mrs Strahan

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark.

Addressed—

To Mr Taylor

Present

Lichfield July 27. 1732

Dear Sir

I received a Letter last Night from Mr Corbett, who informs me of a Vacancy at Ashburne, I have no suspicion of any endeavours being wanting on your Part to contribute to my success, and therefore do not ask for your  
[ 82 ] interest

1782

27th Aug 1782.

To Mr Taylor  
Propriet.

Highfield July 27. 1792

Dear Sir

I received a letter last Night from Mr Corbett, who informs<sup>me</sup> of a Vacancy at Ashburnham, I have no suspicion of any endeavours being making on your Part to contribute to my success, and therefore do not ask for your interest with the selectest Company. I have sent this Message with letters to Mr Vernon, and Mr Corbett. Be pleased to favour<sup>me</sup> with your Opinion of the means most proper to be used in this Matter. If there be any occasion for my coming to Ashburnham, I shall readily do it. Mr Corbett has, I suppose, given you an account of my leaving Sir  
I am really & assuredly yours.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your humble servant,

Wm. Johnson



interest with the exactest Ceremony. I have sent this Messenger with letters to Mr Vernon, and Mr Corbett. Be pleas'd to favour me with your Opinion of the means most proper to be used in this Matter. If there be any occasion for my coming to Ashburne, I shall readily do it. Mr Corbett has, I suppose, given you an account of my leaving Sir [words erased] really e carcere exire.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on both sides of first sheet.

Postmark

13
AP

Addressed—

To the Reverend Dr Taylor

in Ashbourne

Derbyshire

Dear Sir

Your letter did not miscarry. When your enquiry came I consulted Mr Thrale, who told me, that less than two hundred guineas would not buy a Governours staff. Mrs Thrale who is more copious, informed me, that you might for a hundred pounds be made a kind of half governour, with so many limitations and restrictions that there would [be] no advantage in it. I then let it out of my head. You may probably do more good with two hundred pounds in other ways.

I hope to pass some time with you in Derbyshire early in the Summer. We will concert the visit, if we can, so as to accommodate us both.

How is your health? I have had of late very bad nights, and have taken physick three days together in hope of better.

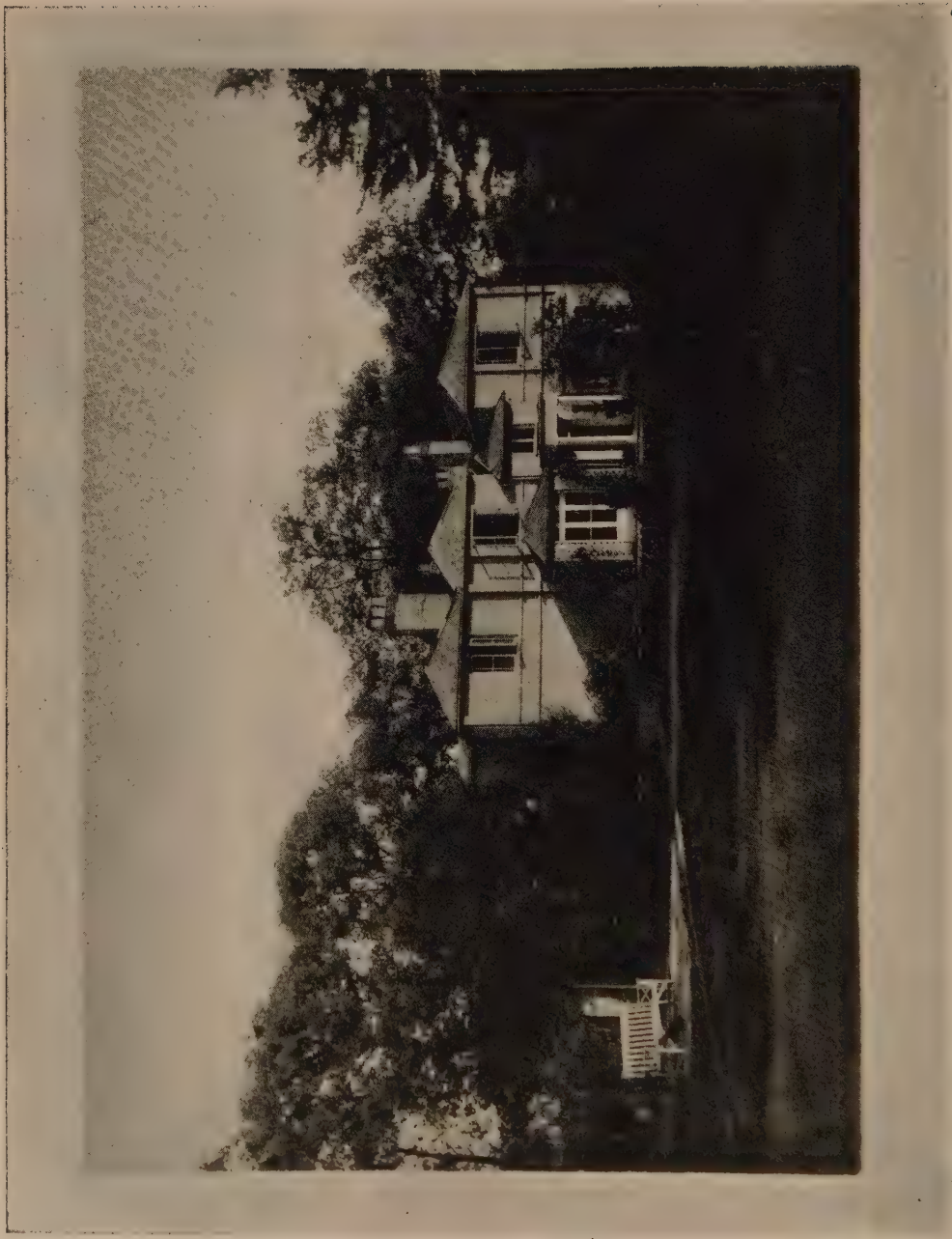
I hope poor Davenport will do. His temper is well spoken of, and I have recommended him as far as I well can. He is now launched into the world, and is to subsist henceforward by his own powers. The transition from the protection of others to our own conduct is a very awful point of human existence.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant

Apr. 13. 1775

Sam: Johnson



DR. TAYLOR'S HOUSE AT ASHBOURNE.  
Photographed for A. Edward Newton, Esqre of Philadelphia, 1927.

Two sheets, small 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Dr Taylor)

Dear Sir

I came hither last night, and found your Letters. You will have a note from me on Monday, yet I thought it better to send a Messenger today. Mr Boswel is with me, but I will take care that he will hinder no business, nor shall he know more than you would have him. Send when you please, we shall be ready.

I am,

Sir,

Your humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Lichfield. Saturday. March 23. 1776

If you care not to  
send, let me know, we  
will take a chaise.

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark

4
AP

With Seal.

Addressed—

To the Reverend Dr Taylor

in Ashbourn

Derbyshire

Dear Sir

I was sorry, and so was Mr Boswel, that we were summoned away so soon. Our effort of travelling in the Evening was useless. We did not get home till friday morning. Mrs Thrale and her girl are gone to Bath. The blow was very heavy upon them.

The Expedition however still proceeds, so that I shall be but a short time here. If Mr Langton will be so kind as to send the barley next week, I can deliver to Boswel, I wish he would [put] a peck more in a separate bag, for I would not break the main bulk, and yet I cannot well help it, unless I have a little more.

Mr Boswel is in the room, and sends his respects.

Let me know whether you design to come hither before I am to go,  
and if you come we will contrive to pass a few hours together.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson.

No 8 Bolt court, Fleet street. (not

Johnson's Court.) Apr. 4. 1776

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark

23
IA

Seal destroyed.

Addressed—To the Revd. Dr. Taylor

in Ashbourne

Derbyshire

Dear Sir

I am desired by Mrs. Williams to return thanks for the excellent Turkey and Ham, with the Turkey she made one feast and with the Ham she intends to make another.

You told me in your last nothing of your health. I hope it is as you wish. I was lately seized with a difficulty of breathing, which forced me out of bed, to pass part of the night in a chair. Dr. Laurence has taken away, as is reckoned, about thirty six ounces of blood, and by purging and lower diet, I begin to breathe better than I have done for many months past.

I suppose you continue your purpose of residing in February. Mrs. Thrale expects a little one in about three weeks. I shall be glad to see you come up well and cheerful, and hope we may pass a good part of the time pleasantly together, I am,

Sir,

Your most affectionate

Sam: Johnson

Bolt Court. Jan. 23. 1777.



Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

Postmark

25
SE

With Seal.

Addressed—

To the Reverend Dr Taylor

in Ashbourne

Derbyshire

Dear Sir,

My case is what you think it, of the worst kind, a Sarcocoele. There is I suppose nothing to be done but by the Knife. I have within these four days been violently attacked by the gout, which if [it] should continue in its first violence would retard the other business; but I hope it will abate.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your humble servant

London

Sam: Johnson

Sept. 24. 1783

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages.

Postmark

21
OC

With Seal.

Addressed—

To the Reverend Dr Taylor

in Ashbourne

Derbyshire

Sir

Your prohibition to write till the operation is performed is likely, if I observed it, to interrupt our correspondence for a long time.

When Mr Pot and Mr Cruikshank examined the tumid vesicle, they thought it a Sarcocoele, or flesh swelling, I had flattered myself that it was only a hydrocele or Water swelling. This could be determined with certainty only by puncture, which at my request was made by Mr Pot, and which confirmed their opinion. They advised some palliative, and I went to a Friend in

Wiltshire, from whom the bulk and pain of the encreasing tumour drove me home for help. Mr Pot seemed to think that there was no help but from the knife, and only postponed the operation to his return from a journey of a week. In that week the puncture burst open, and by its discharge, abated the inflammation, relaxed the tension, and lessened the tumour by at least half. Mr Pot at his return found so much amendment, that he has left the disease for a time to nature. Mr Cruikshank would cut another orifice, but Mr Pot is not yet willing. In the mean time I have no pain, and little inconvenience.

When all was at the worst I consulted Mudge of Plimouth, a very skilful man, and Dr Heberden who both vehemently pressed the excision, which perhaps would at last be the safer way, but Mr Cruikshank is afraid of it. We must at present sit still.

I have for some weeks past had a sharp fit of the gout, to which I am reconciled by Mr Mudge, who think[s] it a security against the palsy; and indeed I recollect none that ever had both. I have now nothing of the gout, but feet a little tender, and ankles somewhat weak. I am in my general health better than for some years past.

I am

Sir

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson.

London Oct. 20. 1783

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Two sheets. 8vo.

No Postmark. No Date. (September 1784)

Draft of Letter to the Lord High Chancellor. (Lord Thurlow)

Written at Ashbourne, September, 1784.

See *Life* (Hill's Edition), Vol. IV, page 349.

My Lord

After a long and attentive observation of Mankind, the generosity of your Lordship's offer excites in me no less wonder than gratitude. Bounty so liberally bestowed, I should gladly receive, if my condition made it necessary, for to such a Mind who would not be proud to own his obligations? But it has pleased God to restore me such a measure of health, that if I should now appropriate so much of a fortune destined to do good I should not escape from myself the charge of advancing a false claim.

My Journey to the Continent though I once thought it necessary was never much encouraged, by my Physicians, and I was very desirous that your Lordship be told of it by Sir Joshua Reynolds as an event very uncertain; for if I grew much better I should not be willing, if much worse, I should not be able to migrate.

Your Lordship was solicited without my knowledge, but when I was told that you were pleased to honour me with your patronage, I did not expect to hear of a refusal. Yet as I had little time to form hopes, and have not rioted in imaginary opulence, this cold reception has been scarce a disappointment, and from your Lordship's kindness I have received a benefit which only Men like you can bestow. I shall live *mihi charior* with a higher opinion of my own merit.

I am.

*See letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds (p. 67).*



Mrs. Thrale.



To Mrs Thrale

Dear Madam

You talk of writing and writing as if you had all the writing to yourself. If our Correspondence were printed I am sure Posterity, for Posterity is always the authours favourite, would say that I am a good writer too. Anch'io sonô Pittore. To sit down so often with nothing to say, to say something so often, almost without consciousness of saying, and without any remembrance of having said, is a power of which I will not violate my modesty by boasting, but I do not believe that every body has it.

Some when they write to their friends are all affection, some are wise and sententious, some strain their powers for efforts of gayety, some write news, and some write secrets, but to make a letter without affection, without wisdom, without gayety, without news, and without a secret is, doubtless, the great epistolick art.

In a Man's Letters you know, Madam, his soul lies naked, his letters are only the mirrour of his breast, whatever passes within him is shown undisguised in its natural process, Nothing is inverted, nothing distorted, you see systems in their elements, you discover actions in their motives.

Of this great truth sounded by the knowing to the ignorant, and so echoed by the ignorant to the knowing, what evidence have you now before you. Is not my soul laid open in these veracious pages? do not you see me reduced to my first principles? This is the pleasure of corresponding with a Friend, where doubt and distrust have no place, and everything is said as it is thought. The original Idea is laid down in its simple purity, and all the supervenient conceptions, are spread over it stratum super stratum, as they happen to be formed. These are the letters by which souls are united, and by which Minds naturally in unison move each other as they are moved themselves. I know, dearest Lady, that in the perusal of this such is the consanguinity of our intellects, you will be touched as I am touched. I have indeed concealed nothing from you, nor do I expect ever to repent of having thus opened my heart.

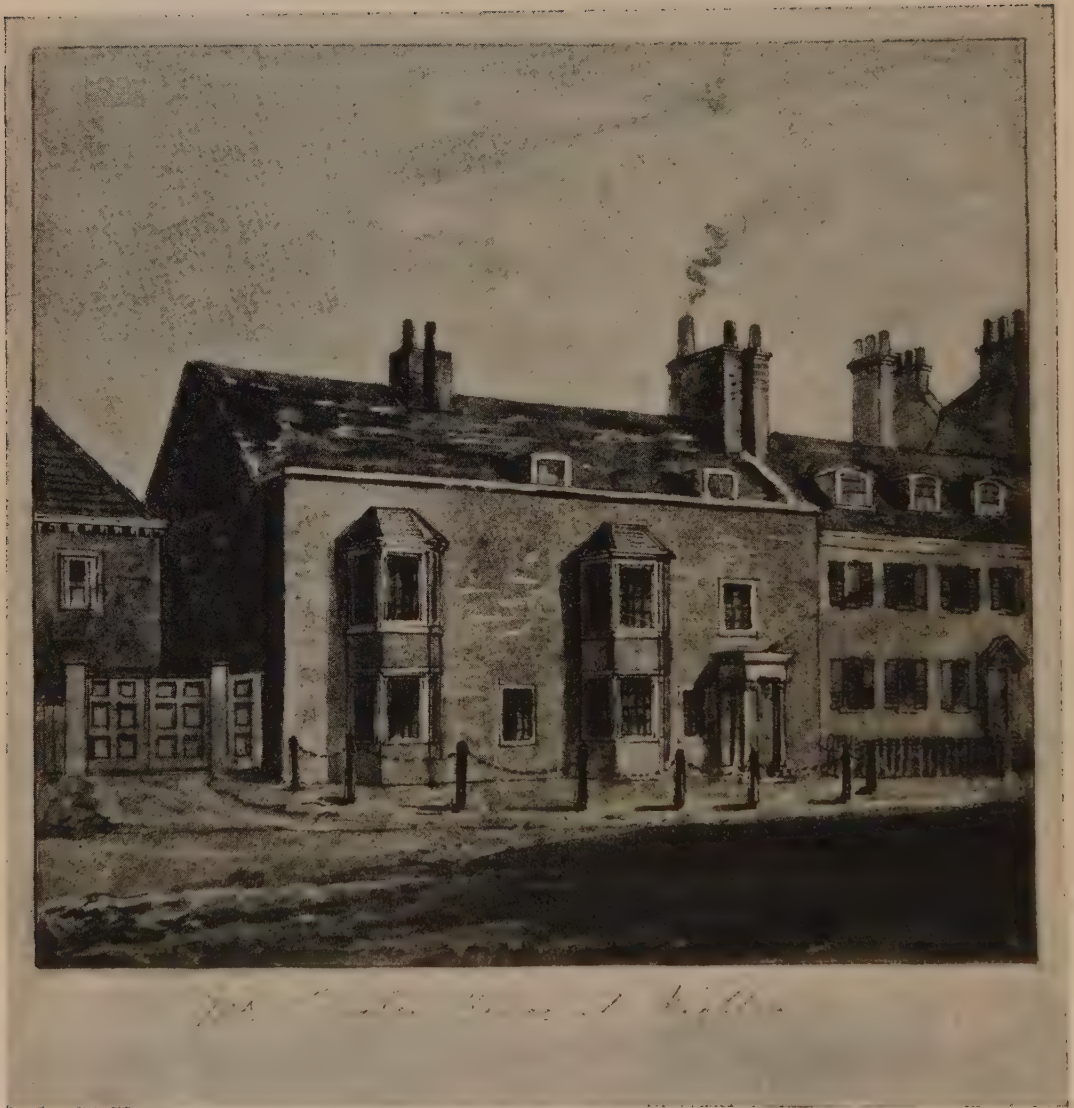
I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

Lichfield Oct. 27. 1777



MR. THRALE'S HOUSE AT BRIGHTON.

Two sheets. 4to. . Written on first two pages.

Postmark

13
AV

Seal destroyed.

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale

in Brighthelmston

Madam

If you have really so good an opinion of me as you express, it will not be necessary to inform you how unwillingly I miss the opportunity of coming to Brighthelmston in Mr Thrale's company, or since I cannot do what I wish first, how eagerly I shall catch the second degree of pleasure by coming to you and him, as soon as I can discharge my work from my hands.

I am afraid to make promises even to myself, but I hope that the week after the next, will be the end of my present business. When business is done what remains but pleasure? and where should pleasure be sought but under Mrs Thrale's influence.

Do not blame me for a delay by which I must suffer so much; and by which I suffer alone. If you cannot think I am good, pray think I am mending, and that in time I may deserve to be,

Dear Madam,

Your most obedient

and

most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

London. Aug. 13. 1765

Upon last page in Mrs Thrale's hand—

*This is the 1st Letter ever received by the Editor from Dr Johnson who was at that Time engaged in preparing for the Press his Edition of Shakespear.*

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark.

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale

Madam

Though I do not perceive that there is any need of help, I shall yet write another advertisement, lest you might suspect that my complaisance had more of idleness than sincerity.

I am,

Madam,

Your most obliged

and

most humble Servant,

Sam: Johnson

New Inn Hall. Febr 29. 1768

On reverse—

Gentlemen

Having for three years endeavoured to discharge with diligence and fidelity the important duties of the Station in which I had the singular felicity of being placed by an unanimous election, I now again solicit your favour with the confidence of a Man conscious of good intentions, and already acquainted with the candour of those who must be judges of his conduct. I had lately many Friends, and have not by design made any man my Enemy, and therefore hope that you will be pleased to confer the honour of representing you in the next parliament upon

Gentlemen

&c



Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages.

Postmark

26
MR

Stamped Oxford.

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale

in Southwark

Dear Madam

You serve me very sorrily. You may write every day to this place, and yet I do not know what is the event of the Southwark Election, though I am sure, you ought to believe that I am very far from indifference about it. Do; Let me know as soon as you can.

Our Election was yesterday. Every possible influence of hope and fear was, I believe, enforced on this occasion, the slaves of power, and the solicitors of favour were driven hither from the remotest corners of the Kingdom, but *Judex honestum praetulit utili*. The Virtue of Oxford has once more prevailed.

The death of Sir Walter Bagot a little before the Election left them no great time to deliberate, and they therefore joined to Sir Roger Newdigate their old Representative, an Oxfordshire Gentleman of no name, no great interest, nor perhaps any other merit, than that of being on the right side. Yet when [the] poll was numbered, it produced

for Sir R. Newdigate	352
Mr Page	296
Mr Jenkinson	198
Dr Hay	62

Of this I am sure you must be glad, for without enquiring into the opinions or conduct of any party, it must be for ever pleasing to see men adhering to their principles against their interest, especially when you consider that these Voters are poor, and never can be much less poor but by the favour of those whom they are now opposing. I am,

Madam,

Your most obliged

and

most humble Servant

Sam: Johnson

Oxford March 24. 1768

One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Madam

Though I purpose to come home to morrow I would not omit even so long to tell you how much I think myself favoured by your notice. Every Man is desirous to keep those Friends whom he is proud to have gained, and I count the friendship of your house among the felicities of life.

I thank God that I am better, and am at least within hope of being as well as you have ever known me. Let me have your prayers.

I am

Madam

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

May. 23. 1768

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One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Madam

I know that you were not displeased to find me gone abroad when you were so kind as to favour me with a visit. I find it useful to be moving, but withersoever I may wander, I shall not, I hope, leave behind me that gratitude and respect, with which your attention to my health and tenderness for my weakness have impressed my heart. May you be long before you want the kindness which you have shown to,

Madam,

Your most obliged

and

most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

June 17. 1768

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark.

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale

Mr Johnson flatters himself that there is no need of informing Mr Thrale that the application required was made to Mr Burke, or Mrs Thrale that he wishes her every thing that friendship can wish her. He has sent her a pamphlet to amuse her in her confinement, which he would not have shown to more than Mr Thrale, and Mrs Salisbury.

Johnson's Court. Oct. 2.

(1770)

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One sheet. 4to. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

Last Saturday I came to Ashbourn; the dangers or the pleasures of the journey I have at present no disposition to recount. Else might I paint the beauties of my native plains might I tell of "the smiles of Nature and the charms of art," else might I relate how I crossed the Staffordshire Canal one of the great efforts of human labour and human contrivance, which from the bridge on which I viewed it, passed away on either side, and loses itself in distant regions uniting waters that Nature had divided, and dividing lands which Nature had united. I might tell how these reflections fermented in my mind till the chaise stopped at Ashbourne, at Ashbourne in the Peak. Let not the barren name of the peak terrify you; I have never wanted Strawberries and cream. The great Bull has no disease but age. I hope in time to be like the great Bull; and hope you will be like him too a hundred years hence.

In the mean time, dearest Madam, you have many dangers to pass. I hope the danger of this year is now over, and you are safe in Bed with a pretty little Stranger in the cradle. I hope you do not think me indifferent about you, and therefore will take care to have me informed.

I am

Madam

Your most obedient

and

most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Ashbourn July 3. 1771

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One sheet. 4to. Written on both sides.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

No news yet of the little one. Our expectations were premature.

Poor Dr Taylor is ill, and under my government, you know that the art of government is learned by obedience, I hope I can govern very tolerably.

The old Rheumatism is come again into my face and mouth, but nothing yet to the Lumbago, however having so long thought it gone, I do not like its return.

Miss Porter was much pleased to be mentioned in your letter, and is sure that I have spoken better of her than she desired. She holds that both Frank and his Master are much improved. The master she says is not half so *lounging* and *untidy* as he was, there was no such thing last year as getting him off his chair.

Strawberries and Cream every day.

Taylor talks of killing a Buck. Don't let him do it, if you can help it. I protest against it.



I am willing to entertain some hope from Dr Bromfield's infusion, for where is the use of Despair? The lotion cannot I think do any thing, but the internal use may be efficacious.

Be pleased to make my compliments to every body.

I am,

Madam,

Your most obedient

and

most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Ashbourn. July 7. 1771

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One sheet. 4to. Written on both sides.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dearest Madam

Sure I shall hear tomorrow some news of Mr Thrale, for all [that] I can expect no good news of you. I am not sorry that opium is necessary and sincerely wish your pain and your danger happily at an end.

I am obliged to my friend Harry for his remembrance, but think it a little hard that I hear nothing from Miss.

There has been a Man here to day to take a farm after some talk he went to see the Bull, and said that he had seen a bigger. Do you think he is likely to get the farm?

Toûjours strawberries and Cream

Dr Taylor is much better, and my Rheumatism is less painful. Let me hear in return as much good of you and Mrs Salusbury. You despise the Dog and Duck, things that are at hand are always slighted. I remember that Dr Grevil of Gloucester sent for that water when his wife was in the same danger, but he lived near Malvern, and you live near the Dog and Duck. Thus in difficult cases we naturally trust most what we least know.

Why Bromfield, supposing that a lotion can do good, should despise laurel water in comparison with his own receipt I do not see, and see still

less why he should laugh at that which Wall thinks efficacious. I am afraid philosophy will not warrant much hope in a lotion.

Be pleased to make my compliments from Mrs Salusbury to Susy.

I am

Dear Madam

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Ashbourne. July 10. 1771

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Madam

I would have you consider whether it will not be best to write to Sir Thomas, not taking notice of any thing proposed to Mr Bridge, and only letting him know that the report which terrified you so much has had little effect, and that you have now no particular need of his money. By this you will free him from solicitude, and having nothing to fear from you he will love you as before. It will abate any triumph of your enemies, and dispose them less to censure, and him less to regard censure.

When you wrote the letter which you call injudicious, I told you that it would bring no money, but I do not see how in that tumult of distress you could have forbore it without appearing to be too tender of your own personal connections, and to place your unkle above your family. You did what then seemed best, and are therefore not so reasonable as I wish my Mistress to be, in imputing to yourself any unpleasing consequences. Your Unkle, when he knows that you do not want, and mean not to disturb him. will probably subside in silence to his former stagnation of unactive kindness.

Do not suffer little things to disturb you. The Brewhouse must be the scene of action, and the subject of speculation. The first consequence of our late trouble ought to be, an endeavour to brew at a cheaper rate, an endeavour not violent and transient, but steady and continual, prosecuted with total contempt of censure or wonder, and animated by resolution not to stop while more can be done. Unless this can be done nothing can help us, and if this be done, we shall not want help.

Surely there is something to be saved; there is to be saved whatever is the difference between vigilance and neglect, between parcimony and profusion.

The price of malt has risen again. It is now two pounds eight shillings the quarter. Ale is sold in the publick houses, at sixpence a quart, a price which I never heard of before.

The weather, if it continues, will certainly save hay, but it can but little ballance the misfortune of the scanty harvest. This however is an evil which we only share with the whole nation, and which we did not bring upon ourselves.

I fancy the next letter may be directed to Ashbourne. Pray write word how long I may have leave to stay.

I sincerely wish Mrs Salusbury continuance and increase of ease and comfort, and wish all good to you all.

I am,

Madam,

Your most obliged

and

most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

Lichfield. Oct. 24. 1772.

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One sheet. 4to. Written on both sides.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

I found two letters here to recompense my disappointment at Ashbourne. I shall not now be long before I hope to settle, for it is a fine thing to be settled. When one parts from friends it is uncertain when one shall come back, and when one comes back it is not very certain how long one shall stay. But hope, you know was left in the box of Prometheus.

Miss Aston claims kin to you, for she says she is somehow akin to the Cottons. In a little time you shall make them all yet prouder of their kindred. Do not be depressed. Scarce years will not last for ever; there will sometime be good harvests. Scarcity itself produces plenty by inciting cultivation.

I hope we shall soon talk these matters over very seriously, and that we shall talk of them again much less seriously many years hence.

My Love to all

Both great and small.

These verses I made myself, though perhaps they have been made by others before me. I am

Dear Madam

Your most obedient servant

Sam: Johnson

Dec. 3. 1772

Lichfield.

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One sheet. 4to. Written on both sides.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Madam

When your last Letter came, Lucy had just been wheedling for another week. Lucy seldom wheedles. I had not promised her, and therefore was not distressed by your summons. I have ordered the chaise for Monday and hope to get a place in the Oxford coach at Birmingham on Tuesday, and on Wednesday or Thursday to lye in my old habitation, under your government.

I have just taken leave of Mrs Aston who has given me some shells for Miss, if I can contrive to bring them.

Mr Thrale needs not fear my loitering, but it pains me to think that my coming can be of any consequence. We will set all our understandings to work, and surely we have no insuperable difficulties. Spirit and Diligence will do great things.

Please to make my compliments to dear Mrs Salusbury.

I am,

Madam,

Your most humble Servant

Sam: Johnson

Lichfield. Dec. 5. 1772

[ 99 ]



One sheet. 4to. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dearest Madam

Dr James called on me last night, deep, I think, in wine. Our dialogue was this

—You find the case hopeless.—Quite hopeless.—But I hope you can procure her an easier dismissal out of life.—That, I believe is in our power.

The rest of his talk was about other things.

If it can give the dear Lady any comfort, be pleased to let her know, that my grief for her is very serious and very deep. If I could be useful as you can be, I would devote myself to her as you must do. But all human help is little, her trust must be in a better Friend.

You will not let me burst in ignorance\* of your transaction with Alexander. Surely my heart is with you in your whole System of Life.

I am,

Dear Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson.

Johnson's Court, Fleet street.

March. 9. 1773

I had written this letter before yours came.

God bless you all.

\* *Hamlet. Act I. Scene IV.*

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One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

Your negotiation will probably end as you desire. I wish your pious offices might have the same success, but death is necessary, and your tenderness will make it less painful. I am sorry that I can do nothing. The dear

Lady has my wishes, and sometimes my prayers. I hope our prayers will be heard for her, and her prayers for herself.

I am

Dear Madam

Your most humble servant

March 11. 1773

Sam: Johnson

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

To tell you that I am sorry both for the poor Lady and for you is useless. I cannot help either of you. The weakness of mind is perhaps only a casual interruption or intermission of the attention, such as we all suffer when some weighty care or urgent calamity has possession of the mind. She will compose herself. She is unwilling to dye, and the first conviction of approaching death raised great perturbation. I think she has but very lately thought death close at hand. She will compose herself to do that as well as she can, which must at last be done. May she not w[ant?]\* the Divine Assistance.

You, Madam, will have a great loss, a greater than is common in the loss of a parent. Fill your mind with hope of her happiness, and turn your thoughts first to Him who gives and takes away in whose presence the Living and Dead are standing together. Then remember that when this mournful duty is paid, others yet remain of equal obligation, and, we may hope, of less painful performance. Grief is a species of idleness, and the necessity of attention to the present preserves us by the disposition of providence from being lacerated and devoured by sorrow for the past.

You must think on your Husband, and your children, and do what this dear Lady has done for you.

Not to come to town while the great struggle continues is undoubtedly well resolved. But do not harrass yourself into danger, you owe the care of your health to all that love you, at least to all whom it is your duty to love. You cannot give such a Mother too much, if you do not give her what belongs to another.

I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

\* Letter cut.

March 17. 1773

[ 101 ]

Two sheets. 8vo. Written on both sides of first page.

No Postmark.

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale

Dear Madam

The return of the dear Lady's appetite must prolong her life, unless some sudden rupture of the breast, or some other unexpected violence supervenes, and therefore I hope she will continue to eat.

Ray and his people will perhaps have but a weeks work, and that will be but five pounds. Never vex. To gain is the great point. My Master must gratify himself a little, now he is at liberty, else how will Liberty be enjoyed. If we could once settle our gains, we would set expences at defiance.

Mr Garrick has just now sent his brother to me with a confutation of Mr Murphy to which I do not see what can be replied.

Do not let vexation come near your heart. You have made this year a great progress in reformation, and to reform too violently has always been dangerous. To tell the truth I am not sorry that the neighborhood should see the usual degree of visible expence, and the stated process of annual operation; the continuance of the same appearances will discuss any remains of suspicion, and settle us as we were before in the publick opinion.

I am

Dear Madam

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

March 23. 1773

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One sheet. 4to. Written on both sides.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Madam

If my letters can do you any good it is not fit that you should want them. You are always flattering me with the good that I do without knowing it.

The return of Mrs Salusbury's appetite will undoubtedly prolong her life; I therefore wish it to continue or to improve. You did not say whether she went downstairs.

Harry will be happier now he goes to school and reads Milton. Miss will want him for all her vapouring.

Did not I tell you that I thought, I had written to Boswel? he has answered my Letter.

I am going this evening to put young Otway to school with Mr Elphinston.

Colman is so distressed with abuse about this play, that he has solicited Goldsmith *to take him off the rack of the newspapers*.

Murphy is preparing a whole pamphlet against Garrick, and Garrick is, I suppose, collecting materials to confute Murphy.

Jennens has published Hamlet, but without a preface, and Steevens declares his intention of letting him pass the rest of his life in peace. Here is news.

I am

Madam

Your most humble Servant

Sam: Johnson

March 25. 1773

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One sheet. 8vo. Written on first page.

No Address. (To Mrs. Thrale)

My dearest Lady

I wrote a letter to you this morning to tell you, that I could not well avoid dining in this neighbourhood tomorrow; but that I will wait on you early in the evening. Early enough, I design, for tea and business. What we shall tell each other I know not, but hope we shall say nothing that can make us have less respect or kindness for one another than we have.

I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

May 4. (1773)



Four sheets. 4to. Written on seven pages.

Postmark

27

SE

With Seal.

Addressed—

To Henry Thrale Esq

in Southwark

Skie. Sept. 6. 1773

Dearest Madam

I am now looking on the Sea from a house of Sir Alexander Macdonald in the Isle of Skie. Little did I once think of seeing this region of obscurity, and little did you once expect a salutation from this verge of European Life. I have now the pleasure of going where nobody goes, and of seeing what nobody sees. Our design is to visit several of the smaller Islands, and then pass over to the South west of Scotland.

I returned from the sight of Bullers Buchan to Lord Errols and having seen his Library, had for a time only to look upon the Sea which rolled between us and Norway. Next morning August 25 We continued our journey through a country not uncultivated but so denuded of its Woods, that in all this journey I had not travelled an hundred yards between hedges or seen five trees fit for the Carpenter. A few small plantations may be found but I believe scarcely any thirty years old, at least, as I do not forget to tell they are all posteriour to the Union. This day we dined with a Country Gentleman who has in his grounds the remains of a Druid's Temple, which when it is complete is nothing more than a circle or double circle of stones placed at equal distances, with a flat stone, perhaps an altar, at a certain point, and a stone taller than the rest at the opposite point. The tall stone is erected, I think, at the south. Of this (*sic*) circles there are many in all the unfrequented parts of the Island. The Inhabitants of these parts respect them as memorials of the sepulture of some illustrious person. Here I saw a few trees. We lay at Bamff.

August 26 We dined at Elgin where we saw the ruins of a noble Cathedral. The Chapterhouse is yet standing. A great part of Elgin is built with small piazzas to the lower story. We went on to Foris over the heath where Macbeth met the witches, but had no adventure. Only in the way we saw for the first time some houses with fruit trees about them. The improvements of the Scotch are for immediate profit. They do not yet think it worth while to plant what will not produce something to be eaten or sold in a very little time. We rested at Foris.

A very great proportion of the people are barefoot, and if one may judge by the rest of the dress, to send out boys without shoes into the streets or ways. There are however more beggars than I have ever seen in England; they beg, if not silently, yet very modestly.



MAP OF  
THE TOUR THROUGH  
SCOTLAND AND THE HEBRIDES  
by Samuel Johnson, LL.D., and  
James Boswell, Esq. in 1773.

Scale of Miles  
0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100

Published by James Johnson, 1781.

James Johnson, 1781.

Next day we came to Nairn, a miserable town, but a royal burgh, of which the chief annual Magistrate is stiled Lord Provost. In the neighbourhood we saw the castle of the old Thane of Cawdor. There is one ancient tower with its battlements and winding stairs yet remaining, the rest of the house is though not modern, of later erection.

On the 28. We went to Fort George, which is accounted the most regular Fortification in the Island. The Major of Artillery walked with us round the walls, and showed us the principles upon which every part was constructed and the way in which it could be defended. We dined with the Governor Sir Eyre Coote, and his Officers. It was a very pleasant and instructive day. But nothing puts my honoured Mistress out of my mind.

At night we came to Inverness, the last considerable town in the North, where we staid all the next day, for it was sunday, and saw the ruins of what is called Macbeth's Castle. It never was a large house, but was strongly situated. From Inverness we were to travel on Horseback.

Aug. 30. We set out with four horses. We had two Highlanders to run by us, who were active, officious, civil, and hardy. Our Journey was for many miles along a military way made upon the bank of Lough Ness, a Water about eighteen miles long, but not, I think, half a mile broad. Our horses were not bad, and the way was very pleasant. The rock out of which the road was cut was covered with Birch trees, fern and heath. The Lake below was beating its bank by a gentle wind, and the rocks beyond the water on the right, stood sometimes horrid and wild and sometimes opened into a kind of bay in which the[re] was a spot of cultivated ground, yellow with corn. In one part of the way we had trees on both sides, for perhaps half a mile. Such a length of Shade perhaps Scotland cannot show in any other place.

You are not to suppose that here are to be any more towns or Inns. We came to a cottage which they call the Generals hut; where we alighted to dine, and had Eggs and Bacon, and Mutton, with wine, rum, and whiskey. I had water.

At a bridge over the river which runs into the Ness, the rocks rise on three sides with a direction almost perpendicular to a great height, they are in part covered with trees, and exhibit a kind of dreadful magnificence, standing like the barriers of nature placed to keep different orders of Being in perpetual separation. Near this Bridge is the fall of Fiers, a famous Cataract, of which by clambering over the rocks we obtained the view. The water was low, and therefore we had only the pleasure of knowing that rain would make it at once pleasing and formidable. There will then be a mighty flood foaming along a rocky channel frequently obstructed by protuberances, and exasperated by reverberation, at last precipitated with a sudden descent, and lost in the depth of a gloomy chasm.

We came somewhat late to Fort Augustus where the Lieutenant Governor met us beyond the gates, and apologised that at that hour he could not by the rules of a Garrison admit us otherwise than at a narrow door which





*Dr. Johnson's Entertainment at  
a Highland Change.*



only one can enter at a time. We were well entertained, and well lodged, and next morning after having viewed the fort we persued our journey.

Our way now lay over the mountains, which [were to] be passed not by climbing them directly, but by traversing so that as we went forward, we saw our baggage following us below in a direction exactly contrary. There is in these ways much labour but little danger, and perhaps other places of which very terrifick representations are made, are not in themselves more formidable. These roads have all been made by hewing the rock away with pickaxes, or bursting them with gunpowder. The stones so separated are often piled loose as a wall by the way side. We saw an inscription imparting the year in which one of the regiments made two thousand yards of the road Eastward.

After tedious travel of some hours we came to what, I believe, we must call a village, a place where there were three huts built of turf, at one of which we were to have our dinner and our bed, for we could not reach any better place [that] night. This place is called Enock in Glenmorrison. The house in which we lodged was distinguished by a chimney, the rest had only a hole for the smoke. Here we had Eggs, and Mutton, and a chicken, and a sausage, and rum. In the afternoon tea was made by a very decent (?) Girl in a printed Linen. She engaged me so much that I made her a present of Cocker's Arithmetick.

I am, Madam,

Your most

&c

Sam: Johnson

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Seven sheets. 4to. Written on first thirteen pages.

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Stamped "Dunvegan." Seal broken.

Addressed—

To Henry Thrale Esq

in Southwark

(London, in other hand)

Dearest Madam

I am so vexed at the necessity of sending yesterday so short a Letter, that I purpose to get a long letter beforehand by writing something every day,

which I may the more easily do, as a cold makes me now too deaf to take the usual pleasure in conversation. Lady Macleod is very kind to me, and the place at which we now are, is equal in strength of situation, in the wildness of the adjacent country, and in the plenty and elegance of the domestick entertainment, to a Castle in Gothick romances. The sea with a little Island is before us, cascades play within view. Close to the house is the formidable skeleton of an old Castle probably Danish; and the whole mass of building stands upon a protuberance of rock, inaccessible till of late but by a pair of stairs on the sea side, and secure in ancient times against any Enemy that was likely to invade the kingdom of Skie. Macleod has offered me an Island, if it were not too far off I should hardly refuse it; my Island would be pleasanter than Brighthelmston, if you and Master could come to it, but I cannot think it pleasant to live quite alone. Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis. That I should be elated by the dominion of an Island to forgetfulness of my friends at Streatham, and I hope never to deserve that they should be willing to forget me.

It has happened that I have been often recognized in my journey where I did not expect it. At Aberdeen I found one of my acquaintance Professor of Physick. Turning aside to dine with a country Gentleman, I was owned at a table by one who had seen me at a Philosophical Lecture, At Macdonald's I was claimed by a Naturalist, who wanders about the Islands to pick up curiosities, and I had once in London attracted the notice of Lady Macleod. I will now go on with my Account.

The Highland Girl made tea, and looked and talked not inelegantly. Her Father was by no means an ignorant or a weak man. There were books in the cottage, among which were some volumes of Prideaux's Connexion. This man's conversation we were glad of while we staid. He had been *out* as they call it, in forty five, and still retained his old opinions. He was going to America, because his rent was raised beyond what he thought himself able to pay.

At night our beds were made, but we had some difficulty in persuading ourselves to lye down in them, though we had put on our own sheets. At last we ventured, and I slept very soundly, in the vale called Glenmorison amidst the rocks and mountains. Next morning our Landlord liked us so well, that he walked some miles with us for our company through a country so wild and barren that the proprietor does not with all his pressure upon his tenants raise more than four hundred a year from near an hundred square miles, or sixty thousand acres. He let us know that he had forty head of black cattle, an hundred Goats, and and (*sic*) an hundred sheep upon a farm which he remembred let at five pounds a year, but for which he now paid twenty. He told us some stories of their march into England. At last he left us, and we went forward, winding among mountains sometimes green and sometimes naked, commonly so steep as not easily to be climbed by the greatest vigour and activity. Our way was often crossed by little rivulets, and we were entertained

with small streams trickling from the rocks, which after heavy rains must be tremendous torrents.

About noon, we came to a small glen, so they call a valley, which compared with other places appeared rich and fertile. Here our Guides desired us to stop that the horses might graze, for the journey was very laborious, and no more grass would be found. We made no difficulty of compliance, and I sat down to take notes on a green bank, with a small stream running at my feet, in the midst of savage solitude, with Mountains before me, and on either hand covered with heath. I looked round me, and wondered that I was not more affected, but the mind is not at all times equally ready to be put in motion. If my Mistress, and Master, and Queeny had been there we should have produced some reflections among us either poetical or philosophical, for though *Solitude* be the nurse of woe, conversation is often the parent of remarks and discoveries.

In about an hour we remounted, and persued our journey. The lake by which we had travelled from some time ended in a river, which we passed by a bridge and came to another Glen with a collection of huts, called Auknashealds, the huts were generally built of clods of earth held together by the intertexture of vegetable fibres, of which earth there are great levels in Scotland which they call mosses. Moss in Scotland, is Bog in Ireland, and Moss trooper is Bog trotter. There was however one hut built of loose stones piled up with great thickness into a strong though not solid wall. From this house we obtained some great pails of milk, and having brought bread with us, were very liberally regaled. The Inhabitants, a very coarse tribe, ignorant of any language but Earse, gathered so fast about us, that if we had not had Highlanders with us, they might have caused more alarm than pleasure. They are called the clan of Macrae.

We had been told that nothing gratified the Highlanders so much as snuff and tobacco, and had accordingly stored ourselves with both at fort Augustus. Boswel opened his treasure and gave them each a piece of tobacco roll. We had more bread than we could eat for the present, and were more liberal than provident. Boswel cut it in slices and gave each of them an opportunity of tasting wheaten bread for the first time. I then got some half-pence for a shilling and made up the deficiencies of Boswels distribution, who had given some money among the children. We then directed that the mistress of the stone house should be asked what we must pay her, she who perhaps had never sold any thing but cattle before, knew not, I believe, well what to ask, and referred herself to us. We obliged her to make some demand, and our Highlanders settled the account with her at a shilling. One of the men advised her, with the cunning that clowns never can be without, to ask more but she said that a shilling was enough. We gave her half a crown and she offered part of it again. The Macraes were so well pleased with our behaviour, that they declared it the best day they had seen since the time of the old Laird of Macleod, who, I suppose, like us, stopped in their valley, as he was travelling to Skie.



We were mentioning this view of the Highlander's life at Macdonald's, and mentioning the Macraes with some degree of pity, when a Highland Lady informed us, that we might spare our tenderness, for she doubted not, but the Woman who supplied us with milk, was Mistress of thirteen or fourteen milch Cows.

I cannot forbear to interrupt my Narrative. Boswel, with some of his troublesome kindness, has informed this family, and reminded me that the eighteenth of September is my birthday. The return of my Birthday, if I remember it, fills me with thoughts which it seems to be the general care of humanity to escape. I can now look back upon threescore and four years, in which little has been done, and little has been enjoyed, a life diversified by misery, spent part in the sluggishness of penury, and part under the violence of pain, in glaring discontent, or importunate distress. But perhaps I am better than I should have been, if I had been less afflicted. With this I will try to be content.

In proportion as there is less pleasure in retrospective considerations the mind is more disposed to wander forward into futurity, but at sixty four what promises, however liberal of imaginary good, can Futurity venture to make. Yet something will be always promised, and some promises will always be credited. I am hoping, and I am praying that I may live better in the time to come, whether long or short, than I have yet lived, and in the solace of that hope endeavour to repose. Dear Queeney's day is next, I hope, she at sixty four will have less to regret.

I will now complain no more, but tell my Mistress of my travels.

After we left the Macraes, we travelled on through a country like that which we passed in the morning, the highlands are very uniform, for there is little variety in universal barrenness. The rocks however are not all naked, some have grass on their sides, and Birches and Alders on their tops, and in the vallies are often broad and clear streams which have little depth, and commonly run very quick. The channels are made by the violence of wintry floods, the quickness of the stream is in proportion to the declivity of the descent, and the breadth of the channel makes the water shallow in a dry season.

There are Red Deer and Roebucks in the mountains, but we found only Goats in the road, and had very little entertainment as we travelled either for the eye or ear. There are, I fancy, no singing birds in the Highlands.

Towards Night we came to a very formidable hill named Rattiken, which we climbed with more difficulty than we had yet experienced, and at last came to Glanelg a place on the Seaside opposite to Skie. We were by this time weary and disgusted, nor was our humour much mended, by an inn, which, though it was built with lime and slate, the highlander's description of a house which he thinks magnificent, had neither wine, bread, eggs, nor any thing that we could eat or drink. When we were taken up stairs, a dirty fellow bounced out of the bed in which one of us was to lie. Boswel blustered, but nothing could be got. At last a Gentleman in the Neighbour-



hood who heard of our arrival sent us rum and white sugar. Boswel was now provided for in part, and the Landlord prepared some mutton chops, which we could not eat, and killed two Hens, of which Boswell made his servant broil a limb, with what effect I know not. We had a lemon, and a piece of bread, which supplied me with my supper.

When the repast was ended, we began to deliberate upon bed. Mrs Boswel had warned us that we should *catch something*, and had given us Sheets for our security; for Sir Alexander and Lady Macdonald, she said, came back from Skie, so scratching themselves —. I thought sheets a slender defence, against the confederacy with which we were threatned, and by this time our highlanders had found a place where they could get some hay; I ordered hay to be laid thick upon the bed, and slept upon it in my great coat. Boswel laid sheets upon his hay, and reposed in Linen like a Gentleman. The horses were turned out to grass, with a man to watch them. The hill Ratiken, and the inn at Glanelg, are the only things of which we or travellers yet more delicate, could find any pretensions to complain.

Sept. 2. I rose rustling from the hay, and went to tea, which I forget whether we found or brought. We saw the Isle of Skie before us darkening the horizon with its rocky coast. A boat was procured, and we launched into one of the Straits of the Atlantick Ocean. We had a passage of about twelve miles to the point where Sir Alexander resided, having come from his Seat in the midland part, to a small house on the shore, as we believe, that he might with less reproach entertain us meanly. If he aspired to meanness his retrograde ambition was completely gratified, but he did not succeed equally in escaping reproach. He had no cook, nor, I suppose, much provision, nor had the Lady the common decencies of her tea table. We picked up our Sugar with our fingers. Boswel was very angry, and reproached him with his improper parsimony. I did not much reflect upon the conduct of a man with whom I was not likely to converse as long at any other time.

You will now expect that I should give you some account of the Isle of Skie, of which though I have been twelve days upon it, I have little to say. It is an Island perhaps fifty miles long, so much indented by inlets of the Sea, that there is no part of it removed from the water more than six miles. No part that I have seen is plain you are always climbing or descending, and every step is upon rock or mire. A walk upon plowed ground in England is a dance upon carpets, compared to the toilsome drudgery, of wandering in Skie. There is neither town nor village in the Island, nor have I seen any house but Macleod's, that is not much below your habitation at Brighthelmston. In the mountains there are Stags and Roebucks; but no hares and few rabbits, nor have I seen any thing that interested me, as Zoologist, except an Otter, bigger than I thought an otter could have been.

You are perhaps imagining that I am withdrawn from the gay and the lazy world into regions of peace and pastoral felicity, and am enjoying the reliques of the golden age; that I am surveying Nature's magnificence from a mountain, or remarking her minuter beauties on the flowery bank of a

winding rivulet, that I am invigorating myself in the sunshine, or delighting my imagination with being hidden from the invasion of human evils and human passions, in the darkness of a Thicket, that I am busy in gathering shells and pebbles on the Shore, or contemplative on a rock, from which I look upon the water and consider how many waves are rolling between me and Streatham.

The use of travelling is to regulate imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are. Here are mountains which I should once have climbed, but the (*sic*) climb steep is now very laborious, and to descend them dangerous, and I am now content with knowing that by a scrambling up a rock, I shall only see other rocks, and a wider circuit of barren desolation. Of streams we have here a sufficient number, but they murmur not upon pebbles but upon rocks; of flowers, if Chloris herself were here, I could present her only with the bloom of Heath. Of Lawns and Thickets, he must read, that would know them, for here is little sun and no shade. On the sea I look from my window, but am not much tempted to the shore for since I came to this Island, almost every Breath of air has been a storm, and what is worse, a storm with all its severity, but without its magnificence, for the sea is here so broken into channels, that there is not a sufficient volume of water either for lofty surges, or loud roar.

On Sept 6. We left Macdonald, to visit Raarsa, the Island which I have already mentioned. We were to cross part of Skie on horseback, a mode of travelling very uncomfortable, for the road is so narrow, where any road can be found that only one can go, and so craggy that the attention can never be remitted, it allows therefore neither the gayety of conversation nor the laxity of solitude, nor has it in itself the amusement of much variety, as it affords only all the possible transpositions of Bog, Rock and Rivulet. Twelve Miles, by computation, make a reasonable journey for a day.

At night we came to a tenants house of the first rank of tenants where we were entertained better than the Landlords. There were books, both English and Latin. Company gathered about us, and we heard some talk of the Second sight and some talk of the events of forty five, a year which will not soon be forgotten among the Islanders. The next day we were confined by a storm, the company, I think, encreased and our entertainment was not only hospitable but elegant. At night, a Minister's sister in very fine Brocade, sung Earse songs. I wished to know the meaning, but the Highlanders are not much used to scholastick questions, and no translation could be obtained.

Next day, Sept. 8. The weather allowed us to depart, a good boat was provided us, and we went to Raarsa, under the conduct of Mr Malcolm Macleod, a Gentleman who conducted Prince Charles through the mountains in his distresses. The prince, he says, was more active than himself, they were at least one night, without any shelter.

The wind blew enough to give the boat a kind of dancing agitation, and in about three or four hours we arrived at Raarsa, where we were met by the Laird and his friends upon the Shore. Raarsa, for such is his title, is Master of two Islands, upon the smaller of which, called Rona, he has only flocks and herds. Rona gives title to his eldest Son. The money which he raises by rent from all his dominions which contain at least fifty thousand acres, is not believed to exceed two hundred and fifty pounds, but as he keeps a large farm in his own hands, he sells every year great numbers of cattle which he adds to his revenue, and his table is furnished from the Farm and from the sea with little expence, except for those things this country does not produce, and of these he is very liberal. The Wine circulates vigorously, and the tea and Chocolate and Coffee, however they are got got (*sic*) are always at hand.

I am

Madam

Your most obedient servant

Sam: Johnson

Skie. Sep. 21. 1773

We are this morning trying to get out  
of Skie.

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Two sheets, small 4to. Written on seven pages.

Postmark	<table border="1" style="display: inline-table; vertical-align: middle;"><tr><td>1</td></tr><tr><td>NO</td></tr></table>	1	NO	Stamped	<table border="1" style="display: inline-table; vertical-align: middle;"><tr><td>Free</td></tr></table>	Free	With Seal.
1							
NO							
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Addressed—

To Henry Thrale Esq  
in Southwark

Honoured Mistress

My last letters to you and my dear Master were written from Mull, the third Island of the Hebrides in extent; there is no post, and I took the opportunity of a Gentleman's passage to the main Land.

In Mull we were confined two days by the weather; on the third We got on horseback, and after a journey difficult and tedious over rocks naked and valleys untracked, through a country of barrenness and

[ 112 ] solitude

Oct.  
16.



solitude, we came almost in the dark to seaside, weary and dejected having met with nothing but water falling from the mountains that could raise any image of delight. Our company was the Young Laird of Coll and his servant. Coll made every Maclean open his house and supply us with horses when we departed. But the horses of this country are small, and I was not mounted to my wish.

At the seaside we found the ferry boat departed, if it had been where it was expected, the wind was against us, and the hour was late, nor was it very desirable to cross the sea in darkness with a small boat. The Captain of a sloop that had been driven thither by the storms, saw our distress and as we were hesitating and deliberating, sent his boat, which by Coll's order, transported us to the Isle of *Ulva*; We were introduced to Mr Macquarry, the head of a small Clan, whose ancestors have reigned in Ulva beyond memory, but who has reduced himself by his negligence and folly to the necessity of selling this venerable patrimony.

On the next morning Oct. 17 We passed the strait to *Inch Kenneth* an Island about a mile in length, and less than half a mile broad, in in (*sic*) which Kenneth a Scottish Saint established a small clerical college of which the Chappell walls are still standing. At this place I beheld a scene which I wish you and my Master and Queeney had partaken. The only family on the Island is that of Sir Allan the chief of the ancient and numerous clan of Maclean, the clan which claims the second place, yielding only to Macdonald, in the line of Battle. Sir Allan, a Chieftain, a Baronet, and a soldier, inhabits in this insulated desert, a thatched hut with no chambers. Young Coll, who owns him as his chief and whose Cousin was his Lady, had, I believe, given him some notice of our visit. He received us with the Soldier's frankness, and the Gentleman's elegance, and introduced us to his daughters, two young Ladies who have not wanted Education suitable to their birth, and who in their cottage neither forgot their dignity, nor affected to remember it.

Do you not wish to have been with us?

Sir Allan's affairs are in disorder, by the fault of his ancestors, and while he forms some scheme for retrieving them, he has retreated hither. When our Salutations were over he showed us the Island. We walked uncovered into the chapel, and saw in the reverend ruin, the effects of precipitate reformation. The floor is covered with ancient gravestones of which the inscriptions are not now legible, and without some of the chief families still continue the right of sepulture. The altar is not yet quite demolished, beside it on the right side is a Bas relief of the Virgin with her Child, and an Angel hovering over her. on the other side still stands a hand bell, which though it has no clapper neither presbyterian bigotry, nor barbarian wantonness has yet taken away. The Chappel is about thirty eight feet long, and eighteen broad. Boswel, who is very pious, went into it at night to perform his devotions, but came back in haste for fear of Spectres.

Near the chappel is a fountain to which the water, remarkably pure, is conveyed from a distant hill through pipes laid by the Romish Clergy,



which still perform the office of conveyance, though they have never been repaired since Popery was suppressed.

We soon after went into dinner, and wanted neither the comforts nor the elegancies of life. There were several dishes, and variety of liquours. The servants live in another cottage, in which I suppose the meat is drest.

Towards evening Sir Allan told us, that Sunday never passed over him like another day. One of the Ladies read, and read very well, the Evening services—And Paradise was open'd in the wild.

Next day 18. We went and wandered among the rocks on the shore, while the boat was busy in catching oysters, of which there is a great bed. Oysters lye upon the sand one, I think, sticking to another, and Cockles are found a few inches under the sand. We then went in the boat to *Sondiland* a little Island very near. We found it a wild rock of about ten acres, part naked, part covered with sand, out of which we picked shell, and part cloathed with a thin layer of mould on the grass of which a few sheep are sometimes fed. We then came back and dined. I passed part of the Afternoon in reading, and in the evening one of the Ladies played on her harpsichord, and I believe Boswel danced with the other.

On the 19th We persuaded Sir Allan to launch his boat again, and go with us to Icolmkil, where the first great Preacher of Christianity to the Scots built a Church, and settled a Monastery. In our way we stopped to examine a very uncommon Cave on the coast of *Mull*. We had some difficulty to make our way over the vast masses of broken rocks that lye before the entrance, and at the mouth were embarrassed with stones which the sea had accumulated as at Brighthelmston, but as we advanced we reached a floor of soft sand, and as we left the light behind us, walked along a very spacious cavity vaulted over head with an arch almost regular, by which a mountain was sustained, at least a very lofty rock. From this magnificent cavern went a narrow passage to the right hand, which we entered with a candle, and though it was obstructed with great stones, clambered over them to a second expansion of the Cave, in which there lies a great square stone which might serve as a table. The air here was very warm but not oppressive, the flame of the candle continued pyramidal. The cave goes onward to an unknown extent, but we were now 160 yards underground; we had but one Candle, and had never heard of any that went further and came back. We therefore thought it prudent to return.

Going forward we came to a cluster of rocks black and horrid which Sir Allan chose for the place where he would eat his dinner. We climbed till we got seats. The stores were opened and the repast taken.

We then entered the boat again, the night came upon us, the wind rose, the sea swelled, and Boswel desired to be set on dry ground. We however persued our navigation, and passed by several little Islands in the silent solemnity of faint moonshine, seeing little, and hearing only the wind and the water. At last we reached the Island, the venerable seat of ancient sanctity,

where secret piety reposed, and where fallen greatness was repositied. The Island has no house of entertainment, and we manfully made our bed in a Farmers Barn.

The Description I hope to give you another time. I am,

Madam,

Your most obedient

and

most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Inverary. Oct. 23. 1773

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One sheet. 4to. Written on both sides.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mr Thrale)

Inverary. Oct. 23. 1773

Dear Sir

We have gotten at last out of the Hebrides; some account of our travels I have sent to my Mistress, and I have inclosed an ode which I wrote in the Isle of Skie, — — — — — \*

Yesterday we landed, and to day came hither. We purpose to visit Auchenleck, the seat of Mr Boswel's Father, then to pass a day at Glasgow, and return to Edinburgh.

About ten miles of this days journey were uncommonly amusing. We travelled with very little light, in a storm of wind and rain, we passed about fifty five streams that crossed our way, and fell into a river that for a very great part of our road, foamed and roared beside us, all the rougher powers of Nature, except thunder were in motion, but there was no danger. I should have been sorry to have missed any of the inconveniences, to have had more light, or less rain, for their cooperation crowded the scene, and filled the mind.

I long however to hear from you and from my Mistress: I have seen nothing that drives you from my thoughts, but continue in rain and sunshine, by night and day

Dear Sir

Your most obliged

and

most humble servant

\* Line erased.

Sam: Johnson

[ 115 ]

So Mrs Thrale

at Brighton

Subsex

Per ~~mea~~ terras, ubi nuda rupe

Saxea miset nebulae ruinas,

Torva uti videntur miles coloni

Rura labores.

Pervagor <sup>gentes</sup> ~~terras~~, hominum ferorum

Vita uti nullo decorata cultu

Squallet infirmis, tegurique fumis

Fada latebit.

Inter erroris salubrosa longi.

Inter ignota strepitus loquela,

Quot modis mecum, quid agat, requiro.

Thralia datus.

Sen viri curas, pia nupta, mulcet;

Sen foret mater sobolem benigna,

Sue

Seve cum fibris novitate pascit

Sedula mentem;

Sit memor nostri. fideiq, merces

Sit fides constans. meritoq, blandum

Italica discant resonare nomen

q'ittora scia.

Scriptum in Skia. Sept. 6.



Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark	2	Stamped Glasgow. Stamped Free.
	NO	

Seal broken.

Addressed—

To Henry Thrale Esq  
in Southwark

Glasgow. Oct. 28. 1773

Dear Madam

I have been in this place about two hours.

On Monday 25. We dined with the Duke and Dutchess of Argyle, and the Duke lent me a horse for my next day's journey.

26. We travelled along a deep valley between lofty Mountains covered only with brown heath; entertained with a succession of cataracts on the left hand, and a roaring torrent on the other side. The Duke's horse went well, the road was good, and the journey pleasant except that we were incommoded by perpetual rain. In all September we had according to Boswels register, only one day and a half of fair weather, and in October perhaps not more. At night we came to the house of Sir James Cohune, who lives upon the banks of Loch Lomond, of which the Scotch boast, and boast with reason.

27. We took a boat to rove upon the Lake which is in length twenty four miles, in breadth from perhaps two miles to half a mile. It has twenty four Islands of which twenty belong to Sir James. You[ng] Cohune went into the boat with us but a little agitation of the water frightened him to shore. We passed up and down, and landed upon one small Island on which are the ruins of a Castle, and upon another much larger, which serves Sir James for a park, and is remarkable for a large wood of Eugh trees. We then returned very wet to Dinner, and Sir James lent us his coach to Mr Smollet's a relation of Dr Smollet for whom he has erected a monumental column on the banks of the Leven, a river which issues from the loch, this was his native place. I was desired to revise the inscription. When I was upon the Deer Island, I gave the keeper who attended me a Shilling, and he said it was too much. Boswel afterwards offered him another, and he excused himself from taking it, because he had been rewarded already.

This day I came hither, and go to Auchenleck on Monday.

I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. No Date. (Feb., 1775)

At head of page—Letter 107

In Mrs Thrale's handwriting—*To Mr Thrale*

Dear Sir

I beg that you will be pleased to send me an attestation to Mr Carter's merit. I am going to-morrow, and shall leave the \*pamphlet to shift for itself.

You need only say, that you have sufficient knowledge of Mr Carter to testify that he is eminently skilful in the art which he professes, and that he is a man of such decency and regularity of manner, that there will be no danger from his example to the Youth of the Colleges, and that therefore you shall consider it as a favour, if leave may be obtained for him to profess horsemanship in the University.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Please to free this Letter to Mrs Lucy Porter in Lichfield

*\*Taxation No Tyranny*—(On margin of Letter, in Mrs Thrale's handwriting.)

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One sheet. 4to. Written on both sides.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

I am afraid that something has happened to occupy your mind disagreeably, and hinder you from writing to me, or thinking about me.

The fate of my proposal for our Friend Mr Carter will be decided on Monday. Those whom I have spoken to are all friends. I have not abated any part of the entrance, or payment, for it has not been thought too much, and I hope he will have scholars.

I am very deaf, and yet cannot well help being much in company, though it is often very uncomfortable. But when I have done this thing, which, I hope, is a good thing, or find that I cannot do it, I wish to live a while under your care and protection.

The imperfection of our post makes it uncertain whether we shall receive letters, sooner than we must send them, this is therefore written while

I yet do not know whether you have favoured me or no. I was sufficiently discontented that I heard nothing yesterday. But sure all is well.

I am,

Dearest Madam

Your most obedient

and

most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

March 3. 1775

University College.

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on both sides of first sheet.

Postmark blurred. Stamped Oxford. Stamped "Free."

Addressed—

To Henry Thrale Esq

in Southwark

Dear Madam

Yesterday (March 7) I received from you two letters, of March 1. and March 4. Such is the fidelity of somebody. I wondered why you forgot me, and did not know but you were angry.

I hope Mr Carter is coming. Dr Wetherel is busy thinking on a place for him, and Mr Scot thinks he can secure him six Scholars to begin with, and says, that rather than the Scheme shall miscarry he will ride himself. I really hope it will do.

If he comes tonight, I will take him to the Vicechancellor tomorrow, and perhaps to some other of the heads. I shall then have done that for which I came, and hope to get into the tower on friday night.

Poor Boy, what a dreadful death. I hope you will let none of your children go alone into that danger, nor go yourself.

Queeny perhaps is a little lovesick, you will see how she recovers when I come home.

I think Evans to blame in despairing of Young Carter, he should persist in his medicines, he can but dye, and young people will recover from great weakness.

Mr Cadell says that he has yet so many of Mr Baretti's book unsold, that he is not ready for a new edition, but, will, I suppose, be willing to treat when he has occasion to reprint.

I am

Madam

Your most obedient servant

Sam: Johnson

March 8. (1775)

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One sheet. 4to. Written on both sides.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Madam

I had mistaken the day on which I was to dine with Mr Bruce, and hear of Abissinia, and therefore am to dine this day with Mr Hamilton.

The news from Oxford is that no tennis court can be hired at any price, and that the Vicechancellor will not write to the Clarendon Trustees without some previous intimation that his request will not be unacceptable. We must therefore find some way of applying to Lord Mansfield, who with the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of Chester holds the trust. Thus are we thrown to a vexatious distance. poor Carter! do not tell him.

The other Oxford news is, that they have sent me a degree of Doctor of Laws, with such praises in the diploma, as, perhaps, ought to make me ashamed; they are very like your praises. I wonder whether I shall ever show them to you.

Boswel will be with you. Please to ask Murphy the way to Lord Mansfield. Dr Wetherel who is now here and will be here for some days is very desirous of seeing the Brewhouse. I hope Mr Thrale will send him an invitation. He does what he can for Carter.

Today I dine with Hamilton, tomorrow with Hoole, on Monday with Paradise, on tuesday with Master and Mistress, on Wednesday with Dilly, but come back to the tower.\*

*Sic nunquam rediturus labitur annus.*

I am Madam

Your most humble servant

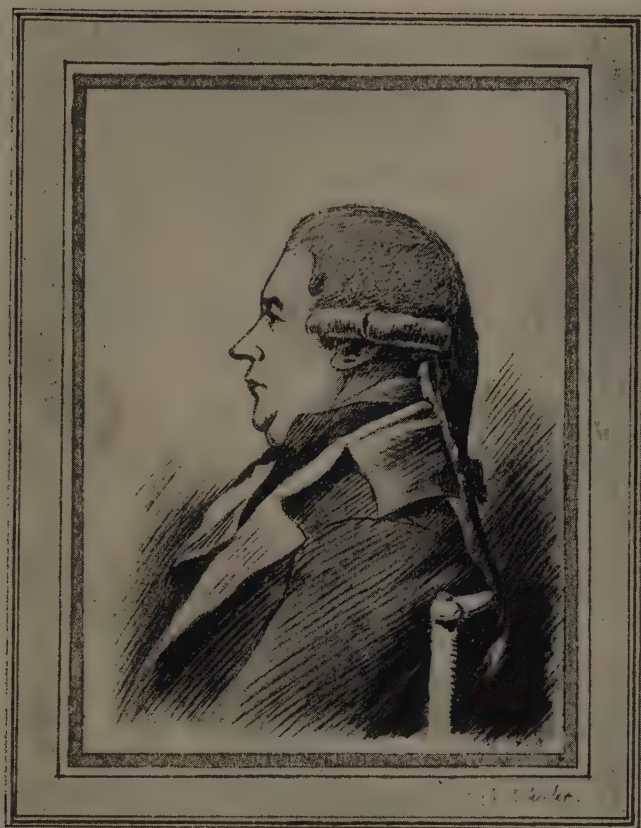
Sam: Johnson

Apr. 1. 1775

[ 119 ]

Poor





JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ:



*Wm. L. Smith del.*

THE THRALES'S RESIDENCE, STREATHAM, SURREY.





THE AVENUE. STREATHAM.

but Dr. Dobson's Care has set her out of Danger,  
— so far as that is a Phrase for Mortals.

Adieu dear Sir, and assure yourself of my true Esteem, &  
doubt not of the pleasure I shall one Day feel at seeing  
you again, and of assuring you how sincerely

Yr. Obedient Son

Mr. Thomas Dobson

London

1784

I have the Honour to be yours & Mr. Whalley's  
Obliged & Faithful Servt.  
A. L. Thrale.

Bath 6. March 1784.

Let me hear from you soon again.



Poor Mrs Williams is very bad,  
worse than I ever saw her.

\* *The Tower was a separate room at Streatham where Dr Johnson slept —it is mentioned in the Translation of his ode written in Latin at the Theatre.*  
(Mrs Thrale's handwriting.)

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One sheet, small 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dearest Lady

When I sent last week to enquire after you, Mr Thrale sent me word that he had a testimonial of your health, *written by Madam's own hand*. I hope you are by this time, strong enough to give me the same pleasure, for next to Mr Thrale and the young ones, your doing well is of most importance to,

Madam,

Your most obliged  
and most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

May 9.  
1775

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One sheet. 4to. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

I will try not to be sullen, and yet when I leave you how shall I help it. — goes away on Monday, and I go in a day or two after him, and will try to be well and to be as you would have me. But I hope that when I come back you will teach me the value of liberty.

Nurse tells me that you are all well, and she hopes all growing better. Ralph like all other young Gentlemen will travel for improvement.

I have sent you six Guineas and an half. so you may laugh at neglect and parcimony. It is a fine thing to have money. Peyton and Macbean are both starving, and I cannot keep them.

Must we mourn for the Queen of Denmark? How shall I do for my  
black cloaths which you have in the chest?

Make my compliments to every body.

I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

May 20. 1775

*I dined in a large company at a Dissenting Booksellers yesterday, and dis-  
puted against toleration, with one Doctor Meyer.—(Pasted on letter.)*

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages.

No Postmark.

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale

Dearest Lady

One thing or other still hinders me, besides what is perhaps the great  
hindrance, that I have no great mind to go. Boswel went away at two this  
morning. Langton, I suppose, goes this week. Boswel got two and forty  
guineas in fees while he was here. He has, by his Wife's persuasion and mine,  
taken down a present for his Mother in law.

Pray let me know how the breath does. I hope there is no lasting  
evil to be feared. Take great care of your self. Why did you take cold? Did  
you pump into your shoes?

I am not sorry that you read Boswel's Journal. Is it not a merry  
piece? There is much in it about poor me. Miss, I hear, touches me some-  
times in *her* memoirs.

I shall try at Oxford what can be done for Mr Carter; what can be  
done for his daughter it is not easy to tell. Does her mother know her own  
distress, or is she out of her wits with pride, or does Betsy a little exaggerate?  
It is strange behaviour.

The mourning it seems, is general. I must desire that you will let  
somebody take my best black cloaths out of the chest, and send them. There  
is nothing in the chest but what may be tumbled. The key is the newest of  
those two that have the wards channelled. When they are at the borough,  
my man can fetch them.

But all this while, dear and dear Lady, take great care of yourself.

Do not buy Chandler's travels, they are duller than Twiss's. Wrazal is too fond of words, but you may read him. I shall take care that Adair's account of America may be sent you for I shall have it of my own.

Beattie has called once to see me. He lives grand at the Archbishop's.

Dear Lady do not be careless, nor heedless, nor rash, nor giddy. But take care of your health, I am,

Dearest Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

May 22. 1775

Dr Talbot, which, I think I never told you, has given five hundred pounds to the future infirmary.

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One sheet. 4to. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

I am not gone, nor can well go till I have my black cloaths, sending them after me will load me with two suits, and I have no large box. I write this at random for I hope Frank will find them at the borough.

You were a naughty thing for taking cold but you have suffered for it, and I hope will take warning. How strange it is that I am not gone. Yet one thing or another has hindered me and perhaps, if we know ourselves, I am not heartily in haste. I had yesterday a kind of fainting fit, but it is gone and over.

For Mr Carter I will try to do something, but time and opportunity must tell what, for I am sure, I do not know.

Do, send the cloaths if you send them in a wheelbarrow. There are two suits let me have the best.

I am,

Dearest of all dear Ladies,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

May 24. 1775

[ 122 ]

One sheet. 4to. Written on both sides.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

I know well enough what you think, but I am out of your reach. I did not make the epitaph before last night and this morning I have found it too long. I send you it as it is to pacify you, and will make it shorter. It is too long by near half. Tell me what you would be most willing to spare.

Dr Wetherel went with me to the Vicechancellor, to whom we told the transaction with my Lord of Chester, and the Vicechancellor promised to write to the Archbishop. I told him that he needed have no scruples he was asking nothing for himself, nothing that would make him richer, or them poorer, and that he acted only as a Magistrate and one concerned for the interest of the University. Dr Wetherel promises to stimulate him.

Don't suppose that I live here, as we live at Streatham. I went this morning to the Chapel at six, and if I was to stay would try to conform to all wholesome rules. Pray let Harry have the peny which I owe him for the last morning.

Mr Colson is well, and still willing to keep me, but I shall not delight in being long here. Mr Smollet of Loch Lomond and his Lady have been here. We were very glad to meet.

Pray let me know how you do, and play no more tricks, if you do, I can yet come back and watch you. I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

June 1. 1775

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on all four pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

Now I hope you are thinking. Shall I have a letter today from Lichfield? Something of a letter you will have how else can I expect that you should write? and the morning on which I should miss a letter, would be a morning of uneasiness, notwithstanding all that would be said or done by the Sisters of Stowhill, who do and say whatever good they can. They give me good words, and cherries, and strawberries. Lady Smith, and her Mother



and sister were visiting there yesterday, and Lady Smith took her tea before her Mother.

Mrs Cobb is to come to Miss Porters this afternoon. Miss Adey comes little near me. Mr Langley of Ashbourne was here to day in his way to Birmingham, and every body talks of you.

The Ladies of the amicable society are to walk in a few days from the townhall to the Cathedral in procession to hear a sermon. They walk in Linen gowns, and each has a stick with an acorn, but for the acorn they could give no reason, till I told them of the civick crown.

I have just had your sweet letter, and am glad that you are to be at the regatta. You know how little I love to have you left out of any shining part of life. You have every right to distinction and should therefore be distinguished. You will see a show with philosophick superiority, and therefore may see it safely. It is easy to talk of sitting at home contented when others are seeing or making shows. But not to have been where it is supposed, and seldom supposed falsely, that all would go if they could; To be able [to] say nothing when every one is talking; to have no opinion when every one is judging; to hear exclamations of rapture without power to depress; to listen to falsehoods without right to contradict, is, after all, a state of temporary inferiority in [which] the mind is rather hardened by stubbornness, than supported by fortitude. If the world be worth wining let us enjoy it, if it is to be despised let us despise it by conviction. But the world is not to be despised but as it is compared with something better. Company is in itself better than solitude and pleasure better than indolence. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, says the moral as well as [the] natural philosopher. By doing nothing and by knowing nothing no power of doing good can be obtained. he must mingle with the world that desires to be useful. Every new scene impresses new ideas, enriches the imagination, and enlarges the power of reason, by new topicks of comparison. You that have seen the regatta will have images which we who miss it must want, and no intellectual images are without uses. But when you are in this scene of splendour and gayety, do not let one of your fits of negligence steal upon you. *Hoc age*, is the great rule whether you are serious or merry, whether you are stating the expences of your family, learning science or duty from a folio, or floating on the Thames in a fancied dress. Of the whole entertainment let me not hear so copious nor so true an account from any body as from you.

I am,

Dearest Madam,

Your most obedient

and

most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

Lichfield June 21. 1775



THE MISSES HORNECK.

Oliver Goldsmith's friends, the "Jessamy Bride" and "Little Comedy."



Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

Dr Taylor says he shall be very glad to see you all here again, if you have a mind of retirement. But I told him that he must not expect you this summer, and [he] wants to know why?

I am glad you have read Boswel's journal because it is something for us to talk about, and that you have seen the Hornecks, because that is a publick theme. I would have you see and read and hear, and talk it all, as occasion offers.

Pray thank Queeney for her letter. I still hope good of poor Ralph, but sure never poor rogue was so troubled with his teeth. I hope occasional bathing, and keeping him about two minutes with his body immersed, may promote the discharge from his head, and set his little brain at liberty. Pray give my service to my dear friend Harry, and tell him that Mr Murphy does not love him better than I do.

I am inclined to be of Mr Thrale's mind about the changes in the state. A dissolution of the parliament would in my opinion, be little less than a dissolution of the government, by the encouragement which it would [give to] every future faction to disturb the publick tranquillity. Who would ever want places and power if perseverance in falsehood, and violence of outrage were found to be certain and infallible means of procuring them? Yet I have so little confidence in our present statesmen, that I know not whether any thing is less likely, for being either absurd or dangerous.

About your estate I have little to say. Why it should not be settled upon your children I do not see, and I do not see on the other side, why you should diminish your own power over it. I think there is hardly sufficient reason for you, as distinct from Mr Thrale, either to promote or oppose the settlement. To oppose it, if he desires it, there can be surely no reason. I love you all too well, not to wish that whatever is done, may be best. It will be prudent to hear Mr Scrase's opinion. In matters of business the most experienced man must have great authority.

I am

Dearest Lady

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Ashbourne. July. 6. 1775

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Ashbourn. Wednesday July 12. 1775

Dear Madam

On Monday I was not well, but I grew better at night, and before morning was, as the Doctors say, out of danger.

We have no news here, except that on saturday Lord Scarsdale dined with the Doctor. He is a very gentlemanlike man. On Sunday Mr Green paid a visit from Lichfield, and having nothing to say, said nothing and went away.

Our great Cattle, I believe, go on well, but our deer have died, all but five does and the poor Buck. We think the ground too wet for them.

I have enclosed a letter from Mrs Chambers partly, perhaps wholly, for Mr Baretti's amusement and gratification, though he has probably a much longer letter of his own, which he takes no care to send me.

Mr Langley and the Doctor still continue at variance, and the Doctor is afraid, and Mr Langley not desirous of a reconciliation. I therefore step over at bytimes; and of bytimes I have enough.

Mrs Dale has been ill, and at fourscore has recovered. She is much extenuated, but having the Summer to favour her, will I think, renew her hold on life.

To the Diots I yet owe a visit. Mr Gell is now rejoicing at fifty seven for the birth of an heir male—I hope here is news. Mr O—— and the Doctor seem to be making preparations for war.

Now I flatter myself that you want to know something about me. My spirits are now and then in an uneasy flutter, but upon the whole not very bad.

We have here a great deal of rain, but this is a very rainy region. I hear nothing but good of the harvest; but the expectation of higher of the wheat than of the barley, but I hope there will be barley enough for us and Mr Scrase, and Lady Lade, and something still to spare.

I am

Dearest, Sweetest Lady,

Your most obedient servant,

Sam: Johnson

Be pleased to send Mrs Chambers's  
Letter to Mrs Williams.



Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

The post is come without a letter; now could I be so sullen—but *He must be humble who would please*. Perhaps you are gone to Brighthelmston, and so could not write. However it be, this I feel, that I have no letter but then I have sometimes had two, and if I have as many letters as there come posts, nobody will pity me if I were to complain.

How was your hay made? The Doctor has had one part well housed; another wetted and dried till it is hardly worth the carriage; and now many acres newly mown, that have hitherto had good weather. This may be considered as a foreign article, the domestick news is that our Bulbitch has puppies, and that our six calves are no longer to be fed by hand, but to live on grass.

Mr Langley has made some improvements in his garden. A rich man might do more; but what he had done is well.

You have never in all your letters touched but once upon my Master's summer projects. Is he towering into the air, and tending to the center? Is he excavating the earth, or covering its surface with edifices? Something he certainly is doing, and something he is spending. A Genius never can lie quite still. I do not murmur at his expences, a good Harvest will supply them.

We talk here of Polish oats, and Siberian barley, of which both are said to be more productive, and to ripen in less time, and to afford better grain than the English. I intend to procure specimens of both, which we will try in some spots of our own ground.

The Doctor has no great mind to let me go. Shall I tease him and plague him till he is weary of me? I am, I hope, pretty well, and fit to come home. I shall be expected by all my Ladies to return through Lichfield, and to stay there a while, but if I thought you wanted me, I hope, you know what would be done, by,

Dearest, dearest Madam

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

July 17. 1775

Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Ashbourn July 21. 1775

Dear Lady

When you write next, direct to Lichfield, for I think to move that way on tuesday, and in no long time to turn homewards, when we will have a serious consultation, and try to do everything for the best.

I shall be glad of a letter from dear Queeney, and am not sorry that she wishes for me. When I come we will enter into an alliance defensive at least.

Mr Barette very elegantly sent his pupil's letter to Mrs Williams without a cover, in such a manner that she knows not whence it was transmitted.

I do not mean to bleed but with your concurrence, though I am troubled with eruptions, which I cannot suppress by frequent physick.

As my Master staid only one day, we must forgive him, yet he knows he staid only one day because he thought it not worth his while to stay two.

You and Barette are friends again. My dear Mistress has the quality of being easily reconciled, and not easily offended. Kindness is a good thing in itself; and there are few things that are worthy of anger, and still fewer that can justify malignity.

Nothing remains for the present but that you sit down placid and content, disposed to enjoy the present and planning the proper use of the future liberalities of Providence. You have really much to enjoy, and without any wild indulgence of imagination much to expect. In the mean time, however, life is gliding away, and another state is hastening forwards. You were but five and twenty when I knew you first, and you are now — What I shall be next September I confess I have lacheté enough to turn aside from thinking.

I am glad that you read Boswel's journal, you are now sufficiently informed of the whole transaction, and need not regret that you did not make the tour of the Hebrides.

You have done me honour in naming me your Trustee, and have very judiciously chosen Cator. I believe our fidelity will not be exposed to any strong temptations.

I am

Madam

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

58  
Ashbourne July 21. 1775

Dear Lady

When you write next, direct to Tickfield, for  
I think to move thither very on Monday, and in no long  
time to move thenceward, when we will have a serious  
consultation, and try to do every thing for the best.

I shall be glad of a letter from dear Greens, and  
am not sorry that she wishes for me. When I come  
we will enter into an alliance before it be late.

Mr. B. very elegantly put Mr. Gifford's letter to  
Mrs. Williams without a circle, in such a manner that  
she knew not whence it was transmitted.

I do not mean to trouble that noble young gentleman,  
though I am troubled with cramp, which I cannot  
support by frequent physic.

As my Master died only one day, so must forgive him,  
you



he knew he staid only one day because he thought it too  
much his while to stay too.

You and <sup>13</sup> ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ are friends again. My dear Miss  
has the quality of being easily reconciled, and not easily  
offended. Kindness is a good thing in itself; and there  
are few things that are worthy of anger, and still fewer  
than can justify malignity.

Nothing remains for the present but that you feel  
more pleased and content, & that you enjoy the present  
and planning the future use of the future liberalisation  
of Providence. You have only much to enjoy, and with  
out any wild indulgence of imagination much to expect.  
For the next time, however, life is gliding away, and  
another Shake is hastening forward. You were her friend  
and friend when I knew you first, and you are now —  
What I shall be next September I cannot I have calculated  
enough to be able to think.



~~transmitted~~  
I am glad that you read B. Wells' journal, you are now  
sufficiently informed of the whole transaction, and need not  
regret that you did not make the use of the Holbros.

~~that~~ You have done me wrong in taking me your  
Master, and have very judiciously chosen Peter. I where  
one fidelity will not be exposed to any strong temptations.

I am &c

Madam

your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Lichfield July 26. 1775

Dear Madam

Yesterday I came hither; after dinner I went to Stowhill; there I was pampered, and had an uneasy night, Physick today put me out of order; and for some time I forgot that this is post night.

Nothing very extraordinary has happened at Lichfield since I went away. Lucy Porter is better, and has got her lame hand out of the bag. The rest of your friends I have not seen.

Having staid long enough at Ashbourn I was not sorry to leave it. I hindred some of Taylor's diversions and he supplied me with very little. Having seen the neighbouring places I had no curiosity to gratify, and having few new things, we had little new talk.

When I came I found Lucy at her book. She had Hammond's commentary on the Psalms before her. He is very learned, she says, but there is enough that any body may understand.

Now I am here I think myself a great deal nearer London than before, for though the distance is not very different, I am here in the way of Carriages, and can easily get to Birmingham, and so to Oxford, but I know not which way I shall take, but some way or other I hope to find that may bring me back again to Streatham; and then I shall see what have been my Master's goings on; and will try whether I shall know the old places.

As I lift up my head from the paper, I can look into Lucy's Garden. Her walls have all failed. I believe she has had hardly any fruit but Gooseberries, but so much verdure looks pretty in a town.

When you read my letters I suppose you are very proud to think how much you excel in the correspondence: but you must remember that your materials are better. You have a family, and friends, and hopes, and fears, and wishes, and aversions, and all the ingredients that are necessary to the composition of a Letter. Here sit poor I, with nothing but my own solitary individuality; doing little, and suffering not more than I have often suffered; hearing nothing that I can repeat; seeing nothing that I can relate; talking, when I do talk, to those whom you can not regard, and at this moment hearing the curfew which you cannot hear.

I am

Dearest, dearest Lady

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Madam

The rain caught me at Stowhill, and kept me till it is very late. I must however write for I am enjoined to tell you how much Mrs Lucy was pleased with your present, and to entreat you to excuse her from writing because her hand is not yet recovered. She is very glad of your notice, and very thankful.

Lucy may thank you if she will, but you shall have no thanks from me, for Wisdom—and critical eruptions—and advanced life—Such Stuf. I remember to have read in a book called the *Catholicon*, that all evil begins *ab undecimo*. What then must be the evil of *three times eleven* or thirty three. However I have burnt the letter.

What you tell me of your *Reste* and ten thousand pounds, has more sense in it. Will it not be now in our power to pay Mr Scrase?

I am very desirous that Mr L—— should be sent for a few weeks to Brighthelmston. Air, and Vacancy, and novelty, and the consciousness of his own value, and the pride of such distinction, and delight in Mr Thrale's kindness would as Cheney phrases it, afford all the relief that human art can give, or human nature receive. Do not read this slightly, you may prolong a very useful life.

Whether the pineapples be ripe or rotten, whether the Duke's Venison be baked or roasted, I begin to think it time I were at home. I have staid till perhaps nobody wishes me to stay longer except the Ladies on the hill, who offer me a lodging, and though not ill, am unsettled enough to wish for change of place, even though that change were not to bring me to Streatham. But thither I hope I shall quickly come, and find you all well, and gay, and happy, and catch a little gayety and health, and happiness among you.

I am,

Dearest of all dear Ladies,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

July 29. 1775

Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

I wonder how it could happen. I forgot that the post went out yester night, and so omitted to write. I therefore send this by the bypost, and hope it will come that I may not lose my regular letter.

This was to have been my last letter from this place but Lucy says I must not go this week. Fits of tenderness with Mrs Lucy are not common, but she seems now to have a little paroxysm, and I was not willing to counteract it. When I am to go I shall take care to inform you.

The Lady at Stowhill says, how comes Lucy to be such a sovereign; all the tow[n] besides could not have kept you.

America now fills every mouth, and some heads; and a little of it shall come into my letter. I do not much like the news. Our troops have indeed the superiority, five and twenty hundred have driven five thousand from their intrenchment but the Americans fought skilfully; had coolness enough in the battle to carry off their men; and seem to have retreated orderly for they were not persued. They want nothing but confidence in their leaders and familiarity with danger. Our business is to persue their main army, and disperse it by a decisive battle and then waste the country till they sue for peace. If we make war by parties and detachments, dislodge them from one place, and exclude them from another, we shall by a local, gradual, and ineffectual war, teach them our own knowledge, harden their obstinacy, and strengthen their confidence, and at last come to fight on equal terms of skill and bravery, without equal numbers.

Mrs Williams wrote me word that you had honoured her with a visit, and *behaved lovely*.

Mr Thrale left off digging his pool, I suppose for want of water. The first thing to be done is by digging in three or four places to try how near the springs will rise to the surface; for though we cannot hope to be always full, we must be sure never to be dry.

Poor Sir Lowth! I am sorry for him. It is sad to give a family of children no pleasure but by dying. It was said of Otho. *Hoc tantum fecit nobile quod perijt*. It may be changed to Sir Lowth, *hoc tantum fecit utile*.

If I could do Mr Carter any good at Oxford, I could easily stop there, for through it, if I go by Birmingham I am likely to pass; but the place is now a sullen solitude. Whatever can be done, I am ready to do; but our operations must for the present be at London.

I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

August 1. 1775

[ 131 ]



Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages.

No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

This letter will not, I hope, reach you many days before me, in a distress which can be so little relieved, nothing remains for a friend but to come and partake it.

Poor dear sweet little Boy. When I read the letter this day to Mrs Aston, she said "such a death is the next to Translation." Yet, however I may convince myself of this, the tears are in my eyes, and yet I could not love him as you loved him, nor reckon on him for a future comfort, as you and his Father reckoned upon him.

He is gone, and we are going. We could not have enjoyed him long, and shall not long be separated from him. He has probably escaped many such pangs as you are now feeling.

Nothing remains but that with humble confidence We resign ourselves to almighty Goodness, and fall down without irreverent murmurs before the Sovereign Distributer of good and evil, with hope that though sorrow endureth for a night, yet joy may come in the Morning.

I have known you, Madam, too long to think that you want any arguments for submission to the supreme will, nor can my consolation have any effect but that of showing that I wish to comfort you. What can be done you must do for yourself. Remember first that your Child is happy. and then, that he is safe not only from the ills of this world, but from those more formidable dangers which extend their mischief to eternity. You have brought into the world a rational Being, have seen him happy during the little life that has been granted him, and can have no doubt but that his Happiness is now permanent and immutable.

When you have obtained by Prayer such tranquillity as nature will admit, force your attention, as you can, upon your accustomed duties, and accustomed entertainments. You can do no more for our dear Boy, but you must not therefore think less on those whom your attention may make fitter for the place to which he is gone.

I am

Dearest, dearest Madam

Your most affectionate humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

Lichfield

March 25. 1776

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

No Postmark.

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale

Dearest Madam

When you were gone Mr Thrale soon sent me away. I came next day, and was made to understand that when I was wanted I should be sent for; and therefore I have not gone yesterday or to day, but will soon go again whether invited or not.

You begin now I hope to be able to consider that what has happened might have had great aggravations. Had you been followed in your intended travels by an account of this afflictive deprivation, where could have [been] the end of doubt, and surmise, and suspicion, and self condemnation, you could not easily have been reconciled to those whom you left behind, or those who had persuaded you to go. You would [have] believed that he died by neglect, and that your presence would have saved him. I was glad of your letter from Marlborough, and hope you will try to force yourself to write. If grief either caused or aggravated poor Queeney's illness, you have taken the proper method for relieving it. Young minds easily receive new impressions.

Poor Peyton expired this morning. He probably during many years for which he sat starving by the bed of a Wife not only useless, but almost motionless, condemned by poverty to personal attendance, and by the necessity of such attendance chained down to poverty, he probably thought often how lightly he should tread the path of life without his burthen. Of this thought the admission was unavoidable, and the indulgence might be forgiven to frailty and distress. His Wife died at last, and before she was buried he was seized by a fever, and is now going to the grave.

Such miscarriages when they happen to those on whom many eyes are fixed, fill histories and tragedies and tears have been shed for the sufferings, and wonder excited by the fortitude of those who neither did nor suffered more than Peyton.

I was on Saturday at Mrs Montague's who expressed great sensibility of your loss, and have this day received an invitation to a supper and a ball, but I returned my acknowledgments to the Ladies, and let them know, that I thought, I should like the ball better another week.

I am,

Dear Madam,

Your most obedient servant

Sam: Johnson

Apr. 1. 1776

[ 133 ]

One sheet. 4to. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dearest Madam

I am glad to hear of pretty Queeney's recovery, and your returning tranquillity. What we have suffered ought to make us remember what we have escaped. You might at as short a warning have been taken from your children, or Mr Thrale might have been taken from us all.

Mr Thrale, when he dismissed me, promised to call on me; he has never called, and I have never seen him. He said that he would go to the house, and I hope he has found something that laid hold on his attention.

I do not wish you to return, while the novelty of the place does any good either to you or Queeney, and longer I know you will not stay, there is therefore no need of soliciting your return. What gratification can be extracted from so sad an event, I derive from observing that Mr Thrale's behaviour has united you to him by additional endearments. Every evil will be more easily born while you fondly love one another, and every good will be enjoyed with encrease of delight *past compute* to use the phrase of Cumberland. May your love of each other always encrease.

I am,

Dearest Madam,

Your most obedient servant

Sam: Johnson

April. 4. 1776

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One sheet. 4to. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

Mr Thrale's alteration of purpose is not weakness of resolution; it is a wise man's compliance with the change of things, and with the new duties which the change produces. Whoever expects me to be angry will be disappointed. I do not even grieve at the effect, I grieve only at the cause.

Your business for the present is to seek for ease, and to go where you think it most likely to be found. There cannot yet be any place in your mind, for mere curiosity. Whenever I can contribute to your tranquillity, I shall readily attend, and hope never to add to the evils that may oppress you. I will go with you to Bath, or stay with you at home.

I am very little disappointed. I was glad to go to places of much celebrity, but had promised to myself no raptures, no much improvement. Nor is there anything to be expected worth such a sacrifice as you might make.

Keep yourself busy, and you will in time grow cheerful; new prospects may open, and new enjoyments may come within your reach. I surely cannot but wish all evil removed from a house, which has afforded my miseries all the succour which attention and benevolence could give. I am sorry not to owe so much, but to repay so little. What I can do, you may with great reason expect from,

Dearest Madam,

Your most obliged and most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Apr. 9. 1776

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

That you may have no superfluous uneasiness I went this afternoon to visit the two Babies at Kensington, and found them indeed a little spotted with their disorder, but as brisk and gay as health and youth can make them. I took a paper of sweetmeats, and spread them on the table. They took great delight to show their governess the various animals that were made of sugar, and when they had eaten as much as was fit the rest were laid up for tomorrow.

Susy sends her duty and love with great propriety. Sophy sends her duty to you, and her love to Queeney and Papa. Mr Evans came in after me. You may set your heart quite at rest, no babies can be better than they appear to be. Dr Taylor went with me, and we staid a good while. He likes them very much. Susy said her Creed in French.

Dr Taylor says I must not come back till his business is adjusted, and indeed it would not be wise to come away without doing what I came hither only to do. However I expect to be dismissed in a few days, and shall bring Manucci with me.

I dined yesterday with (—— Langton. —— just going to bed.) His three children are very lovely. [Taylor?] longs to teach him a little economy. I know not how his money goes, for I do not think that Mrs Williams and I had our due share of the nine guineas.

He begins to reproach himself with neglect of George's education, and censures that idleness or that deviation by the indulgence of which he has



left uncultivated such a fertile mind. I advised him to let the child alone, and told him that the matter was not great, whether he could read at the end of four years or of five, and that I thought it not proper to harrass a tender mind with the violence of painful attention. I may perhaps procure both father and son a year of quiet, and surely I may rate myself among their benefactors.

I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

May 11. 1776

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on all four pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

On friday and saturday I dined with Dr Taylor who is in discontent, but resolved not to stay much longer to hear the opinions of Lawyers who are all against him. Who can blame him for being weary of them?

On Sunday I dined at Sir Joshua's house on the hill, with the Bishop of St. Asaph. The Dinner was good, and the Bishop is knowing and conversible. Yesterday at the Doctor's again—very little better—in the evening came in Dr Crane who enquired after you.

All this while the Doctor is hurt only in his vanity. He thought he had supplanted Mrs Wood, and Mrs Wood has found the means of defeating him. He really wanted nothing more than to have the power of bequeathing a reversion to Mr Green's son, who is very nearly related to Wood. This purity of intention however he cannot prove, and the transaction in itself seems pactum iniquum. I do not think that he can, or indeed that he ought to prevail.

Woodward, I hear, is gone to Bristol, in deep dudgeon at Barret's declaration against Chatterton's productions. You have now only Harington, whom you can only make a silent admirer. I hope my friend buzzes a little about you to keep me in your head, though I think, I do my part pretty well myself, there are very few writers of more punctuality.

I wish Queeney joy of her new watch, and next time I write intend myself the honour of directing my letter to her. Her hand is now very exact, and when use has made it free, may be very beautiful.

I am glad of Mr Thrale's resolution to take up his restes in person. He is wise in keeping the trade in his own hands, and appearing on proper

occasions as the principal agent. Every man has those about him who wish to sooth him into inactivity and delitescence, nor is there any semblance of kindness more vigorously to be repelled, than that which voluntarily offers a vicarious performance of the tasks of life, and conspires with the natural love of ease against diligence and perseverance.

While I was holding my pen over the last period I was called down to Father Wilks the Benedictine, and Father Brewer, a Doctor of the Sorbon, who are come to England, and are now wandering over London. I have invited them to dine with me tomorrow. Father Cowley is well, and Mrs Strickland is at Paris. More news than this I have not yet learned. They stay, I think, here but a little time.

I have sent your last parcel of powders, and hope soon to come myself.

I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

May. 22. 1776

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One sheet. 4to. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dearest Lady

You will have a note which I wrote last night. I was thinking as I lay awake that you might be worse, but I hope you will be every moment better and better. I have never had any overpowering pain, nor been kept more awake than is usual to me; but I am a very poor creeper upon the earth, catching at any thing with my hands to spare my feet. In a day or two I hope to be as fit for Streatham as for any other place. Mr Thrale it seems called last night when I was in bed, and yet I was not in bed till near twelve, for I sit up lest I should not sleep. He must keep well, for he is the pillar of the House, and you must get well or the house will hardly be worth propping.

I am,

Dearest Madam,

Your most humble servant.

Sam: Johnson

June 5. 1776

[ 137 ]

One sheet. 8vo. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

My feet disappointed me last night; I thought they would have given me no disturbance, but going up stairs, I fancy, fretted them, and they would not let me be easy. On Monday I am afraid I shall be a poor walker, but well enough to talk, and to hear you talk. And then, you know, what care We?

Mr Norton called on me yesterday, he is at Sayer's print-shop in Fleet-street, and would take an invitation to diner very kindly.

Poor Mr Levet has fallen down and hurt himself dangerously.

Of the Monks I can give no account. I had them to dinner, and gave each of them the *Political tracts* and furnished \*Wilkes with letter, which will, I believe, procure him a proper reception at Oxford.

I am,

Dearest Lady

Your most — and most &c

Sam: Johnson

June 8. (1776)

\* *A Benedictine monk who was at this time in England with another of the same Monastery.*—(Mrs Thrale's handwriting.)

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One sheet. 8vo. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Tempora mutantur. I am to dine today (Saturday) with Sir Joshua and Dr Warton on Sunday with Dr Lawrence, on Monday I am engaged to Miss Way, on Tuesday to Mrs Gardiner; on Wednesday I dine with Mr Langton and the Bishop of Chester; on Thursday with Mr Paradise and Mr Bryant. Thus, dearest Lady, am I hindred from being with you and Miss Owen. Mrs Montague talks of you, and says she will come [to] see you. but I hope, I shall come before her.

Jan. 11. 1777.

One sheet. 4to. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Omnium rerum vicissitudo. The Night after last Thursday was so bad, that I took ipecacuanha the next day. The next night was no better. On Saturday I dined with Sir Joshua. The night was such as I was forced to rise and pass some hours in a chair, with great labour of respiration. I found it now time to do something and went to Dr Lawrence, and told him I would do what he should order without reading the prescription. He sent for a Chirurgeon and took about twelve ounces of blood, and in the afternoon I got sleep in a chair.

At night when I came to lie down, after trial of an hour or two I found sleep impracticable, and therefore did what the Doctor permitted in a case of distress. I rose and opening the orifice let out about ten ounces more. Frank and I were but awkward, but with Mr Levet's help we stopped the stream, and I lay down again, though to little purpose, the difficulty of breathing allowed no rest. I slept again in the day time in an erect posture. The Doctor has ordered me a second bleeding, which, I hope, will set my Breath at liberty. Last night I could lie but a little at a time.

Yet I do not make it a matter of much form. I was to day at Mrs Gardiner's. When I have bled to morrow I will not give up Langton, nor Paradise. But I beg that you will fetch me away on Fryday. I do not know but clearer air may do me good; but whether the air be clear or dark, let me come to You. I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Wednesday Jan 15

one in the morning

1777.

To sleep, or not to sleep.—

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One sheet. 4to. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Madam

I have written to Dr Taylor, you may be sure, but the business is pretty much out of the Doctors way. His acquaintance is with the Lord Cavendishes, he barely knows the young Duke and Dutchess. He will be proud to show that he can do it, but he will hardly try, if he suspects any danger of refusal.



You will become such a Gadder, that you will not care a peny for me. However, you are wise in wishing to know what life is made of; to try what are the pleasures, which are so eagerly sought, and so dearly purchased. We must know pleasure before we can rationally despise. And it is not desirable that when you are with matronal authority talking down juvenile hopes and maiden passions, your hearers should tell you, like Miss Pitchers "You never saw a Fête."

That you may see this show I have written because

I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

May 19. 1777

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

No Postmark. Seal broken. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

I do not remember what has happened that you write on mourning paper and use black wax.

Boswel liked Seward better as he knew him more, and seems well pleased to be remembred by him and my Master.

Pretty dear Queeney I wish her many and many happy Birthdays. I hope you will never lose her, though I should go to Lichfield, and though she should sit the thirteenth in many a company.

You have nothing to say because you live at Streatham, and expect me to say much when I return from Lichfield and Ashbourne places to be considered as abounded in Novelty, and supplying every hour materials for history. It is as much as I can do to furnish every post with a letter, I keep nothing behind for oral communication.

I took Boswel yesterday to see Keddleston, and the silk mills, and china work at Derby, he was pleased with all. The Derby china is very pretty, but I think the gilding is all superficial, and the finer pieces are so dear, that perhaps silver vessels of the same capacity may be sometimes bought at the same price, and I am not yet so infected with the contagion of China-fancy, as to like any thing at that rate which can so easily be broken.

Master is very inconstant to Lady R——. Did he not hold out against forty such repellents from Mrs ——? He grows nice I find let him try whether nicety will make him happy.



DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE, BOLT COURT.

Boswel has spent more money than he expected, and I must supply him with part of his expences home. I have not much with me, and beg Master to send me by the next post a note of ten pounds, which I will punctually return, not in opportunities of beneficence, though the noblest payment in the world, but in money or Bank paper. Do not let him forget me.

Do not suppose that I wrote this letter on purpose to borrow. *My soul disdains it.* I did not think on it when I began to write. When I miss a post I consider myself as deviating from the true rule of action. Seeing things in this light, I consider every letter as something in the line of duty, upon this foot I make my arrangements, and under whatever circumstances of difficulty, endeavour to carry them into execution, for having in some degree pledged myself for the performance I think the reputation both of my head and my heart engaged, and reprobate every thought of desisting from the undertaking.

Howel tells of a few words in Spanish, the true utterance of which will denominate the Speaker bueno Romanciadador, the last sentence will un bueno politico. He that can rattle these words well together may say all that political controversy generally produces.

I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Nay, but do enquire after  
Bolt court.

Sept. 20. 1777

Ashbourne.

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One sheet. 4to. Written on both sides.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

Now to sit down to tell me a long newspaper story about Lord Harcourt and his dog.—I hoped when you had seen Levet, you would have learned something that concerned me.

I hope Master has been so kind as to send me the ten pounds else I shall be forced to borrow at Ashbourne or Lichfield.

Boswel has been this morning with me to see Ilam Gardens, he talks of going away this week, and I shall not think of staying here much longer though the wind whistles very prettily. My Nights, are still such as I do not like but complaint will not mend them.

If Sir John holds life to one and twenty, he will probably live on, for his constitution if it does not grow weaker will become firmer.

The harvest in Staffordshire has been such for plenty, and so well gathered as to be mentioned with admiration. Make your most of these golden years, and buy liberally what will now be liberally allowed. I hope to partake a little of the general abundance.—But I am now sixty eight. Make good use, my dear Lady of your days of health and spriteliness, sixty eight is coming fast upon you. Let it not find you wondering what is become of all the past.

If Aunt comes now she can do but little harm, for she will hardly go with you to Brighthelmston, and she cannot long trouble you at Streatham.

I hope soon to come to Lichfield, and from Lichfield to London.

Taylor and Bos. send their compliments with those of

Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Sept. 22. 1777 Ashbourne

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One sheet. 4to. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

[Boswell] is gone, and is I hope pleased that he has been here; though to look back on any thing with pleasure is not very common. He has been gay and good humoured in his usual way, but we have not agreed upon any other expedition. He had spent more money than he intended, and I supplied him; my deficiencies are again made up by Mr Thrales bill, for which I thank him.

I will send directions to the Taylor to make me some cloaths according to Mr Thrale's direction, though I cannot go with you to Brighthelmston, having loitered away the time I know not how, but, if you would have me I will endeavour to follow you, which upon the whole, perhaps may be as well. I am here now on the 25th and am obliged by promise to take Lichfield in my way, so that the 30th will come upon me too soon.

The Levet that has been found in the register must be some other Levet, I dare say our Friend does not in his heart believe that it is he.

I am glad that the Benedictines found you at last. Father Wilkes, when he was amongst us, took Oxford in his way. I recommended him to Dr Adams, on whom he impressed a high opinion of his Learning: I am glad that my cell is reserved. I may perhaps some time or other visit it, though



I cannot easily tell why one should go to Paris twice. Our own beds are soft enough. Yet my Master will tell you that one wants to be doing some thing. I have some thing like a longing to see my Masters Performances, a pleasure which I shall hardly have till he returns from Brighthelmston. I beg that before you go you will send the Bibliographia Britannica to my habitation.

I am

Dear Madam,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

Ashbourne. Sept. 25 1777

Let your next be sent  
to Lichfield.

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on four pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

And so because you hear that Mrs Desmoulines has written, you hold it not necessary to write, as if she could write like you, or I were equally content with hearing from her. Call you this backing your Friends? She did write, and I remember nothing in her letter, but that she was discontented, that I wrote only Madam to her, and dear Madam to Mrs Williams. Without any great dearness in the comparison, Williams is I think, the dearer of the two. I am glad that she mends, but I am afraid she cannot get the start of the season, and Winter will come before she is prepared for it.

But at Streatham there are dears and dears, who before this letter reaches them will be at Brighthelmston, wherever they be, may they have no uneasiness but for want of me.

Now you are gone I wonder how long you design to stay, pray let me know when you write to Lichfield, for I have not lost hope of coming to you, yet that purpose may chance to fail. But my comfort is, that you cannot charge me with forgetting you when I am away. You perhaps do not think how eagerly I expect the post.

Mrs grows old, and has lost much of her undulation and mobility. Her voice likewise is spoiled. She can come upon the stage now only for her own benefit. But Juliet is airy and cheerful, and has I hope done lamenting the inconstancy of Man. My Mistress is represented as unable to bear them company. There was not time for many questions, and no opportunity

tunity of winding and winding them, as Mr Richardson has it, so as to get truth out without questions. I do not indeed know that I am any great Winder. I suspect a Winder to be always a Man vacant, and commonly little minded. I think my dear little Mistress no great proficient at winding, though she could wind if she would, contemnit potius quam nescit.

Dr Taylor desires always to have his compliments sent. He is, in his usual way very busy,—getting a Bull to his cows and a Dog to his bitches. His waterfall runs very well. Old Shakespeare is dead and he wants to buy another horse for his mares. He is one of those who finds every hour *something new to wish or to enjoy*.

Boswel while he was here saw Keddleston and the Silk mills, and took Chatsworth in his way home. He says, his Wife does not love me quite well yet, though we have made a formal peace. He kept his journal very diligently, but then what was there to journalise. I should be glad to see what he says of \* . I think I told you that I took him to Ilam.

Why should you suspect me of forgetting lilly lolly? Now you will see the Shellys, and perhaps hear something about the Cottons, and you will bathe, and walk, and dress, and dance and who knows how little you will think on,

Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Michaelmass day (Sept 29) 1777

Ashbourn.

\* Hill writes, "Beauclerk, I suspect, is the name omitted. It suits the number of asterisks." There are nine printed in Hill, but the letter has twelve, which would suit Chesterfield.

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One sheet. 4to. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

You are glad that I am absent, and I am glad that you are sick. When you went away what did you do with your Aunt? I am glad she liked my Susey, I was always a Susey, when nobody else was a Susy. How have you managed at your new place? Could you all get lodgings in one house, and meat at one table? Let me hear the whole series of misery, for as Dr Young says, *I love horror*.

Methinks you are now a great way off, and, if I come, I have a great way to come to you. And then the Sea is so cold, and the rooms are so dull. Yet I do love to hear the sea roar and my Mistress talk. For when she talks Ye Gods, how she will talk. I wish I were with you, but we are now near



ECLIPSE.

SHAKESPEARE, BOUGHT BY DR. TAYLOR.

"Eclipse is first, and the rest nowhere." Macanlay.

half the length of England asunder. It is frightful to think how much time must pass between writing this letter and receiving an answer, if any answer were necessary. Taylor is now going to have a Ram, and then after aries and taurus we shall have gemini. His oats are now in the wet, here is a deal of rain. Mr Langdon bought at Nottingham fair fifteen tun of Cheese, which at an ounce apiece will suffice after dinner for 480000 men. This [is] all the news that the place affords. I purpose soon to be at Lichfield, but know not just when, having been defeated of my first design. When I come to town I am to be very busy about my Lives. Could not you do some of them for me?

I am glad Master unspelled you, and run you all on rocks, and drove you about, and made you stir. Never be cross about it. Quiet and calmness you have enough of, a little hurry stirs life, and brushing o'er adds motion to the pool. Dryden. Now *Pool*, bring my Masters excavations into my head. I wonder how I shall like them, I should like not to see them, till we all see them together. He will have no waterfal to roar like the Doctors. I sat by it yesterday and read, Erasmus's *Militis Christiani Enchiridion*. Have you got that Book?

Make my compliments to dear Queeny. I suppose she will dance at the rooms, and your heart will go one knows not how.

I am

Dearest and dearest Lady

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Ashbourne. Oct. 6. 1777

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One sheet, folio. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Lichfield Oct. 25. 177(7)

Dear Madam

Cholmondely's story shocks me, if it be true, which I can hardly think, for I am utterly unconscious of it, I am very sorry, and very much ashamed.

I am here for about a week longer, and then I purpose to hasten to London. How long do you stay at Brighthelmston? Now the Company is gone why should you be the lag. The Season of Brewing will soon be here, if it [is] not already come. We have here cold weather, and loud winds.

Miss Porter is better than is usual, and Mrs Aston is, I hope, not worse, but she is very bad, and being, I fancy, about sixty eight, is it likely that she will ever be better?



It is really now a long time that we have been writing and writing, and yet how small a part of our minds have we written? We shall meet, I hope, soon, and talk it out.

You are not yet sixty eight, but it will come, and perhaps you may then sometimes remembe[r] me.

In the mean time do not think to be young beyond the time, do not play Agnes, and do not grow old before your time, nor suffer yourself to be too soon driven from the stage. You can yet give pleasure by your appearance, show yourself therefore, and be pleased by pleasing. It is not now too soon to be wise, nor is it yet too late to be gay.

Streatham is now I suppose the eighth wonder of the world, I long to see it, but do not intend to go till, as I once said before, my Master and You and I, and no body else shall be with us, perambulate it together.

Cicely, I warrant you, will do well enough. I am glad you are so sick—and nobody to pity—Now for another pretty little Girl—But we know not what is best.

I am

Dearest Lady

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Pay my respect to  
Miss Owen

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages.

No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

You talk of writing and writing as if you had all the writing to yourself. If our Correspondence were printed I am sure Posterity, for Posterity is always the authours favourite, would say that I am a good writer too. Anch'io sonô Pittore. To sit down so often with nothing to say, to say something so often, almost without consciousness of saying, and without any remembrance of having said, is a power of which I will not violate my modesty by boasting, but I do not believe that every body has it.

Some when they write to their friends are all affection, some are wise and sententious, some strain their powers for efforts of gayety, some write news, and some write secrets, but to make a letter without affection, without wisdom, without gayety, without news, and without a secret is, doubtless, the great epistolick art.

In a Man's Letters you know, Madam, his soul lies naked, his letters are only the mirrour of his breast, whatever passes within him is shown undisguised in its natural process, Nothing is inverted, nothing distorted, you see systems in their elements, you discover actions in their motives.

Of this great truth sounded by the knowing to the ignorant, and so echoed by the ignorant to the knowing, what evidence have you now before you. Is not my soul laid open in these veracious pages? do not you see me reduced to my first principles? This is the pleasure of corresponding with a Friend, where doubt and distrust have no place and everything is said as it is thought. The original Idea is laid down in its simple purity, and all the super-venient conceptions, are spread over it stratum super stratum, as they happen to be formed. These are the letters by which souls are united, and by which Minds naturally in unison move each other as they are moved themselves. I know, dearest Lady, that in the perusal of this such is the consanguinity of our intellects, you will be touched as I am touched. I have indeed concealed nothing from you, nor do I expect ever to repent of having thus opened my heart.

I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

Lichfield Oct. 27. 1777

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Letter, April 20, 1778. See page 160.

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One sheet. 4to. Written on both sides.

No Postmark. No Address.

Dear Madam

Since I was fetched away from Streatham the journal stands thus

Saturday, Sir J. R.            Sunday, Mr Hoole.

Monday, Lord Lucan.        Tuesday, Gen. Paoli.

Wednesday Mr Ramsay.      Thursday, Old Bailey.

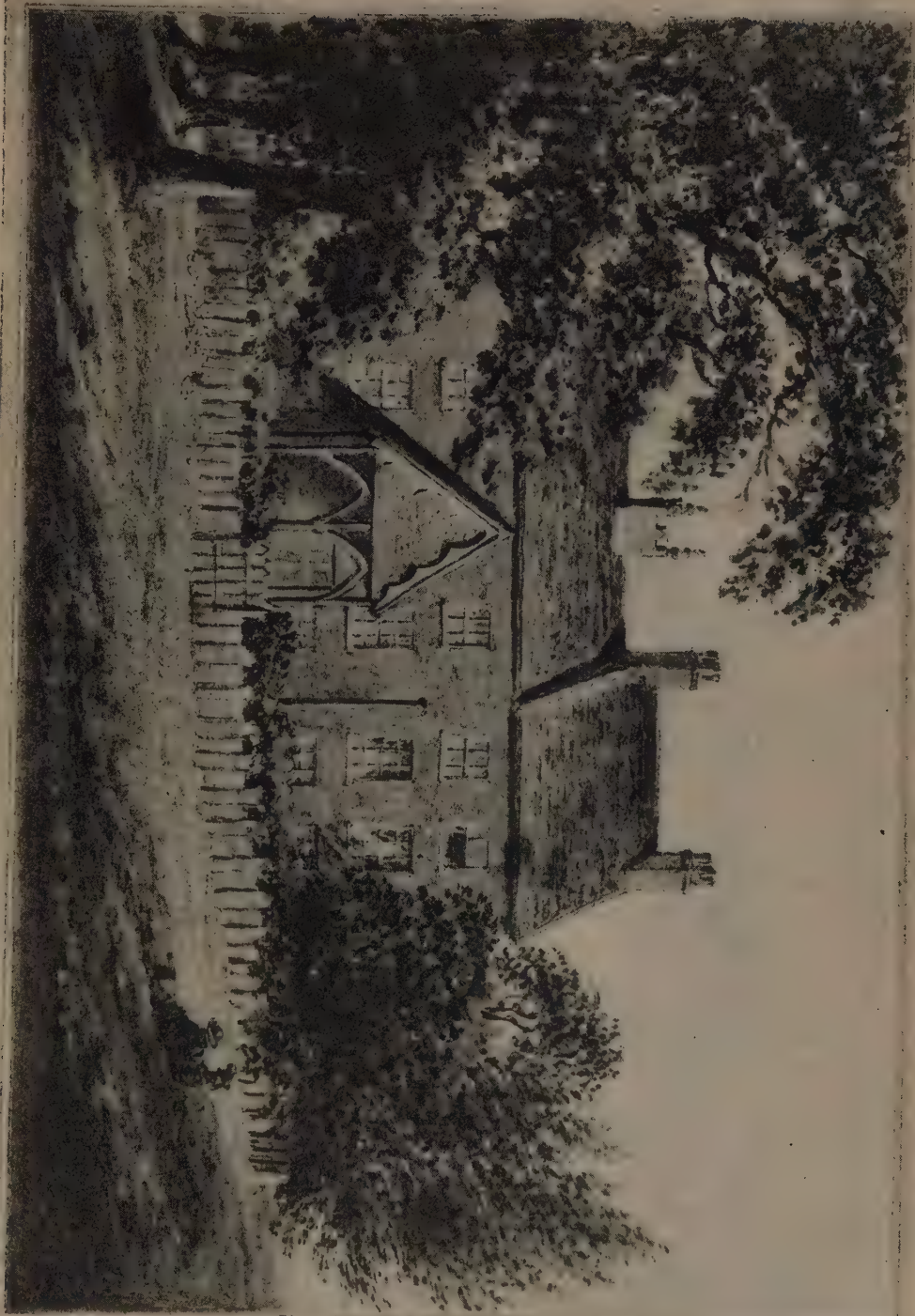
Fryday, Club.            Saturday Sir J. R.

Sunday Lady Lucan.

Monday, pray let it be Streatham, and very early, do now let it be very early. For I may be carried away—just like Ganymede of Troy.

I hope my Master grows well, and my Mistress continues bad. I am afraid the Ladies will be gone, and I shall say

She's gone, and never knew how much I lov'd her.



*The Manor House,  
Brentford,  
Surrey.*





*Mrs. Montagu*

Taken from *Mrs. Montagu, "Queen of the Blues,"*  
edited by Reginald Blunt.



Do now let me know whether you will send for me—early—on Monday.  
But take some care, or your letter will not come till tuesday.

I am,

Dearest Lady,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Apr. 30. 1778

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Two sheets, folio. Written on all four pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dearest Madam

You that are among all the Wits, delighting and delighted, have little need of Entertainment from me whom you left at home unregarded and unpitied, to shift in a world to which you have made me so much a stranger, yet I know how you will pretend to be angry if I do not write a letter which when you know the hand you will perhaps lay aside to be read when you are dressing to morrow, and which when you have read it, if that time ever comes you will throw away into the draw[er] and say—stuff!

As to Dr Collier's Epitaph, Nollkens has had it so long, that I have forgotten how long. You never had it. So you may set the Stratfields at defiance.

There is a print of Mrs Montague, and I shall think myself very ill rewarded for my love and admiration if she does not give me one. She will give it nobody in whom it will excite more respectful sentiments. But I never could get any thing from her but by pushing a face, and so, if you please, you may tell her.

I hope you will let Miss Stratfield know how safe you keep her book. It was too fine for a Scholar's talons. I hope she gets books that she may handle with more freedom, and understand with less difficulty. Do not let her forget me.

When I called the other day at Burney's, I found only the young ones at home, at last came the Doctor and Madam from a dinner in the country, to tell how they had been robbed as the[y] returned. The Doctor saved his purse but gave them three guineas and some silver, of which they returned him three and sixpence unasked to pay the turnpike.

I have sat twice to Sir Joshua, and he seems to like his own performance. He has projected another in which I am to be busy, but we can think on it at leisure.

Mrs Williams is come home better, and the habitation is all concord and Harmony; only Mr Levet harbours discontent.

With Dr Lawrence's consent I have for the two last nights taken Musk, the first night was a worse night than common, the second a better, but not so much better as that I dare ascribe any virtue to the medicine. I took a scruple each time.

Now Miss has seen the Camp, I think, she should write me some account of it. A Camp, however familiarly we may speak of it, is one of the great scenes of human life. War and peace divide [the] business of the world. Camps are the habitations of those who conquer kingdoms or defend them.

But what are Wits, and Pictures, and Camps and Physicks? There is still a nearer concern to most of us. Is my Master come to himself? Does he talk and walk and look about him, as if there were yet something in the world for which it is worth while to live? or does he yet sit and say nothing? He was mending before he went, and surely has not relapsed. To grieve for evils is often wrong, but it is much more wrong to grieve without them. All sorrow that lasts longer than its cause is morbid, and should be shaken off as an attack of melancholy, as the forerunner of a greater evil than poverty or pain.

I never said with Dr Dodd that *I love to prattle upon paper*, but I have prattled now till the paper will not hold much more, than my good wishes, which I sincerely send you.

I am, Madam,

Your most humble servant, Sam: Johnson

Octr 15. 1778

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One sheet. 4to. Written on both sides.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

The Lord Mayor has had a dismal day. Will not this weather drive you home? Perhaps you know not any body that will be glad to see you. I hope our Well will yield water again, and something fuller you will find the pond; but then all the trees are naked, and the ground damp. But the year must go round.

While you are away, I take great delight in your letters, only when you talk so much of obligations to me you should consider how much you put me into the condition of *honest Joseph*.

Young Desmoulins thinks he has got something, he knows not what at Drury Lane; his Mother talk[s] little of it. Sure it is not a *hum*. Mr Levet

who thinks his ancient rights invaded, stands at bay, *fierce as ten furies*. Mrs Williams growls and scolds, but Poll does not much flinch. Every body is in want. I shall be glad to see Streatham again, but I can find no reason for going to Brighthelmston, but that of seeing my Master and you three days sooner.

I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Nov. 9. 1778

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages.

Postmark

21

NO

Stamped

Free

Addressed—

To Henry Thrale Esq

at Brighthelmston

Sussex

Dear Madam

I will write to you once more before you come away but—nil mihi rescribas—I hope soon to see you. Burney and I have settled it, and I will not take a postchaise, merely to show my independence.

Now the dog is drowned I shall see both you and my Master just as you are used to be, and with your being as you have been, your friends may very reasonably be satisfied. Only, be better if you can.

Return my thanks, if you please, to Queeney for her letters I do not yet design to leave her for Susy, but how near is the time when She will leave me, and leave me to Susy or any body else that will pick me up.

— Currit enim ferox

Aetas, et illi quos tibi demserit

Apponet annos. —

Queeney, whom you watched while I held her, will soon think our care of her very superfluous.

Miss Biron, and, I suppose, Mrs Biron, is gone. You are by this time left alone to wander over the Steene, and listen to the waves. This is but a dull life, come away and be busy and count your poultry, and look into your

dairy, and at leisure hours learn what revolutions have happened at Streatham.

I believe I told you that Jack Desmoulines is rated upon the Book at Drury Lane five and twenty shillings a week.

Baretti has told his musical scheme to Burney, and Burney *will neither grant the question nor deny*. He is of opinion, that, if it does not fail, it will succeed, but, if it does not succeed, he conceives it must fail.

It is good to speak dubiously about futurity. It is likewise not amiss to hope.

Did I ever tell you that George Strahan was married? It so fell out that George fell in love with a girl whose fortune was so small that he perhaps could not mention it to his Father; but it happened likewise by the lottery of love, that the Father liked her so well, as of himself to recommend her to George. Such coincidence is rare.

Come, now, do come home as fast as you can,  
Come with a whoop, come with a call,  
Come with a good will, or come not at all.

I am,

Madam,

Your most obedient

Sam: Johnson

Nov. 21. 1778

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Two sheets. 8vo. Written on first page.

No Postmark. With Seal.

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale

Madam

An unexpected invitation will keep me here to Monday, but do, dear, sweet, fine, fair, kind, &c &c &c &c &c &c send for me before sunrise on Monday. I have sent you the books.

I am,

Dearest Lady,

Your most, and most &c

Friday Apr. 9  
1779

Sam: Johnson



One sheet, small 4to. Written on first page.

No Date. No Address. (To Mrs. Thrale)

Madam

I have now got more books for Mr. Thrale than can be carried in the coach, and, I think, he may better send a cart than we can get one, because he may send with it baskets or sacks for the smaller volumes. We have of all sizes more than four hundred. If I could know when the cart would come I would take care to have somebody on the way. But perhaps there is no haste; yet I now care not how soon they are gone. Please to send me word that you are pretty well, at least tell me how you are.

I am

Madam,

Your most obedient

Sam: Johnson

May 21.

(Year uncertain.)

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Two sheets, small 4to. Written on first three pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Madam

I have now been here a week, and will try to give you my Journal, or such parts of it as are fit in my mind for communication.

On friday. We set out about twelve, and lay at Daventry.

On Saturday. We dined with Mr Rann at Coventry. He intercepted us at the town's end. I saw Tom Johnson who had hardly life to know that I was with him. I hear he is since dead. In the Evening I came to Lucy, and walked to Stow hill; Mrs Aston was gone or going to Bed. I did not see her.

Sunday. After diner (*sic*) I went to Stow hill, and was very kindly received. At night I saw my old friend Brodhurst—you know him—the play fellow of my infancy, and gave him a Guinea.

Monday. Dr Taylor came, and we went with Mrs Cobb to Greenhill Bower. I had not seen it perhaps for fifty years. It is much degenerated. Every thing grows old. Taylor is to fetch me next Saturday.

Mr Green came to see us, and I ordered some physick.

Tuesday. Physick, and a little company. I dined, I think, with Lucy both Monday and Tuesday.

Wednesday	}	I had a few visits, from Peter Garrick
Thursday		among the rest, and dined at Stow hill.
	}	My breath very short.

Friday. I dined at Stow hill. I have taken Physick four days together.

Saturday. Mrs Aston took me out in her chaise, and was very kind. I dined with Mrs Cobb and came to Lucy with whom I found, as I had done the first day, Lady Smith and Miss Vyse. I find that Dr Vyse talks here of Miss Stratfield.

This is the course of my life. You do not think it much makes me forget Streatham. However it is good to wander a little, lest one should dream that all the world was Streatham, of which one may venture to say *None but itself can be its parallel.*

I am,

Dear Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Lichfield May 29. 1779

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on both sides of first sheet.

Postmark	<table border="1"><tr><td>12</td></tr><tr><td>IV</td></tr></table>	12	IV	Seal broken.	Stamped	<table border="1"><tr><td>FREE</td></tr></table>	FREE	—Stamped Ash bourn
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Addressed—

To Henry Thrale Esq  
in Southwark

Dear Madam

I am surprised to find that I can be away and write so seldom, but I have very little to say. Mr Green was much delighted with his afternoon at your house, and returned home much enriched by Mr Lever.

Poor Lucy is so much enfeebled in her feet that she cannot walk to church, and what is far worse, has her hearing very much impaired. I wish Miss would write to her. She will be glad.

Mrs Aston is better than when I left her two years ago; but she eats almost nothing. Everybody else is as when you left us.

I have tried Phlebotomy and Physick but with no great success, but, I think, I am not worse.

Here is Dr Taylor, better in his health likewise than he was. He eats little, but drinks by measure a full quart of water every dinner, which he says has quite cured the swelling of his legs. I dined two days ago with the old set of friends, male and female.

I am

Dear Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Ashbourne June 10. 1779

---

One sheet. 4to. Written on both pages.

No Address. (To Mrs. Thrale)

Dear Madam

Your account of Mr. Thrale's illness is very terrible, but when I remember that he seems to have it peculiar to his constitution, that whatever distemper he has, he always has his head affected, I am less frightened. The seizure was, I think, not apoplectical, but hysterical, and therefore not dangerous to life. I would have you however consult such Physicians as you think, you can best trust. Bromfield seems to have done well, and by his practice appears not to suspect an apoplexy. That is a solid and fundamental comfort. I remember Dr. Marsigli an Italian Physician whose seizure was more violent than Mr. Thrale's, for he fell down helpless, but his case was not considered as of much danger, and he went safe home, and is now a professor at Padua. His fit was considered as only hysterical.

I hope Sir Philip who franked your letter comforts you as well as Mr Seward. If I can comfort you, I will come to you, but I hope you are now no longer in want of any help to be happy.

I am,

Dearest Madam,

Your most humble Servant,

Sam: Johnson

June 12. 1779.

Ashbourne.

The Dr. sends his compliments, he is one of the people that are growing old.



Yours sincerely  
H Thrale

To Henry Thrale Esq



One sheet. 4to. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

How near we all are to extreme danger. We are are (*sic*) merry or sad, or busy or idle, and forget that Death is hovering over us. You were a dear Lady for writing again. The case as you now describe it is worse than I conceived it when I read your first letter. It is still however not apoplectick, but seems to have something worse than hys[t]erical, a tendency to a palsy, which I hope, however, is now over. I am glad that you have Heberden, and hope We are all safer. I am the more alarmed by this violent seizure, as I can impute it to no wrong practices or intemperance of any kind, and therefore know not how any defence or preservative can be obtained. Mr Thrale has certainly less exercise than when he folowed the foxes, but he is very far from unwieldiness or inactivity, and further still from any vitious or dangerous excess. I fancy however he will do well to ride more.

Do, dear Madam, let me know every post, how he goes on. Such sudden violence is very dreadful, we know not by what it is let loose upon us, nor by what its effects are limited.

If my coming can either assist or divert, or be useful to any purpose, let me but know. I will soon be with you.

Mrs Kennedy, Queeny's Baucis, ended last week a long life of disease and poverty. She had been married about fifty years.

Dr Taylor is not much amiss, but always complaining.

I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Ashbourne, June 14. 1779

Direct the next to Lichfield

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One sheet. 4to. Written on both sides.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

I begin to be frighted at your omission to write, do not torment me any longer, but let me know where you are, how you got thither, how you live there and every thing else, that one friend loves to know of another.

I will show you the way.

On Sunday the gout left my ankles, and I went very commodiously to Church. On Monday night I felt my feet uneasy. On Tuesday I was quite lame. That night I took an opiate, having first taken physick and fasted. Towards morning on Wednesday the pain remitted Bozzy came to me, and much talk we had. I fasted another day, and on Wednesday night could walk tolerably. On Thursday finding myself mending, I ventured on my dinner, which I think has a little interrupted my convalescence. To day I have again taken physick and eaten only some stewed apples. I hope to starve it away. It is now not worse than it was at Brighthelmston.

This, Madam, is the history of one of my toes; the history of my head would perhaps be much shorter. I thought it was the gout on Saturday. It has already lost me two dinners abroad, but then I have not been at much more charges for I have eaten little at home.

Surely I shall have a letter to morrow. I am

Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Oct. 8. 1779

London

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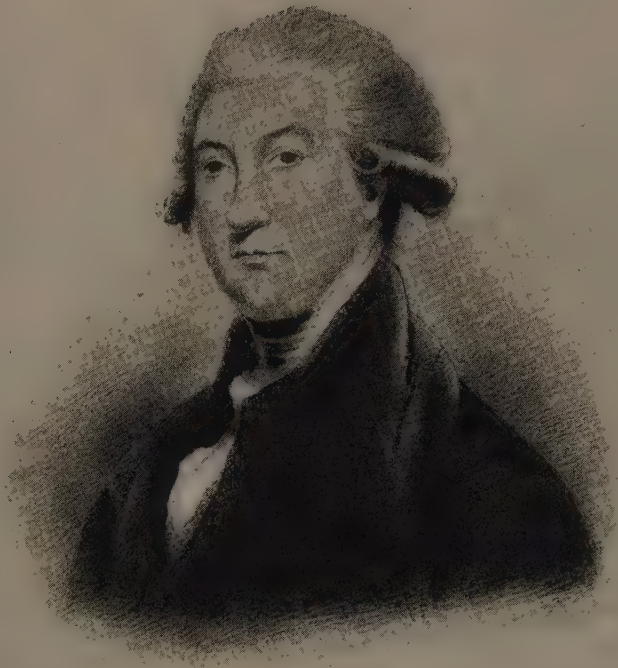
Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

Your treatment of little Perkins was undoubtedly right; when there is so strong a reason against any thing as unconquerable terour, there ought surely to be some mighty reason for it, before it is done. But for putting into the water a child already well it is not very [easy] to find any reason strong or weak. That the nurses fretted will supply me during life with an additional motive to keep every child, as far as is possible, out of a Nurse's power. a Nurse made of common mould will have a pride in overpowering a child's reluctance. There are few minds to which tyranny is not delightful; Power is nothing but as it is felt, and the delight of superiority is proportionate to the resistance overcome.

I walked yesterday to Covent garden, and feel today neither pain nor weakness. Send me, if you can, such an account of yourself and my Master.



Bozzz  
after Sir Joshua

Sir Philip sent me word that he should be in town, but he has not yet called. Yesterday came Lady Lucan, and Miss Bingham, and she said it was the first visit that she had paid.

Your new friend Mr Bowen who has sold fifty sets, had but thirty to sell, and, I am afraid, has yet a set or two for a friend. There is a great deal of fallacy in this World. I hope you do not teach the company wholly to forsake poor Thomas.

The want of company is an inconvenience, but Mr Cumberland is a Million, make the most of what you have. Send my Master out to hunt in the morning, and to walk the rooms in the evening, and bring him as active, as a stag on the mountain back to the Borough. When he is in motion he is mending.

The young ones are very good in minding their book. If I do not make something of them *"I will reflect upon me, as I know not my trade,* for their parts are sufficiently known; and every body will have a better opinion of their industry than of mine. However, I hope when they come back to accustom them to more lessons.

Your account of Mr Scrase gives me no delight. He was a friend upon all occasions, whether assistance was wanted from the purse or the understanding. When he is gone our barrier against calamity is weakened; and we must act with more caution, as we shall be in more danger. Consult him, while his advice is yet to be had.

What makes Cumberland hate Burney. Delap is indeed a rival, and can upon occasion *provoke a bugle*, but what has Burney done? Does he not like her book?

Dr Burney has passed one Evening with me. He has made great discoveries in a library at Cambridge, and he finds so many precious materials, that his Book must be a Porters load. He has sent me another sheet.

I am,

Dearest of all dear Ladies.

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

London. Oct. 21. 1779

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Poor Mrs [B — ?] I am glad that she runs to you at last for shelter, give her, dear Madam, what comfort you can. Has any calamity fallen upon  
[ 157 ] her?



her? Her husband, so much as I hear, is well enough spoken of, nor is it supposed that he had power to do more than has been done. But Life must have its end, and commonly an end of gloomy discontent, and lingering distress.

While you are vigorous and spritely you must take into your protection as many as you can of those who are tottering under their burden. When you want the same support, may you always find it.

I have for some time had a cough and a cold, but I did not mind it; continuance however makes it heavy, but it seems to be going away.

My Master, I hope, hunts, and walks, and courts the Belles, and shakes Brighthelmston. When he comes back frolick, and active, we will make a feast, and drink his health, and have a noble day.

Of the Lucans I have never heard since. On Saturday after having fasted almost all the week, I dined with Renny. For Wednesday I am invited by the Veseys, and if I am well, purpose to go. I imagine there will be a large company. The invitation is to dine and spend the evening. Too much at a time. I shall be in danger of crying out with Mr Head *catamaran* whatever that may mean, for it seemed to imply tediousness and disgust. I do not much like to go, and I do not much like to stay away.

Have you any assemblies at this time of the year, and does Queeny dance? and does Burney dance too? I would have Burney dance with Cumberland, and so make all up.

Discord keeps her residence in this habitation, but she has for some time been silent. We have much malice, but no mischief. Levett is rather a friend to Williams, because he hates Desmoulins more, a thing that he should hate more than Desmoulins is not to be found.

I hear, but you never tell me anything, that you have at last begun to bathe. I am sorry that your toothach kept you out of the Water so long, because I know you love to be in it.

If such letters as this were to cost you any thing, I should hardly write them, but since they come to you for nothing, I am willing enough to write though I have nothing to say, because a sorry letter serves to keep one from dropping totally out of your head, and I would not have you forget that there is in the world such a poor Being as

Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

London. Nov. 7. 1779

One sheet, folio. Written on both sides.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dearest Madam

I did not mistake Dr Woodward's case, nor should have wanted my explanation. But broken is a very bad word in the city.

There has just been with me Dr Burney, who has given. What has he given? Nothing, I believe, gratis. He has given fifty seven lessons this week. Surely this is business.

I thought to have finished Rowe's life today, but I have [had] five or six visitors who hindered me, and I have not been quite well. Next week I hope to despatch four or five of them.

It is a great delight to hear so much good of all of you. Fanny tells me good news of you, and you speak well of Fanny, and all of you say what one would wish of my Master. And my sweet Queeny, I hope is well. Does she drink the Waters? *One glass* would do her as much good as it does her father.

You and Mrs Montague must keep Mrs Cotton about you, and try to make a Wit of her. She will be a little unskilful in her first Essays, but you will see, how precept and example will bring her forwards.

Surely it is very fine to have your powers. The Wits court you, and the Methodists love you, and the whole world runs about you, and you write me word how well you can do without me, and so, go thy ways poor Jack.

That sovereign *glass of water* is the great medicine; and though his legs are rather too big, yet my Master takes a glass of water. This is bold practice. I believe, under the protection of a glass of water of water (*sic*) drank at the pump, he may venture once a week upon a stew'd lamprey.

I wish you all good, yet know not what to wish you which you have not. May all good continue and encrease.

I am

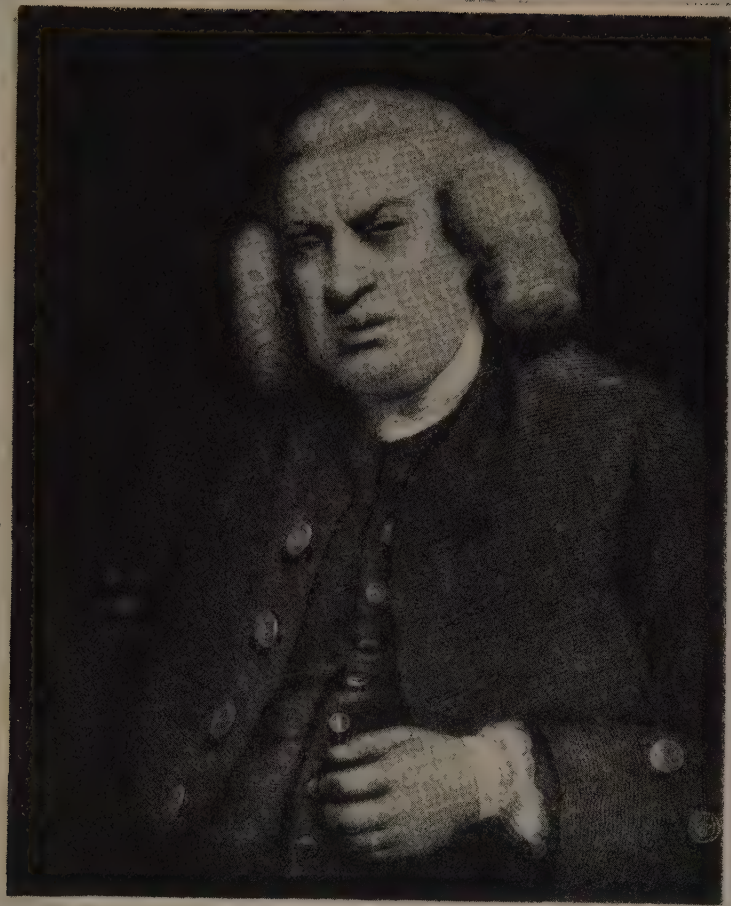
Madam

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

April 15. 1780

You owe me silver F: (?)



JOHNSON.

*From a Picture by Sir J. Kneller  
in the possession of Sir Robert Kneller*

DR. JOHNSON'S  
LIVES OF THE  
ENGLISH POETS.

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VOLUME I.



# Rowe.

73.

Nicholas Rowe was born at Little Berkhampstead in Bedfordshire in 1673. His family <sup>and long possessed a considerable</sup> ~~was situated, his ancestors~~ <sup>estate</sup> with a good house at <sup>Hamerton</sup> ~~Hamerton~~ in Dorsetshire. The ancestor from whom he descended in a direct line, received the arms borne by his descendants for his bravery in the Holy War. His Father John Rowe <sup>also</sup> was the first that quitted his paternal acres to practise any art or profession, prosecuted the law, and published Bentons and Halliars Reports in the reign of James the second, <sup>when and in opposition</sup> ~~when he had~~ to the scheme then diligently propagated of dispensing power, he ventured to remark how low <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ authors ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> the prerogative. He <sup>was</sup> made a Sergeant, and died August 30. 1692. He was buried in the Temple church.

<sup>He</sup> ~~He~~ <sup>was</sup> first sent to a private school at Mizzgate, and being afterwards removed to Westminster, was at twelve years chosen one of the Kings Scholars. His master was Busby who suffered some of his Scholars to learn their lessons by rote, and his exercises in several Latin pages are said to have been written with uncommon degrees of excellence, and yet to have cost him very little labour.

At sixteen he had in his Fathers opinion made advances in learning sufficient to qualify him for the study of Law, and he was entered a Student of the middle temple, where for some time he read Statutes and reports with proficients proper to make to himself the use of his mind, which was

already felt that he understood or comprehended law, not as a series of precedents, or collection of positive precepts, but as system of rational government, and impartial justice.

When he was sixteen, he was by the death of his father left more or less on his own devices, and probably from that time suffered less gradually to give way to Poetry. At twenty five he produced The Anti-Hero, Stephen - then, which was received with so much favour, that he devoted himself <sup>from</sup> wholly that time wholly to the more elegant parts of Poetry.

His next tragedy was Danvers in which <sup>under the name of</sup> Danvers he ~~intended~~ intended to characterize King William, and Lewis the firstborn under that of Bojagor. The critics of Danvers seem to have been particularly captivated with his first, for I know not that History gives any other qualities than those which make a Conqueror. The highest honour of the time was to accumulate upon Lewis all that can raise a hero and a legislator, and whatever good was withheld from him, that it might not be thrown away was bestowed upon King William.

This was the tragedy <sup>which</sup> from hence ranked most, and that which probably by the help of political auxiliaries spiked most of plants, but occasional poetry must often content itself with occasional praise. The tragedy has for many years been acted only once a year on the English stage.

King William landed. Our quarrel with Spain has been long over, and<sup>3</sup>  
 the great-father neither good nor malicious but has been painted with ~~an~~ <sup>aggravated</sup> ~~expression~~  
<sup>bad</sup> features like a Spaniard upon a Sign.

The True Portent, in depth of production, is one of the most pleasing nuggets on the English stage, where it still keeps its own of appearing, and probably will long keep them, for there is scarcely any work of any sort so interesting by the table, and so delightful to the language. The story is dramatic and therefore easily awarded by the imagination, and applied to common life, the diction is exquisitely harmonious, and soft or sprightly as occasion requires.

The character of Gothens seems to have been expanded by Richard-  
son into Don Quixote, but he has spoiled his original in the moral spirit of  
the fiction. Gothens with gazely subtlety cannot be hated, and being which can-  
not be despised <sup>dis with</sup> ~~him~~ <sup>his</sup> much of the Spectator's kindness. It was  
in the power of Richardson alone to <sup>keep</sup> ~~make~~ us at once his hero, and then  
his <sup>chair</sup> ~~to~~ make various ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~him~~ <sup>him</sup> ~~conquer~~ <sup>conquer</sup> all the benevolence which wit,  
and elegance, and courage naturally excite, and to leave at last the hero in  
the villain.

The fifth act is not equal to the former, the events of the drama



are exhausted, and little remains but to talk of what is past. It has been  
observed that the title of the play does not sufficiently correspond with the  
behaviour of Callisto who at last shows no evident signs of repentance, but  
may be properly supposed of feeling pain from detraction rather than from guilt,  
and who expects more shame than fear, and more rage than shame.

His next regards are Ulysses, which with the common fate of by the-  
ological stories, is now generally neglected. We have too only <sup>acquainted</sup> with  
the poetical hero to report any pleasure from their removal, as to show them  
as they have already shown in the disgust by repetition, to give them new  
qualities or new adventures is to stand by notably absurd notions.

The Royal Consort seems to have a better claim to longevity. The titles  
are drawn from <sup>and barbarous</sup> the obscene <sup>and</sup> which fictions are most easily and properly  
adapted, for when images <sup>that</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> imperfect soon they easily  
take form from imagination. The scene lies among our streets in our own  
country, and therefore more easily catches attention. Rhodogune is a personage  
only logical, of high spirit, and violent passions, great with vengeance  
in dignity, and mixed with a <sup>bold</sup> ~~fact~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>with</sup> have been <sup>with</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup>  
written. The motto seems to tell that this play was not successful.

Rive does not always remember what his character requires. In Tamara  
there is some ridiculous mention of the God of love, and Rhodogune, a



Savage Baxon ruler of Vorn, and the Eagle that was the murderer of <sup>his</sup> father.  
This play differs in one date, by a production of the Union in imitation  
of Cranmer's prophetic promise in Henry the eighth; the <sup>and</sup> expected blessings  
of them are not very naturally introduced or very happily expressed.

He once, I know not <sup>in</sup> at what part of his life, walked on a Comedy  
and produced the Biter, with which though in some unfavourably treated  
by the audience, he was himself delighted, for he is said to have sat in  
the house, laughing with great vehemence, whenever he had in his own  
piece produced a jest. But finding that he and the public <sup>had</sup> ~~some~~ no sym-  
pathy of mind, he took at lighter scenes no more.

After the Royal Court appeared John Shore written as its author  
proposes in imitation of Shakespeare's Shile. In what he thought himself  
an imitator of Shakespeare in is not only to receive the manner, the diction,  
the sentiments, and the conduct, every thing in which imitation can consist  
are made in the utmost degree from the manner of Shakespeare, <sup>whose manner it</sup> to reform-  
bles <sup>eyes as it</sup> ~~there~~ is an English story, and some of the persons have their  
names in history. This play consists chiefly of domestic scenes and pri-  
vate disputes long held upon the heart. The Wife is forever breaking the  
wedges, and the Husband is forever breaking the pieces. This Skewron is one  
of those pieces which are still welcome on the stage.

His copy regularly was sent to the King. This subject had been chosen by Mr. Smith, whose papers were put into Kew's hands such as he deposited them in his presence. This plan likewise has been into oblivion.

From this time he wrote no more for the Press, being by a comfortable fortune exempted from any necessity of soliciting the publication. He never wrote an English work, and therefore does not appear to have ever written in English. His works were finished in his own application, and bear few marks of negligence or hurry. It is remarkable that his prefaces and epilogues are all his own, though he sometimes wrote for others; he afforded help but did not solicit it. ~~XXX~~

He was entirely engaged to improve his revenue by other acts than for his undersecretary for the Treasury. When the Duke of Queensberry was Secretary of State, and afterwards Chancellor, and applied to the Earl of Oxford for some employment in the State. Oxford engaged him to study the Spanish, <sup>and</sup> ~~but~~ when some time afterwards he came again, and said that he had mastered it, detained him with this <sup>Spanish</sup> ~~application~~, <sup>in a degree</sup> ~~that he might be saying~~ the pleasure of reading Don Quixote in the original.

This story is sufficiently attested, but why Oxford, who desired to be Master of the University of Literature, should thus insult a man of acknowledged merit, why Kew who was so keen a whig that he had not willingly converse with ~~the Duke of Queensberry~~ <sup>the Duke of Queensberry</sup>





Mr Rowe accompanied me and passed a week in the forest. I need not tell  
you how much a man of his kind entertained me, but I must acquaint you, there  
is a vivacity and gaiety of disposition almost peculiar to him, which make it im-  
possible to part from him without that uneasiness which generally succeeds  
all our pleasures.

Pope has left behind him another mark of his companion's ad-  
vances, which is thus reported by Dr Warburton (X 5 in part)

This couple time has not left in the power of concealing or disguising.  
it often in daily shows, that much shop is not to be said on by political re-  
velations, and pointed phrases, which he that utters them desires to be ap-  
praised rather than credited. <sup>criticism can hardly suppose a man means else than he says</sup> Some characters can bear the microscope, some  
may of wit quickened by age, and perhaps <sup>the</sup> better left advice to writers would  
be, that they should keep out of the way of one another.

Rowe is chiefly to be considered as a tragic writer and a  
translator. In his attempt at Comedy he failed so ignominiously that  
his Bicker is not inserted in his works; and his occasional poems and  
short compositions <sup>are rarely</sup> ~~from time to time~~ worthy of either praise or cen-  
sure. Thus from the casual sparks of a mind seeking <sup>rather to</sup> ~~amuse~~ its leisure than to ex-  
ert its powers.

In the construction of his dramas there is not much art; he is not  
an observer of the writer. He selects the time and variety of place as his



conscience requires. To vary the place is not in my opinion any violation of law - if <sup>the charge</sup> ~~it is~~ <sup>to make</sup> between the act <sup>it is</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>unless</sup> says for the Spectator we do support ourselves at others in the second act than at 3 halves in the first, but to change the scene, as is done by Row in the middle of an act, is to add more acts to the play, since an act is so much of the business as is completed without interruption. Rowe by this device easily extricates himself from difficulties, as in Jane Grey when she has been terrified with all the dreadful groups of public executioners, and are wondering how the Heretic or the Port will proceed, so sooner <sup>Jane Grey's death</sup> ~~some prophetic rhymes~~, than - pop and he goes - The scene closes, and Pembroke and Gardiner are turned out before the Stage.

Then I know not that there can be found in his plays any drop  
 of such, <sup>any</sup> accurate discriminations of kindred qualities, or any wise  
 display of any passion in its progress; all is general and undefined. He  
 does he much in brief, <sup>or after</sup> the conclusion, speaks in prose there also in at-  
 tains love and hatred with pity. Maria is a character of simple sense  
 with no resemblance to real women or to <sup>natural</sup> ~~and~~ weakness.

Wherein does his Poem lie wonderful? From the grandeur and  
 propriety of some of his Scenes, and the elegance of his diction, and

The swan of his verse. No <sup>sober</sup> ~~golden~~ moves either pity or terror, but he  
often elevates the fishermen, he seldom pierces the heart, but he always  
delights the ear, and often improves the understanding.

The translation of the Golden Wreath and the Birth book of Griff-  
let's poem, have nothing in them remarkable; the good verses are better.  
The version of Luce is one of the gentlest productions of the English  
Poets, for there is perhaps none that so completely exhibits the  
gentle and spirit of the original. Luce is distinguished by a  
kind of emotional or philosophical dignity, rather as Quintilian offers  
revelations than precepts, full of antitheses, maxims and pointed  
sentences, or compressed in vigorous and animated lines. This character  
Luce has long delighted and successfully preserved. His verse is  
not in fact, for contemporary technical  
and rhetorical as he would be with any attempt at innovation or im-  
itation, seldom wants either melody or force. His verse is perfect in  
little diluted by additional infusions, and sometimes weakened by too  
much of perfume. But such faults are to be expected in all translations  
from the constraint of measures, and dissimilitude of language. The  
phrasing of some deserves more notice than its obvious, and as it is more  
readable to some others.

As this edition was <sup>import by</sup> ~~made~~ <sup>first</sup> acquainted with Shakespeare, and acquainted  
with the ~~reputation~~ <sup>reputation</sup> of the author, he undertook (1709) an edition of his works, from which he neither  
derived much profit, nor found it well reported on: yet I believe that the comparison  
of the first edition with the first that he has done more than he promised, and  
that neither the pomp of titles or costs of criticism many passages are happily  
altered. He proposed a life of the author such as tradition then almost supplying  
could supply, and a preface also cannot be said to discover much profundity or penetra-  
tion. He at least contributed to the popularity of his author.



One sheet. 4to. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address.

Dear Madam

Being to go [to] dine with your favourite Hamilton, and to pass the evening with Mrs Ord, I write before your letter comes to me, if there comes any letter. I have not indeed much to say but inclose one from Lucy, and another from Taylor, keep them both for me.

I do not think they bled Taylor enough. Mr Thrale was saved by it, and I hope he will steadily remember that when evacuation is a cure, plenitude is a disease, and abstinence the true and only preventive.

I owe Miss Thrale and Miss Burney each a letter which I will pay them.

Dr Burney gave fifty seven lessons last week, so you find that we have recourse to musick in these days of publick distress. Do not forget me.

I am,

Dearest Madam,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

London. Apr. 20. 1778 (1780)

*You never date your letters.*

See preceding letter April 15. 1780, page 159.

Also letter 660 in Hill to Taylor dated Apr. 20 1778 (1780).

Also letter 662 in Hill to Mrs Thrale, dated Apr. 25 1780. *Now there is a date; look at it.*

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

And thus it is, Madam, that you serve me. After having kept me a whole week hoping and hoping, and wondering and wondering, what could have stopped your hand from writing, comes a letter to tell me that I suffer by my own fault. As if I might not correspond with my Queeney, and we might not tell one another our minds about politicks or morals, or any thing else. Queeney and I are both steady and may be trusted, we are none of the giddy gabblers, we think before we speak.

I am afraid that I shall hardly find my way this summer into the  
[ 160 ] Country



Country though the number of my lives now grows less. I will send you two little volumes in a few days.

As the Workmen are still at Streatham, there is no likelihood of seeing you and my Master in any short time, but let my Master be where he will so he be well. I am not, I believe any fatter than when you saw me, and hope to keep corpulence away, for I am so lightsome, and so airy, and can so walk, you would talk of it if you were to see me. I do not always sleep well, but I have no pain nor sickness in the night. Perhaps I only sleep ill because I am too long abed.

I dined yesterday at Sir Joshua's with Mrs Cholmondely, and she told me, I was the best critick in the world, and I told her, that nobody in the world could judge like her of the merit of a Critick.

On Sunday I went with Dr Lawrence and his two Sisters in law to dine with Mr Gawler at Putney. The Doctor cannot hear in a coach better than in a room, and it was but a dull day, only I saw two Crownbirds, paltry creatures, and a red Curlew.

Every Body is gone out of town, only I am left behind and know not when I shall see either Naiad or Dryad; However it is as it has commonly been I have no complaint to make but of myself. I have been idle, and *of idleness can come no goodness.*

Mrs Williams was frighted from London as you were frighted from Bath. She is come back, as she thinks, better. Mrs Desmoulins has a disorder resembling an asthma, which I am for curing with calomel and Jalap, but Mr Levet treats it with antimonial wine. Mr Levet keeps on his legs stout, and walks, I suppose ten miles a day.

I stick pretty well to diet, and desire my Master may [be] told of it, for no man said oftener than he that *the less we eat the better.*

Poor Stockdale after having thrown away Lord Craven's patronage and three hundred a year, has had another disappointment. He procured a recommendation from Lord George Germaine to the Governor of Jamaica, but to make this useful something was to be done by the Bishop of London which has been refused. Thus is the world filled with hope and fear and struggle and disappointment.

Pray do you never add to the other vexations any diminution of your kindness for,

Madam,

Your humble servant

Sam: Johnson

July 27. 1780

London.

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

No Address. (To Mrs. Thrale)

Madam

I had your letter about Mr. Scrase and Miss Owen, but there was nothing to which I had any answer or to which any answer could be made.

This afternoon Dr. Lawrence drank tea, and as he always does, asked about Mr. Thrale; I told him how well he was when I heard, and, he does not eat too much said the Doctor, I said, not often, and the return was, that he who in that case, should once eat too much, might eat no more. I keep my rule very well, and, I think, continue to grow better.

Tell my pretty dear Queeney that when we meet again, we will have, at least for some time two lessons in a day. I love her, and think on her when I am alone, hope we shall be very happy together; and mind our books.

Now August and autumn are begun, and the Virgin takes possession of the sky. Will the Virgin do anything for a man of seventy? I have a great mind to end my work under the Virgin.

I have sent two volumes to Mr. Perkins to be sent to you, and beg you to send them back as soon as you have all done with them. I let the first volume get to the Reynolds's, and could never get it again.

I sent to Lord Westcote about his Brother's life, but he says he knows not whom to employ, and is sure I shall do him no injury. There is an ingenious scheme to save a day's work or part of a day, utterly defeated. Then what avails it to be wise? The plain and the artful Man must both do their own work— But, I think, I have got a life of Dr. Young.

Susy and Sophy have had a fine summer, it is a comfort to think that somebody is happy. And they make verses, and act plays.

Mrs. Montague is, I think, in town, and has sent Mrs. Williams her annuity; but I hear nothing from her, but I may be contented if I hear from you, for I am,

dear Madam,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

London Aug. 1. 1780

Two sheets. 4to. Written on full four pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

I do not wonder that you can think and write but of one thing. yet concerning that thing you may be less uneasy, as you are now in the right way. You are at least doing, what I was always desirous to have you do, and which when despair put an end to the caution of men going in the dark, produced at last all the good that has been obtained. Gentle purges, and slight phlebotomies are not my favourites, they are pop gun batteries, which lose time and effect nothing. It was by bleeding till he fainted that his life was saved. I would however now have him trust chiefly to vigorous and stimulating catharticks. To bleed is only proper when there is no time for slower remedies.

Does he sleep in the night; if he sleeps, there is not much danger, any thing like wakefulness in a man either by nature or habit so uncommonly sleepy would put me in great fear. Do not now hinder him from sleeping whenever heaviness comes upon him. Quiet Rest, light food, and strong purges will I think, set all right. Be you vigilant, but be not frightened.

Of Mr R—— I very well remember all but the name. "He had a nice discernment of loss and gain." This, I thought, a power not hard to be attained. What kept him out then must keep him out now, the want of a place for him. Mr P—— then observed that there was nothing upon which he could be employed. Matters will never be carried to extremities. Mr P—— cannot be discharged, and he will never suffer a superiour. That voluntary submission to a new mind, is not a heroick quality; but it has always been among us, and therefore I mind it less.

The expedition to foreign parts you will not much encourage, and you need not, I think, make any great effort to oppose it, for it is as likely to put us out of way to mischief as to bring us into it. We can have no projects in Italy. Exercise may relieve the body, and variety will amuse the mind. The expence will not be greater than at home in the regular course of life. And we shall be safe from Brewers and Guilds, and all instigators to schemes of waste. *Si te fata ferant, fer fata* ——

The chief wish that I form is, that Mr Thrale could be made to understand his real state, to know that he is tottering upon a point, to consider every change of his mental character as the symptom of a disease; to distrust any opinions or purposes that shoot up in his thoughts, to think that violent Mirth is the foam, and deep sadness the subsidence of a morbid fermentation; to watch himself, and counteract by experienced remedies every new tendency, or uncommon sensation. This is a new and an ungrateful employment, but without this self examination he never can be safe. You must try to teach it and he to learn it gradually, and in this my sweet Queeny must help you; I am glad to hear of her vigilance and observation. She is my Pupil.

I suppose the Surry scheme is now past; I saw no great harm in it, though perhaps no good. Do not suffer little things to embarrass you. Our great work is constant temperance and frequent very frequent evacuation, and that they may not be intermitted, conviction of their necessity is to be prudently inculcated.

I am not at present so much distressed as you, because I think your present method likely to be efficacious. Dejection may indeed follow; and I should dread it from too copious bleeding for as purges are more under command, and more concurrent with the agency of Nature, they seldom effect any irremediable change. However we must expect after such a disease, that the mind will fluctuate long before it finds its center.

I will not tell you, nor Master, nor Queeney how I long to be among you, but I would be glad to know when we are to meet, and hope our meeting will be cheerful. I am,

Dearest Lady,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

Aug. 24. 1780

London.

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One sheet. 4to. Written on both sides.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

I am glad to hear from my dear Miss, that you have recovered tranquillity enough to think on bathing but there is no disposition in the world to leave you long to yourself. Mr Perkins pretends that your absence produces a thousand difficulties which I believe it does not produce. He frights Mr Crichley (*sic*). Mr Cator is of my mind that there is no need of hurry. Perkins has disclosed to Mr Crichley his appetite for partnership, which he has resolved not to gratify. I would not have this importunity give you any alarm or disturbance, but to pacify it come as soon as you can prevail upon your mind to mingle with business. I think business the best remedy for grief as soon as it can be admitted.

We met today and were told of mountainous difficulties, till I was provoked to tell them, that if there were really so much to do and suffer, there would be no Executors in the world. Do not suffer yourself to be terrified.

I comfort you, and hope God will bless and support you, but I feel myself like a man begining a new course of life. I had interwoven myself



Jan 11. 1965 "Box 255"

Q. C. 2?

Dear Madam

I am glad to hear from my dear Miss, that  
you have received longingly enough to think on nothing  
but there is no disposition in the world to leave you long  
to yourself. Mr. ~~Robert~~ pretends that your absence pro-  
duces a thousand difficulties which I believe it does not  
just me. No friend Mr. ~~Robert~~. Mr. Robert is of my mind  
that there is no need of hurry. ~~Robert is in the habit of~~  
~~Mr. Robert's~~ ~~his appetite for food & sleep which he has~~  
~~accepted as his life.~~ I would not have this impatiently  
by give you any alarm or disturbance, but to prevent it  
come as soon as you can prevent upon your mind to meet.

of with Confess. I think Confess the best remedy for grief  
as far as it can be admitted.

We met to day and were told of mountains of diffical-  
ties, etc I was provoked to tell them, that if there were really  
so much to do and suffer, there would be no Exorcisers in the  
world. Do not suffer yourself to be terrified.

I comfort you, and hope God will help and sustain  
you, but I feel myself like a man trying a new course of  
life. I had in former my self with my dear friend. Now  
our great care ought to be that we may be fit and ready  
when in a short time we shall be called to follow him.

There is however no use in communicating to you any her  
~~views of~~ I think dear Miss in her letters.

I am Madam

Your most humble servant

London Apr. 11. 1781

Sam: Wm. Fox



*Monument to the memory of Henry Thoreau at Stratford, Conn. S. 1737*

with my dear Friend. But our great care ought to be that we may be fit and ready when in a short time we shall be called to follow him.

There is however no use in communicating to you my heaviness of Heart. I thank dear Miss for her letter.

I am,

Madam

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

London Apr. 11. 1781

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark

14
AP

Seal broken. No date (April 14, 1781)

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale

at Brighthelmston

Sussex

Dear Madam

My intention was to have written this day to my dear Queeney, but I have just heard from you, and therefore this letter shall be yours. I am glad that you find the behaviour of your acquaintance such as you can commend. The world is not so unjust or unkind as it is peevishly represented, those who deserve well seldom fail to receive from others such services as they can perform, but few have much in their power, or are so stationed as to have great leisure from their own affairs, and kindness must be commonly the exuberance of content. The wretched have no compassion, they can do good only from strong principles of duty.

I purpose to receive you at Streatham, but wonder that you come so soon.

I sent immediately to Mr Perkins to send you twenty pounds and intended to secure you from disappointment by inclosing a note in this, but yours written on Wednesday 11th came not till saturday the fourteenth, and



mine written tonight will not come before you leave Brighthelmston, unless you have put Monday next for Monday sevensnight, which I suspect as you mention no alteration of your mind.

I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

Postmark illegible. Seal broken.

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale

at Brighthelmston

Sussex

Dear Madam

Mr Norris (Mr Robson's Partner) promised to send the will tomorrow, You will therefore have it before you have this letter. When you have talked with Mr Scrase write diligently down all that you can remember, and where you have any difficulties ask him again, and rather stay where you are a few days longer, than come away with imperfect information.

The executors will hardly meet till you come, for we have nothing to do, till we go all together to prove the will.

I have not had a second visit from Mr —— for he found his discourse to me very unavailing. I was dry, but if he goes to —— he will be overpowered with words as good as his own. —— appears a very modest inoffensive Man, not likely to give any trouble. The difficulty of finding Executors Mr Scrase has formerly told you, and among all your acquaintance except P—— whom you pressed into the service and who would perhaps have deserted it, I do not see with whom you could have been more commodiously connected. They all mean well, and will, I think, all concur.

Miss told me that you intended to bathe; it is right, all external things are diversions: Let her bathe too. I regain that tranquillity, which irremediable misfortunes necessarily admit, and do not, I hope, think on what I have lost, without grateful recollection of what I have enjoyed. I am

Dear Madam

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

London. Apr. 17. 1781

[ 166 ]

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

Postmark

26

Broken Seal.

OC

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale

at Streatham

Surry

Lichfield Oct. 23. 1781

Dear Madam

I had both your letters, and very little good news in either of them. The diminution of the Estate though unpleasing and unexpected must be borne, because it cannot be helped, but I do not apprehend why the other part of your income should fall short. I understood that you were to have 1500 L. yearly from the money arising from the sale, and that your claim was first.

I sincerely applaud your resolution not to run out, and wish you always to save something, for that which is saved may be spent at will, and the advantages are very many of having some money loose and unappropriated. if your ammunition is always ready, you may shoot advantage as it starts, or pleasure as it flies. Resolve therefore never to want money.

The Gravedo is not removed, nor does it encrease, my nights have commonly been bad. Mrs Aston is much as I left her, without any new symptoms, but between time and Palsy wearing away. Mrs Gastrel is brisk and and (*sic*) lively.

Burney told me that she was to go, but you will have my dear Queeney, tell her that I do not forget her, and that I hope she remembers me. Against our meeting we will both make good resolutions, which on my side, I hope to keep; but such hopes are very deceitful. I would not willingly think the same of all hopes, and particularly should be loath to suspect of deceit my hope of my hope of (*sic*) being always,

Dearest Madam,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

Postmark

2
NO

Seal broken.

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale

at Streatham

Surry

Dear Madam

It almost enrages me to be suspected of forgetting the discovery of the papers relating to Cummins's claim. These papers we must grant the liberty of using, because the Law will not suffer us to deny them. We may be summoned to declare what we know, and what we know is in those papers. When the evidence appears, Lady Lade will be directed by her Lawyers to submit in quiet. I suppose it will be proper to give at first only a transcript.

Your income diminished as it is, you may without any painful frugality make sufficient. I wish your health were as much in your power, and the effects of abstinence were as certain as those of parcimony. Of your regimen I do not think with much approbation; it is only palliative, and crops the disease but does not eradicate it. I wish you had at the begining digested full meals in a warm room, and excited the humour to exhaust its power upon the surface. This, I believe, must be done at last.

Miss Seward has been enquiring after Susan Thrale of whom she has heard so much from Mrs Cummins as excites her curiosity. If my little dear Perversity continues to be cross, Susy may be my Girl too, but I had rather have them both. If Queeney does not write soon she shall have a very reprehensory letter.

I have here but a dull scene. Poor Lucy's health is very much broken. She takes very little of either food or exercise, and her hearing is very dull, and her utterance confused. But she will have *Watts's Improvement of the Mind*. Her mental powers are not impaired, and her social virtues seem to encrease. She never was so civil to me before.

Mrs Aston is not that I perceive worse than when I left her, but she eats too little, and is somewhat emaciated. She likewise is glad to see me, and I am glad that I have come.

Here is little of the sunshine of life, and my own health does not gladden me. But to scatter the gloom I went last night to the ball, where, you know, I can be happy even without you. On the Ball which was very gay I looked a while, and went away. I am

Dear Madam

Your most humble servant

Lichfield Oct. 31. 1781

Sam: Johnson

[ 168 ]

One sheet, small 4to. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address.

Dearest Madam

I certainly grow better, I lay this morning with such success, that I called before I rose for dry linen. I believe I have had a crisis.

Last night caled Sir Richard Jebb, and many people call or send, I am not neglected nor forgotten. But let me be always sure of your kindness. I hope to try again this week whether your house is yet so cold, for to be away from you, if I did [not] think our separation likely to be short, how could I endure. You are a dear, dear Lady, and your kind attention is a great part of what Life affords to,

Madam,

Your most obliged

and

most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

Feb. 21. 1782

Bolt court.

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One sheet, small 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

My disorder is, I think, conquered, but it has with the help of its remedies left me in dismal dejection. I have however not totally succumbed, for yesterday I visited Mesdames Reynolds, Horneck, Cholmondely, Biron. It is kind in Miss to come for me. I have seen poor dear Lawrence on Sunday and today, without hope. Heberden attends him. Such is this World.

I am, Madam,

Your most &c

Sam: Johnson

May 21. 1782



Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

Postmark

1
MA

Seal torn out.

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale  
at Bath

Dear Madam

I am glad that you went to Streatham, though you could not save the dear, pretty, little girl. I loved her, for She was Thrale's and your's, and by her dear Father's appointment in some sort mine; I love you all, and therefore cannot without regret see the phalanx broken, and reflect that You and my other dear Girls are deprived of one that was born your friend. To such friends every one that has them, has recourse at last, when it is discovered, and discovered it seldom fails to be, that the fortuitous friendships of inclination or vanity are at the mercy of a thousand accidents. But we must still our disquiet with remembring that, where there is no guilt, all is for the best. I am glad to hear that Cecily is so near recovery.

For some days after your departure I was pretty well, but I have begun to languish again, and last night was very tedious and oppressive. I excused myself today from dining with General Paoli, where I love to dine, but I was griped by the talons of necessity.

On saturday I dined, as is usual, at the opening of the exhibition. Our company was splendid, whether more numerous than at any former time, I know not. Our Tables seem always full. On monday, if I am told truth, were received at the door one hundred and ninety pounds, for the admission of three thousand eight hundred Spectators. Supposing the show open ten hours, and the Spectators staying one with another each an hour, the rooms never had fewer than three hundred and eighty justling each other. Poor Lowe met some discouragement, but I interposed for him, and prevailed.

Mr Barry's exhibition was opened the same day, and a book is published to recommend it, which, if you read it, you will find decorated with some satirical pictures of Sir Joshua and others. I have not escaped. You must however think with some esteem of Barry for the comprehension of his design.

I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

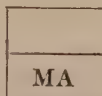
May day. 1783

London.

[ 170 ]

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

Postmark



indistinct. Seal torn.

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale  
at Bath

Dear Madam

I thought your letter long in coming. I suppose it is true that I looked but languid at the exhibition, but I have been worse since. Last wednesday the wednesday of last week I came home ill from Mr Jodrels, and after a tedious oppressive impatient night, sent an excuse to General Paoli, and took thursday, two brisk catharticks, and a dose of calomel. Little things do me no good. At night I was much better. Next day cathartick again, and the third day opium for my cough. I lived without flesh all the three days. The recovery was more than I expected. I went to church on Sunday quite at ease.

The exhibition prospers so much that Sir Joshua says it will maintain the academy, he estimates the probable amount at three thousand pounds. Steevens is of opinion that Crofts's books will sell for near three times as much as they cost, which however is not more than might be expected.

*[Two lines completely erased]*

Favour me with a direction to Musgrave of Ireland, I have a charitable office to propose to him. Is he Knight or Baronet?

My present circle of enjoyment is as narrow for me as the circus for Mrs Montague. When I first settled in this neighbourhood I had Richardson, and Lawrence, and Mrs Allen at hand, I had Mrs Williams then no bad companion, and Levet, for a long time always to be had. If I now go out I must go far for company, and at last come back to two sick and discontented women, who can hardly talk, if they had any thing to say, and whose hatred of each other makes one great exercise of their faculties.

But, with all these evils positive and privative, my health in its present humour promises to mend, and I, in my present humour, promise to take care of it. and, if we both keep our words, we may yet have a brush at the cobwebs in the Sky.

Let my dear Loves write to me, and do you write often yourself to,

Dear Madam,

Your most obliged

and

most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

May 8. 1783

London.

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Two sheets, small 4to. Written on first three pages.

Postmark

5
IV

With Seal.

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale

at Bath

Dear Madam

Why do you write so seldom? I was very glad of your letter, you were used formerly to write more when I know not why you should have had much more to say. Do not please yourself with showing me that you can forget me, who do not forget you.

Mr Desmoulins account of my health rather wants confirmation. But complaints are useless.

I have by the migration of one of my Ladies more peace at home, but I remember an old savage chief that says of the Romans with great indignation. Ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.

M (——\*) was not Calamity, it was his sister, to whom I am afraid the term is now seriously applicable, for she seems to have fallen some way into obscurity. I am afraid by a palsy.

Whence your pity arises for the thief that has made the hangman idle, I cannot discover. I am sorry indeed for every suicide, but I suppose he would have gone to the gallows without being [la]mented.

You will soon see that Miss Hudson (?), if she finds countenance, and gets scholars, will conquer her vexations. Is not Susy likewise one of her pupils? I owe Susy a Letter, which I purpose to pay next time.

I can tell you of no new thing in town, but Dr Maxwel, whose Lady is by ill health detained with two little babies at Bath.

You give a cheerful account of your way of life, I hope you will settle into tranquillity.

When I can repay you with a narrative of my felicity, you shall see Description.—

I am

Madam,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

June 5. 1783

London.

\* Erased.

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Two sheets, small 4to. Written on first three pages.

Postmark

21
JV

With Seal.

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale

at Bath

Dear Madam

I continue my Journal. When I went to Bed last night I found the new covering of my my (*sic*) head uneasy, not painful, rather too warm. I had however a comfortable and placid night. My Physicians this morning thought my amendment not inconsiderable, and my friends who visited me said that my look was spritely and cheerful. Nobody has shown more affection than Paradise. Langton and he were with me a long time today. I was almost tired.

When my friends were gone, I took another liberal dinner such as my Physicians recommended and slept after it, but without such evident advantage as was the effect of yesterday's *siesta*. Perhaps the sleep was not quite so sound, for I am harrassed by a very disagreeable operation of the cantharides which I am endeavouring to control by copious dilution.



My disorders are in other respects less than usual, my disease whatever it was seems collected into this one dreadful effect. My Breath is free, the constrictions of the chest are suspended, and my nights pass without oppression.

To day I received a letter of consolation and encouragement from an unknown hand without a name, kindly and piously, though not enthusiastically written.

I had just now from Mr Pepys, a message enquiring in your name after my health, of this I can give no account.

I am

Madam,

Your most humble servant,

London

June 21. 1783

Sam: Johnson

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One sheet. 4to. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear dear Madam

I thank you for your kind letter, and will continue my diary. On the night of the 21st I had very little rest, being kept awake by an effect of the cantharides not indeed formidable, but very irksome and painful. On the 22. The Physicians released me from the salts of hartshorn. The Cantharides continued their persecution, but I was set free from it at night. I had however not much sleep but I hope for more to night. The vesications on my back and face are healing, and only that on my head continues to operate.

My friends tell me that my power of utterance improves daily, and Dr Heberden declares that he hopes to find me almost well to morrow.

Palsies are more common than I thought. I have been visited by four friends who have had each a stroke, and one of them, two.

Your offer, dear Madam, of coming to me is charmingly kind, but I will lay up for future use, and then let it not be considered as obsolete.

A time of dereliction may come, when I may have hardly any other friend, but in the present exigency, I cannot name one who has been deficient in activity or attention. What man can do for man, has been done for me.

Write to me very often

I am

Madam

Your most humble servant

June 23. 1783

London

Sam: Johnson

Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages.

Postmark

1
IY

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale

at Bath

Dear Madam

This morning I took the air by a ride to Hampstead, and this afternoon I dined with the Club. But fresh Cantharides were this day applied to my Head.

Mr Cator called on me today, and told that he had invited you back to Streatham, I showed the unfitness of your return thither, till the neighborhood should have lost its habits of depredation, and he seemed to be satisfied. He invited me very kindly and cordially to try the air of Beckenham, and pleased me very much by his affectionate attention to Miss Cecy. There is much good in his character, and much usefulness in his knowledge.

Queeney seems now to have forgotten me.

Of the different appearance of the hills and vallies an account may perhaps be given, without the supposition of any prodigy. If the day had been hot and the Evening was breezy; the exhalations would rise from the low grounds very copiously; and the wind that swept and cleared the hills, would only by its cold condense the vapours of the sheltered vallies.

Murphy is just gone from me; he visits me very kindly, and I have no unkindness to complain of.

I am sorry that Sir Philip's request was not treated with more respect, nor can I imagine what has put them so much out of humour; I hope their business is prosperous.

I hope that I recover by degrees, but my nights are restless, and you will suppose the nervous system to be somewhat enfeebled. I am

Madam

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

London. July 1. 1783

Two sheets, small 4to. Written on three pages.

Postmark

3
IY

Seal broken.

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale  
at Bath

Dear Madam

Dr Brocklesby yesterday dismissed the Cantharides, and I can now find a soft place upon my pillow. Last night was cool, and I rested well; and this morning I have been a friend at a poetical difficulty. Here is now a glimpse of daylight again. But how near is the Evening — None can tell, and I will not prognosticate; We all know that from none of us it can be far distant; may none of us know this in vain.

I went, as I took care to boast, on Tuesday, to the Club, and hear that I was thought to have performed as well as usual. I dined on Fish, with the wing of a small Turkey chick, and left roast Beef, Goose and venison pye untouched. I live much on peas, and never had them so good, for so long a time, in any year that I can remember.

When do you go [to] Weymouth? and why do you go? only I suppose to a new place, and the reason is sufficient to those who have no reason to withhold them. ——— knows well enough how to live on four hundred a year, but whence is he to have it. Had the ——— anything of his own unsettled?

I am glad that Mrs Sheward talks of me, and loves me, and have in this still scene of life great comfort in reflecting that I have given very few reason to hate me: I hope scarcely any man has known me closely but to his benefit, or cursorily, but to his innocent entertainment. Tell me you that know me best, whether this be true, that according to your answer I may continue my practice, or try to mend it.

Along with your kind letter yesterday, came a one likewise very kind from the Astons at Lichfield, but I do not know whether as the summer is so far advanced I shall travel so far, though I am not without hopes that frequent changes of air may fortify me against the winter, which has been, in modern phrase, of late years very *inimical* to,

Madam,

Your affectionate humble servant

Sam: Johnson

London July 3. 1783

Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages.

Postmark

20
AV

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale

at Weymouth

Madam

This has been a day of great emotion. The office of the Communion of the Sick, has been performed in poor Mrs Williams's chamber. She was too weak to rise from her bed, and is therefore to be supposed unlikely to live much longer. She has, I hope, little violent pain, but is wearing out, by torpid inappetence and wearisome decay; but all the powers of her mind are in their full vigour, and when she has spirit enough for conversation, she possesses all the intellectual excellence that she ever had. Surely this is an instance of mercy much to be desired by a parting Soul.

At home I see almost all my companions dead or dying. At Oxford I have just lost Wheeler the man with whom I most delighted to converse. The sense of my own diseases, and the sight of the world sinking round me, oppresses me perhaps too much. I hope that all these admonitions will not be vain, and that I shall learn to dye as dear Williams is dying, who was very cheerful before and after this awful solemnity, and seems to resign herself with calmness and hope upon eternal Mercy.

I read your last kind letter with great delight, but when I came to *love* and *honour*, what sprung in my Mind?—How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not.

I sat to Mrs Reynolds yesterday for my picture, perhaps the tenth time, and I sat near three hours, with the patience of *Mortal born to bear*, at last she declared it quite finished and seems to think it fine. I told her it was Johnson's *grimly ghost*. It is to be engraved, and I think, *In glided* &c will be a good inscription.

I am, Madam

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

London Aug. 20

1783



Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Two nights ago Mr Burke sat with me a long time; he seems much pleased with his Journey. We had both seen Stonehenge this summer for the first time. I told him that the view had enabled me to confute two opinions which have been advanced about it. One that the materials are not natural stones, but an artificial composition hardened by time. This notion is as old as Camden's time, and has this strong argument to support it that stone of that species is nowhere to be found. The other opinion, advanced by Dr Charlton, is that [it] was erected by the Danes.

Mr Bowles made me observe that the transverse stones were fixed on the perpendicular supporters, by a knob formed on the top of the upright stone, which entered into a hollow cut in the crossing stone. This is a proof, that the enormous Edifice was raised by a people who [had] not yet the knowledge of mortar, which cannot be supposed of the Danes who came hither in ships, and were not ignorant certainly of the arts of life. This proves likewise the stones not to be factitious, for they that could not mould such durable masses, could do much more than make mortar, and could have continued the transverse from the upright parts with the same paste.

You have doubtless seen Stonehenge, and if you have not, I should think it a hard task to make an adequate description.

It is, in my opinion to be referred to the earliest habitation of the Island, as a Druidical monument of at least two thousand years, probably the most ancient work of Man upon the Island. Salisbury Cathedral and its Neighbour Stonehenge, are two eminent monuments of art and rudeness, and may show the first essay, and the last perfection in architecture.

I have not yet settled my thoughts about the generation of light air, which I indeed once saw produced, but I was at the height of my great complaint. I have made enquiry and [shall] soon be able to tell you how to fill a ballon.

I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

London. Oct. 9. 1783

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

Postmark

13
NO

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale

at Bath

Dear Madam

Since you have written to me with the attention and tenderness of ancient time your letters give me a great part of the pleasure which a life of solitude admits. You will never bestow any share of your good will on one who deserves better. Those that have loved longest, love best. A sudden blaze of kindness, may by a single blast of coldness be extinguished, but that fondness which length of time has connected with with (*sic*) many circumstances and occasions, though it may for a while [be] suppressed by disgust or resentment with or without a cause, is hourly revived by accidental recollection. To those that have lived long together every thing heard and every thing seen recalls some pleasure communicated, or some benefit conferred, some petty quarrel or some slight endearment. Esteem of great powers, or amiable qualities newly discovered may embroider a day or a week, but a friendship of twenty years is interwoven with the texture of life. A friend may be often found and lost, but an *old Friend* never can be found, and Nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost.

I have not forgotten the Davenants, though they seem to have forgotten me. I began very early to tell them what they commonly found to be true. I am sorry to hear of their building. I always have warned those whom I loved, against that mode of ostentatious waste.

You seem to mention Lord Kilmurrey as a stranger. We were at his house in Cheshire, and he one day dined with Sir Lynch. What he tells of the Epigram is not true, but perhaps he does not know it to be false. Do you not remember how he rejoiced in having *no* park; He could not disoblige his neighbours by sending them *no* venison.

The frequency of death to those who look upon it in the leisure of Arcadia is very dreadful. We all know what it should teach us, let us all be diligent to learn. ( — ) Porter has lost her Brother. But whom I have lost — let me not now remember. Let not your loss be added to the mournful catalogue. Write soon again to

Madam

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

London Nov. 13. 1783

[ 179 ]

So Mrs. Burke

Bath

A

5/10

327

51

Dear Madam

Since you have written to me with the attention and tenderness of a friend, I am giving me a great part of the pleasure which a life of solitude admits. You will never believe any share of your good will in one who deserves better. Those that have loved long ago, love long. A sudden blaze of kindness, may by a single blast of coldness be extinguished, but that fondness which length of time has connected with with many circumstances and occupations, though it may for a while be suppressed by disgust or weariness with or without a cause, is hardly removed by accident.



dearest recollection. To those that have lived long together  
every thing heard and every thing seen yields some pleasure  
communicated, or some benefit conferred, some petty quarrel  
or some slight endearment. If men of great powers or am-  
able qualities newly discovered may embrace a day or  
a week, but a friendship of many years is interwo-  
ven with the texture of life. A friend may be often found  
and left, but an old friend never can be found, and Na-  
ture has provided that he cannot safely be left.

I have not forgotten the Barnharts, they have not  
yet forgotten me. I began very early to tell them what  
they have commonly said to be true. I am sorry to hear  
of their building. I always have warned those whom I  
loved, against that mode of ostentatious waste.

Your former friend John Kilmaury as I shall or do

at his house in Chelsea, and he one day dined with Sir  
Bysshe. When he tells of the Epigram in her time, but perhaps  
he does not know it to be false. Do not you remember how  
he rejoiced in having no park; He could not disoblige his  
neighbours by finding them no reason.

The frequency of death to those who look after it  
in the temple of Aesculapius is very dreadful. We all know  
what it should teach us, but we all too diligeat to learn.

Parker has left her Brothers. But almost I have left  
— let me not here remember. Let not your life be ad-  
ded to the merciful catalogue. Write soon again to

Madam

Your most humble servant

Sam. Johnson.

London Nov. 13. 1783

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

Postmark

24
NO

Broken Seal.

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale

at Bath

Dear Madam

The Post came in late today, and I had lost hopes. If the Distress of my dear little Girl keep me anxious, I have much consolation from the maternal and domestick character of your dear letters.

I do not much fear her pretty life, because scarcely any body dies of her disorder, but it is an unpromising entry upon a new period of life, and there is, I suspect, danger lest she shall have to struggle for some years with a tender, irritable and as it is not very properly called a nervous constitution. But we will hope better, and please ourselves with thinking that nature, or physick, will gain a complete victory, that dear Sophy will quite recover, and that She and her Sisters will love one another one degree more for having felt and excited pity, for having wanted and given help.

I received yesterday from your Physicians a note from which I received no information, they put their heads together to tell me nothing. Be pleased to write punctually yourself, and leave them to their trade. Let me have something every post till my dear Sophy is better.

My nights are often very troublesome, so that I try to sleep in the day. The old convulsions of the chest have a mind to fasten their fangs again upon me. I am afraid that winter will pinch me. But I will struggle with it, and hope to hold out yet against heat and cold.

I am, Madam,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson.

Nov. 24. 1783

London.

One sheet. 4to. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs Thrale)

Dear Madam

The life of my dear, sweet, pretty, lovely, delicious Miss Sophy is safe, let us return thanks to the Great Giver of existence, and pray that her continuance amongst us may be a blessing to herself and to those, that love her. Multos et felices, my dear Girl.

Now she is recovered, she might write me a little history of her sufferings, and impart her schemes of study and improvement. Life to be worthy of a rational Being must be always in progression; we must always purpose to do more or better than in time past. The Mind is enlarged and elevated by mere purposes, though they end as they begin by airy contemplation. We compare and judge though we do not practice.

She will go back to her arithmetick again, a science which which (*sic*) will always delight her more, as by advancing further she discovers more of its use, and a science suited to Sophy's case of mind, for you told in the last winter that she loved metaphysicks more than Romances. Her choice is certainly as laudable as it is uncommon, but I would have her like what is good in Both.

God bless you and your Children, so says,

Dear Madam,

Your old friend

Sam: Johnson

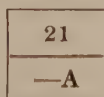
London

Nov. 29. 1783

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

Postmark



Seal torn out.

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale  
at Bath

Dear Madam

Dr Heberden this day favoured me with a visit, and after hearing what I had to tell him of miseries and pains, and comparing my present with  
[ 181 ] my



my past state, declared me well. That his opinion is erroneous I know with too much certainty, and yet was glad to hear it, as it set extremities at a greater distance; he who is by his physician thought well, is at least not thought in immediate danger. They therefore whose attention to me makes them talk of my health, will, I hope, soon not drop, but lose their subject. But, alas, I had no sleep last night, and sit now panting over my paper. *Dabit Deus his quoque finem.* I have really hope from Spring, and am ready like Almanzor to bid the Sun *fly swiftly and leave weeks and months behind him.* The Sun has looked for five thousand years upon the world to little purpose, if he does not know that a sick man is almost as impatient as a lover.

Mr Cator gives such an account of Miss Cecy as you and all of us must delight to hear; Cator has a rough, manly, independent understanding, and does not spoil it by complaisance, he never speaks merely to please, and seldom is mistaken in things which he has any right to know. I think well of her for pleasing him, and of him for being pleased; and at the close am delighted to find him delighted with her excellence. Let your Children, dear Madam, be *his* care, and *your* pleasure; close your thoughts upon them, and when sad fancies are excluded, health and peace will return together.

I am,

Dear Madam,

Your old Friend,

Sam: Johnson.

Jan. 21. 1784

London

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages and upper part of fourth.

Postmark

9
Fe

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale

at Bath

Dear Madam

The remission of the cold did not continue long enough to afford me much relief. You are, as I perceive afraid of the opium. I had the same terrour, and admitted its assistance only under the pressure of insupportable

distress, as of an auxiliary too powerful and too dangerous. But in this pinching season I cannot live without it, and the quantity which I take is less than it once was.

My Physicians flatter me, that the season is a great part of my disease, and that when warm weather restores perspiration, this watery disease will evaporate. I am at least, willing to flatter myself.

I have been forced to sit up many nights by an obstinate sleeplessness, which makes the time in bed intolerably tedious, and which continues my drowsing the following day. Besides I can sometimes sleep erect, when I cannot close my eyes in a recumbent posture. I have just bespoke a flannel dress which I can easily slip off and on, as I go into bed, or get out of it. Thus pass my days and nights in morbid wakefulness, in unseasonable sleepiness, in gloomy solitude with unwelcome visiters, or ungrateful exclusions, in variety of wretchedness. But I snatch every lucid interval, and animate myself with such amusements as the time offers.

One thing which I have just heard, you will think to surpass expectation. The Chaplain of the factory at Petersburg relates that the Rambler is now by command of the Empress translating into Russian, and has promised when it is printed to send me a copy.

Grant, O Lord, that all who shall read my pages, may become more obedient to thy Laws, and when the wretched writer shall appear before Thee, extend thy mercy to him, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

I am

Madam

Your most &c

London. Febr 9

1784.

Sam: Johnson

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

Postmark

16
MR

Seal broken.

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale

at Bath

Dear Madam

I am so near to health as a month ago I despaired of being. The dropsy is almost wholly run away, and the Asthma unless irritated by cold

seldom attacks me. How I shall bear motion I do not yet know. But though I have little of pain, I am wonderfully weak. My muscles have almost lost all their spring, but I hope that warm weather when it comes will restore me. More than three months have I now been confined. But my deliverance has been very extraordinary.

Of one thing very remarkable I will tell you. For the Asthma and perhaps other disorders, my physicians have advised the frequent use of opiates. I resisted them as much as I could, and complained that it made me almost delirious. This Dr Heberden seemed not much to heed, but I was so weary of it that I tried when I could not wholly omit it, to diminish the dose, in which contrarily to the know[n] custom of the takers of opium, and beyond what it seemed reasonable to expect, I have so far succeeded, that having begun with three grains, a large quantity, I now appease the paroxysm, with a quarter of an ounce of diacodium estimated as equivalent only to half a grain, and this quantity it is now eight days since I took.

That I may send to Mrs Lewis, for when I shall venture out I do not know, you must let me know where she may be found, which you omitted to tell me.

I hope my dear Sophy will go on recovering. But methinks Miss Thrale rather neglects me, suppose she should try to write me a little Latin letter.

Do you however write to me often, and write kindly, perhaps We may sometime see each other. I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

London. March 16. 1784

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

Postmark

2
IY

With Seal.

Addressed—

To Mrs Thrale

at Bath

Madam

If I interpret your letter right, you are ignominiously married, if it is yet undone, let us once talk together. If you have abandoned your children

and your religion, God forgive your wickedness; if you have forfeited your Fame, and your country, may your folly do no further mischief.

If the last act is yet to do, I, who have loved you, esteemed you, revered you, and served you, I who long thought you the first of human-kind, entreat that before your fate is irrevocable, I may once more see you.

I was, I once was, Madam,

most truly yours

Sam: Johnson

July 2. 1784

On margin of letter:—I will come down if you permit it.

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One sheet. 8vo. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To the Revd. Dr. Vyse)

Revd. Sir

The Bearer is one of my old Friends, a man of great Learning, whom the Chancellor has been pleased to nominate to the Chartreux. He attends his Grace the Archbishop to take the oath required, and being a modest scholar, will escape embarrassment if you are so kind as to introduce him; by which you will do a kindness to a Man of great merit, and add another to those favours which have been already conferred by you, on

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

Sam: Johnson.

Bolt court, Fleet street, Apr. 10. 1781

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One sheet. 8vo. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. No Date. (To John Wesley)

Sir

I beg that you, and Mrs, and Miss Wesley will dine with your Brother and Mrs Hall, at my house in Bolt court, Fleet street, tomorrow.

[ 185 ]

That



That I have not sent sooner, if you knew the disordered state of my health, you would easily forgive me.

I am, Sir

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Wednesday. (December, 1781?)

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Two sheets, small 4to. Written on both pages of first sheet and first page of second.

No Postmark. With broken Seal.

Addressed—

To the Reverend Mr White

Dear Sir

Your kindness for your friends accompanies you cross the Atlantick. It was long since observed by Horace, that no ship could leave care behind, you have [been] attended in your voyage by better powers, by Benevolence and Constancy, and I hope Care did not often show her face in their company.

I received the copy of *Rasselas*. The impression is not magnificent, but it flatters an Authour, because the Printer seems to have expected that it would be scattered among the People. The little Book has been well received, and is translated into Italian, French, German, and Dutch. It has now one honour more by an American Edition.

I know not that much has happened since your departutre, that can engage your curiosity. Of all publick transactions the whole world is now informed by the Newspapers. Opposition seems to despond, and the Dissenters though they have taken advantage of unsettled times, and a government much enfeebled, seem not likely to gain any immunities.

Dr Goldsmith has a new comedy in rehearsal at Covent garden, to which the Manager predicts ill success. I hope he will be mistaken. I think it deserves a very kind reception.

I shall soon publish a new Edition of my large Dictionary; I have been persuaded to revise it, and have mended some faults, but added little to its usefulness.

No book has been published since your departure of which much notice is taken. Faction only fills the town with Pamphlets, and greater subjects are forgotten in the noise of discord.

HISTOIRE  
DE RASSELAS,  
PRINCE D'ABISSINIE.

*Par M. JHONNISON, Auteur du  
Rambler, & traduite de l'Anglois  
par Madame B\*\*\*\*.*

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PREMIERE PARTIE.

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*de la*



A AMSTERDAM,

*Et se trouve à Paris,*

Chez PRAULT Fils, Quai des Augustins, au coin  
de la rue Git-ie-Cœur.

---

M. DCC. LX.

FIRST FRENCH EDITION.

Thus have I written only to tell you how little I have to tell. Of myself I can only add that having been afflicted many weeks with a very troublesome cough, I am now recovered.

I take the liberty which you give me of troubling you with a letter, of which you will please to fill up the direction.

I am Sir

Your most humble Servant

Sam: Johnson

Johnson's Court, Fleet Street  
London. March 4. 1773

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Two sheets, folio. Written on both sides of first sheet.

No Postmark. No Address.

Dear Sir

Our Journey took up more time than we expected, and we did not come to town till the day after the dissolution of the parliament. We entered North Wales from Chester and went to the extremities of Carnarvonshire, and passed into Anglesea, and came back by Wrexham and Shrewsbury. But Wales has nothing that can much excite or gratify curiosity. The mode of life is entirely English. I am glad that I have seen it, though I have seen nothing, because I now know that there is nothing to be seen.

Mr Thrale has had a very violent and formidable Opposition which he has very triumphantly overcome. Poor Mrs Thrale had two days ago a fall from her horse which has cut her face and bruised her body, but she has not miscarried, and will be soon well. Your little Friend Miss is hard at her Italian with Baretti.

I have printed two hundred and forty pages of my Journey to the Hebrides. I hope to have the book out in a month, and a pretty book, I hope, it will be.

Your own Advertisements are excellently well done, I know.

To the &c of the County of Derby

Having had the honour of being again appointed to represent the County in Parliament, we think it our duty to promise the continuance of that conduct which has recommended us to your choice, and to which we now consider ourselves as still more strictly obliged by our gratitude for that unanimity (*sic*) that by admitting no opposition has spared us the pain of setting

worthy men at variance, and of occasioning dissensions among those who have deserved from us that our first care should be their Concord and Happiness.

I am

Dear Sir

Your most affectionate &c

Sam: Johnson

Oct. 20. 1774

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One sheet. 8vo. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address.

Sir

Please to deliver to the Bearer a set of Ramblers, and put it to the account of

Sir,

Your humble servant,

Sam: Johnson

June 2. 1783

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

No Postmark. No Address.

Sir

I am pleased that you have been able to adorn the royal library with a Book which I believe to be very rare, for I have not seen it. I have a very good copy, and did not know that it had been printed on two kinds of paper. The Polyglot Bible is undoubtedly the greatest performance of English typography, perhaps of all typography, and therefore ought to appear in its most splendid form among the books of the King of England. I wish you like success in all your researches.

The part of your letter that relates to a writer whom you do not name, has so much tenderness, benevolence, and liberality, in language so unlike the talk of trade, that it must be a flinty bosom that is not softened into gratitude.



Sir

I am pleased that you have <sup>been</sup> able to adorn the  
royal library with a Book which I believe to be very rare,  
for I have not seen it. I have a very good copy, and did  
not know that it had been printed on two kinds of paper.  
The Polyglot Bible is undoubtedly the greatest performance  
of English Typography, perhaps of all Typography, and there-  
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cess in all your researches.

The part of your <sup>letter</sup> that relates to our writer whom  
you do <sup>not</sup> name, has so much tenderness, benevolence, and  
liberality, in language so unlike the talk of haughty  
it must be a kindly bosom that is not softened into gra-  
titude

indeed.

It has now pleased God to restore my health to a  
- much better state, than when I parted from London, if my  
strength increases, indeed if it does <sup>wh</sup> grow up, I shall be able to  
conduct measures with you, and by your help, to carry on  
the design to considerable advantage.

In the mean time accept, dear Sir, my sincere thanks  
for your generous offer and friendly regard. That is uncertain  
and fallacious, but of good intention the merit I stand upon  
is safe that never can be shaken.

Add to your other favours that of writing often to

Sir,

Your obedient humble servant

Ashburn. Sept 24 1784

John: Johnson

I trouble you with two letters.



SIR FRANCIS A. BARNARD.  
Librarian to the King.

It has now pleased God to restore my health to a much better state, than when I parted from London, if my strength encreases, indeed, if it does not grow less, I shall hope to concert measures with you, and, by your help, to carry on the design to considerable advantage.

In the mean time accept, dear Sir, my sincere thanks for your generous offer, and friendly regard. Event is uncertain and fallacious, but of good intention the merit stands upon a basis that never can be shaken.

Add to your other favours that of writing often to

Sir,

Your most humble Servant

Sam: Johnson

Ashbourn. Sept. 4 1784

I trouble you with two letters.

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One sheet. 8vo. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. No Date.

Sir

————\* have been waiting on you every ————\* and have not done it.

I hear you take subscriptions for your two subsequent volumes, I beg to put my name amongst your other friends, if you favour me with a few receipts, I will push them.

My Lord Corke did me the honour to leave his name, I went to Mr Andrew Millar to enquire where he resides, but could not learn, I am impatient to know. I am Sir

Your most humble servant

Sam: Johnson

Thursday night

\*Letter torn.



JOHNSON MANUSCRIPTS,  
TRANSLATIONS, ETC.

M<sup>r</sup>. Pam<sup>l</sup>. Johnson.

My Lord

It is, I believe, impossible for those who have the honour of your Lordship's regard to be indifferent to any thing to which you are pleased to direct their attention. I could not forbear this morning to review what had been said concerning Virgil's Proteus, and as I think the best way of examining a Conjecture, is to distinguish its Complication, and consider in single Propositions, I have taken the liberty to lay down a few facts, and hypotheses, of which your Lordship will be pleased to consider the ultimate result.

- 1 It is known that Virgil in his Eclogues invokes the Muses of Rome, partly by Anticipation, and <sup>perhaps</sup> partly by allusion.
- 2 It is probable that he alluded to the commemoration of Caesar's Imperial, and of private Friendship Caesar made the Roman People, shows that the book of prophetic of prophetic single families

My Lord

It is, I believe, impossible for those who have the honour of your Lordship's regard to be indifferent to any thing to which you are pleased to direct their attention. I could not forbear this morning to review what had been said concerning Virgil's Creteus, and as I think the best way of examining a Conjecture is to disentangle its Complication, and consider in single Propositions, I have taken the Liberty to lay dow[n] a few facts, and postulates, of which your Lordship will be pleased to consider the ultimate Result.

1 It is known that Virgil in his *Eneid* interwove the History of Rome, partly by Anticipation, and perhaps partly by allusion.

2 It is probable that he descended to the commemoration of facts not historical, and of private friendship—*Genus unde tibi, Romane Cluenti*, shews that he took opportunities of gratifying single families

3 It has been believed from very early times that Homer celebrated his Friends however mean and obscure such as Tichius the Currier and why should not Virgil be supposed to imitate his morals as well as his poetry.

4 Such Allusions, as they are necessarily made to slight peculiarities or casual circumstances, such as may fall in naturally with the main tenour of the Poem, must be often unintelligible to posterity and always obscure. Thus Popes *Satire on Dennis*

'Tis well, might Critics—

But *Appius* reddens at each word you speak.

This was clear enough for a few years after the publication of Dennis's Tragedy of *Appius* and Virginia, but is already impenetrably dark to the greater number of Readers, who are equally strangers to the real and fictitious Name.

5 If therefore evidence can be produced as may barely turn the Balance by a small weight of probability, more is not to be required, and this Probability is obtained in cases like that before us, if there be any characteristic annexed to a particular personage in a Poem which could mark out to those of the Poets time, a resemblance to some one whom that Poet might be supposed willing to commemorate.

6 We are then to suppose—that Virgil was generally understood to mean real Persons by fictitious names—and that he was generally known to be the Friend of Horace.—It then remains only to be examined whether there be any circumstance in the character of Creteus which might determine the Romans of Augustus's time to apply to Horace rather than to any other Poet.

7 When an Eminent Man is already pointed out by his Profession, when we are prepared to expect the mention of him by knowing his alliance with the Writer, any slight additional allusion to his Works is sufficient to appropriate a passage to him, which might otherwise be indifferently applied to others.

8 Virgil introduces a Poet—thus far the passage is unlimited. He strongly expresses the species of his Poetry—*numeros intendere nenis*—This confines the attention, at least leads it, to the Lyric Poets, who at Rome were always few, and of whom Horace, the chief, would naturally recur.

9 Thus far it appears that Creteus may be Horace, rather Horace than any other—if there be any allusion to the works of Horace which might still more plainly point him out, will it not follow, not only that he *may* but that he *must* be meant.

10 This allusion may be perceived in the Resemblance of *Amicum Cretea Musis* to *Musis Amicus*—in *mare Creticum*—*Musis Amicus* denominates a Poet, *Creteus Musis amicus*, points out the Poet who threw his Cares in *mare Creticum*.

11 It is luckily demonstrable that this Ode was written before we can believe it likely that Virgil had composed the ninth book of the Eneid, because it makes mention of Tiridates's escape to Rome, *Quid Tiridatem terrent*—which happened in the year urbis condita . . . . . and to which Virgil is supposed to allude in the seventh Book which he was then composing.

Seu tendere ad Indos &c.

Augustus being suspected of intending to war upon the Parthians at the instigation of Tiridates.

12 To Conjectures of this fanciful and capricious kind it cannot be expected that there should be no objection. The chief difficulty which can retard the reception of this arises from the last line—*Semper eques atque*—the poems of Horace being always either gay or moral rather than heroic. To this it may be answered

1 That introducing his Poet among heroes he was obliged to make him sing Songs of War.

2 That Horace has given many specimens of his abilities for Martial Subjects.

3 That Mecaenas called upon Horace to write upon the Roman Wars, and that Virgil might naturally second the demand of their common patron.

4 That this is in the whole proposed only as a Conjecture, a slight and uncertain Conjecture, but if the last line had given us fuller evidence, it would have almost reached to certainty.

Thus, my Lord, I have detailed the evidence as it appears to me, and really think it not less strong than that which Atterbury has offered for Japis. But I am in less concern what your Lordship will think of the positions, than how you will judge of his precipitant officiousness of

My Lord

Your Lordship's most obliged and

most humble servant.

SAM: JOHNSON

Fryday morning. (circa 1750)



3 It has been observed from very early times that Homer wreaked his friends however mean and offensive such as Sichius the Carrier and why should not Virgil be supposed to imitate his morals as well as his Poetry.

4 Such allusions, as they are necessarily made to slight peculiarities or casual circumstances, such as may fall in naturally with the main business of the Poem, speak to often unintelligible to posterity and always offensive. Thus Pope's Satire on Dr. Swift

'In woe, might Critics —

But Appian reddens at such word you speak.

This was done enough for a few years after the publication of Dr. Swift's Tragedy of Appian and Virginia, but is almost universally dark to the greater number of Readers, who are equally strangers to the real and fictitious name.

5 If therefore such allusion can be produced as may barely turn the Balance by a small weight of probability, there is not to be required, and this Probability is obtained in cases like that before us, if there be any characteristic annexed to a particular personage in a Poem which could mark out to those of the Poets time, a resemblance to some one whom that Poet might be supposed willing to compare with.

6 We are then to suppose — that Virgil was generally understood to mean Appian by Sichius's name — and that he was generally known so to the mind of Rome. — It then remains only to be examined whether there <sup>be</sup> any resemblance in the Character of Cretus which might dispose some the Romans of Augustus's time to apply

6 Horace rather than to any other Poet.

7 When an Universal Man is already pointed out by his Professions, when we are prepared to expect the mention of him by seeing his alliance with the Writer, any slight additional allusion to his Works is sufficient to appropriate a passage to him, which might otherwise be indifferently applied to others.

8 Virgil introduces a Poet - thus far the passage is unobscured - He ~~is~~ perhaps not the Species of his Poets - numerous introduce series - This catches the attention, at least leads it to the true Poet, who at Rome was always few, and of whom Horace, the chief would naturally come.

9 Thus far it appears that Ennius may be Horace, rather than any other - if there be any allusion to the Works of Horace which might still more plainly point him out, unless not good, not only that he may but that he must be meant.

10 This allusion may be perceived in the Resemblance of some even Ennius Musae, to Musae Amicus - in more Ennius.

- Musae Amicus dominates a Poet, Ennius Musae Amicus, point out the Poet who throws his Gaze in more Ennius.

11 Irresistibly demonstrable that this Ode was written before we can where it likely that Virgil had composed the ninth book of the Eclogues, because it makes mention of Didymus, of the Eclogues to Rome, and Virgil didymus Eclogues - which happened in the year of his Eclogues - and which Virgil is supposed to allude in the ninth Book which he was then composing.

— Socrates ad Indos &c.  
chagrin his judgment of integrity to war upon the Parthians and  
the intrigues of Praxiteles.

12 To Conjectures of this fanciful and capricious kind we can-  
not be expected that there should be no objection. The chief dif-  
ficulty which can retard the acceptance of this gift from the  
last line — *Semper Equus alq* — The poems of Horace be-  
ing always either gay or moral rather than heroic. so this it  
may be answered

1 That introducing this Poet among heroes he was obliged  
to make *Trampling Songs of War*.

2 That Horace has given many Specimens of his  
abilities for Martial Subjects.

3 That Metastasio called upon Horace to write upon  
the Roman Wars, and that Virgil might naturally ground  
the demand of their common patron.

4 That this is in the whole proposed only as a conjecture  
a flight and uncertain Conjecture, and that if the last line  
had given us fuller evidence, it would have almost amounted  
to a certainty.

Thus, my Lord, I have detailed the richness  
as it appears to me, and really think it is of the same  
that which Mr. Bay has offered to your Grace. But I am  
in less concern what your Grace will think of the pro-  
prio, than how you will judge of his present offer  
and wish of

My Lord. Your Grace's most obliged and  
most humble servant  
Sam. Johnson



8 Horace Book 2<sup>d</sup> Ode 20<sup>th</sup>

Now with no weak unballast wing  
A Post double-berd I rise  
From th' envious world with scorn spring,  
And cut with joy the wond'ring Skies.

Though from no Prince's I descend,  
Yet shall I see the best abroad;  
Yet, great Maecenas, shall your friend  
Quaff Nectar with th' immortal Gods.  
See! how the mighty change is wrought;  
See! how what's remain'd of Man  
By plumes is wild; see! quick as thought  
I pierce the Clouds a hoopfull Swan.  
Swifter than Jareus I'll fly  
Where Lybia's swart offspring burns,  
And where beneath the inclement Skies



The hardy Scythian over mountains,  
My Works shall propagate my fame,  
To distant realms and climes unknown,  
Nations shall celebrate my Name  
That drink the Rheine or the Rhone.  
Restrain your tears and cease your cries,  
Nor grace with fading flowers my Horse,  
For without funeral elegies  
I shall live for ever in my verse.

Sam. Johnson







To Miss Hickman playing on the Spinnet

Bright Stella, form'd for universal praise,  
Ere will you know to keep the laws you give.  
When in your Eyes resplendent lightnings play,  
tho' into Love, our conquer'd hearts obey,  
And yield, reluctant, to despotic sway.

But when your Music soothes the raging pain,  
We bid propitious Heav'n prolong your reign,  
We stop the Egean, and we hang the Chain.

When old Simolone struck the vocal string,  
Ambitious Fury kind the Grecian King:  
Unbounded Projects cut'rage in his Mind,  
He pants for room, in one poor World confin'd.  
That wak'd to rage by Music's dreadful Power,  
He bids the Sword doth, the Flame devour.  
Had Stella's gentle touches mov'd the fire,  
Soon had the Monarch felt a nobler fire,  
No more delighted with destructive War,  
Ambitious only now to please the Fair,  
Rapid his Thirst of Empire to her Charms,  
And found a Thousand Worlds in Stella's Arms.



Widerum Bistator perfectus.

Nunc per gramina ipsi

Sonitu fronde saluti

Suum defenditur amica

Milles ducesque laas

Nec, dum delicta meriti

Pandunt cuncta mercede

Nunc utere priore

Nunc instare patris

Nunc summi prece sacula

Patri Nomen adire opto

Quicquid quaeritur ultra

Cetero ducit amore

Vol spe huiusmodi

Quibus max pariterum.

Feb. 1777

X

- It is agreed between K, and Q. and R.
- 1 That K shall advance to Q and R. 500<sup>l</sup> on condition
  - 2 That K shall save to Q and R. 500<sup>l</sup> more on condition
  - 3 The condition are such K shall within further space, and within twelve  
or otherwise to deliver his satisfaction for the Borough of Seaford
  - 4 That either there shall be no petition against him K, or that <sup>the</sup> petition  
shall be withdrawn in twelve days after the meeting of parliament
  - 5 That if K. desire to be released from these articles in three days  
he shall upon giving notice of such his desire to Q. be released as  
if one of the articles had been done.
  - 6 That if K. ~~complain~~ <sup>complain</sup> in before the meeting of parliament  
charges to make Seaford, Q. and R. shall find a purchaser to take  
it on the same terms without charge to K.
  - 7 That the parties shall reciprocally give security for performance  
of conditions.

Mr Johnson is much obliged to Mr  
Shales coming. He came home on Sat-  
urday. He is still very much disordered,  
but would have come to Chichester  
if Mr Shales had called. Give me  
word, respic. Tuesday

### Rules for the shelves

The lower Shelf one foot above the floor; and twelve inches broad

The Second Shelf six inches broad and eighteen inches above the lower

The third Shelf six inches broad and fifteen inches above the second

The fourth Shelf six inches broad and nine inches above the third and so to the top six inches broad at nine inches distance.

March, 29<sup>th</sup> 1786  
I was yesterday very heavy; I do  
not feel myself so day so much im-  
pressed with awe of the approaching  
My Day. I had this day a death like  
Boxer of my State, and found that  
my Faith though weak, was yet  
Faith. O God strengthen it.

Since the last reception of the  
Sacrament, I hope I have no other  
wife given wife, than as continu-  
ance in Sin, makes the Sinner's con-  
dition more dangerous. Since last  
New Year's day I have risen every  
morning by eight, at least, and after  
sun. Which is more improving over  
my habits than I have ever before been  
able to obtain. Scruples still dis-  
turb me. My resolution, with the



Slaves of God, is to contend with  
them, and, if I can, to conquer them.

My Resolutions are

- To conquer Scruples. &c.
- To read the Bible this year.
- To try to rise more early.
- To Study Divinity.
- To live methodically.
- To oppose Idleness.
- To frequent Divine Worship.

Almighty and most mer-  
ciful Father, before whom I now ap-  
pear ~~year~~ <sup>year</sup> with the sins of  
another year, Suffer me ~~once more~~ <sup>yet again</sup>  
to call upon thee for pardon and  
peace. O God, grant me repentance,

grant me reformation. Grant that  
I may be no longer disturbed with  
doubts and harassed with vain <sup>vain</sup> ~~vain~~  
reason. Grant I may no longer <sup>more</sup> ~~longer~~ linger  
in perplexity, nor waste in idle-  
ness that life which thou hast  
given and preserved. Grant that  
I may serve thee with <sup>firm</sup> ~~firm~~ faith  
and diligent endeavor, and that  
I may discharge the duties of my  
calling with tranquillity and cen-  
sures. Take not O God thy Holy  
Spirit from me, but grant that  
I may <sup>so</sup> ~~soon~~ direct my life by thy  
Holy laws, that when thou shalt call  
me hence, I may pass by a holy and  
happy death ~~I may pass~~ to a life

of everlasting and unchangeable life,  
in the name of Jesus Christ, our  
Lord Amen.

I went to bed with a pain in the  
back but with sleep I thought I knew nothing.

TRANSLATION BY JOHNSON  
HORACE LIB. IV. ODE VII.

The Sun dispels no more in fear,  
The fields, and woods, <sup>beholds,</sup> again are green,  
The changing year renews the plain  
The rivers meet their banks again  
The Sprightly Nymph and naked Grace  
The ~~rough~~ <sup>mazy</sup> dance together trace.  
The changing year's Succession plans  
Proclaims mortality to Man.  
Rough Winter's blasts the Spring give way  
Spring yield to Summer's sunnier ray  
Then Summer sinks in Autumn's reign  
And Winter chills the world again  
Her lips soon the Moon's Sappho  
But wretched Man, when once he lies  
Where Swain and his Son are laid  
No thought then of her cold shade  
Who knew if Love who courts us here  
Will help us in a morning here?



The snow dissolv'd no more is seen,  
The fields, and woods, behold, are green,  
The changing year renews the plain  
The rivers know their banks again  
The spritely Nymph and naked Grace  
The mazy dance together trace.  
The changing year's successive plan  
Proclaims mortality to Man.  
Rough Winter's blasts to Spring give way  
Spring yield[s] to Summer['s] sovereign ray  
Then Summer sinks in Autumn's reign  
And Winter chills the world again  
Her losses soon the Moon supplies  
But wretched Man, when once he lies  
Where Priam and his sons are laid  
Is nought but Ashes and a Shade  
Who knows if Jove who counts our score  
Will toss us in a morning more?  
What with your friend you nobly share  
At least you rescue from your heir.  
Not you, Torquatus, boast of Rome,  
When Minos once has fix'd your doom,  
Or Eloquence, or splendid birth  
Or Virtue shall replace on earth,  
Hippolytus unjustly slain  
Diana calls to life in vain,  
Nor can the might of Theseus rend  
The chains of hell that hold his friend.

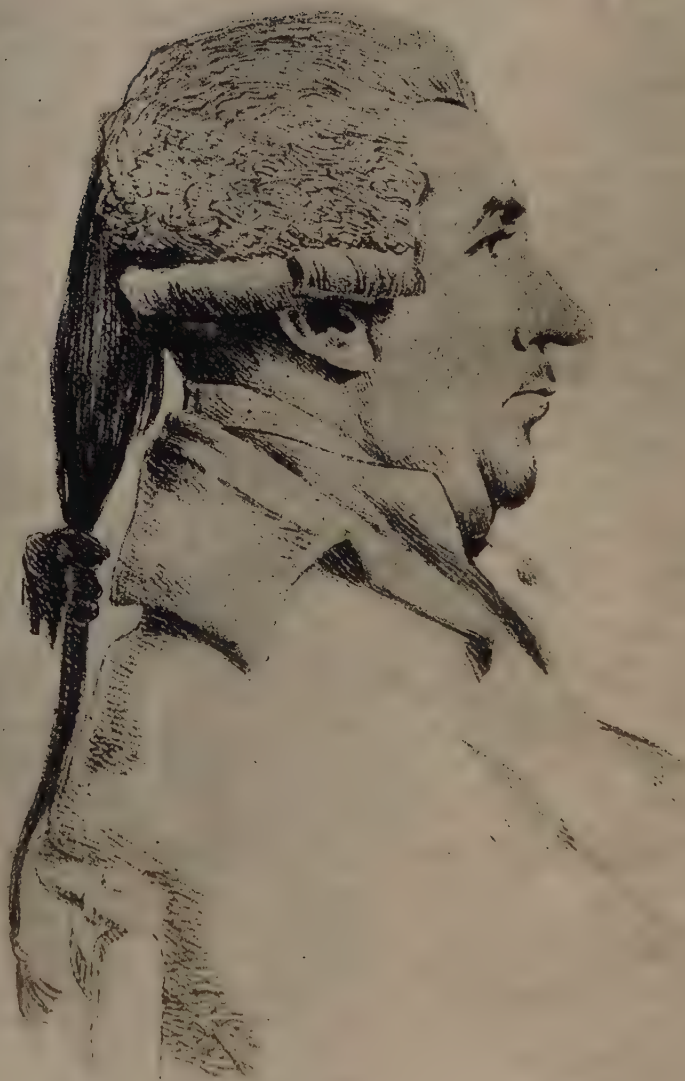
Nov. 1784.

When with your friend you nobly share  
Or leave you none from your hair.  
Nor you, Iniquity, break of home,  
When Minus once has bid you down,  
On Eloquence, or splendid birth  
On Virtue shall rest as on earth.

Hippolytus myrtle's flower  
Diana calls to life in vain,  
Nor can the might of the fates send  
The chain of hell that hold his friend.

Nov. 1784





James O. Bennett



**LETTERS**  
**OF**  
**JAMES BOSWELL, Esq:**

To MRS. ABINGTON (1738-1815)  
Famous English Actress.

To the REVD. WILLIAM ADAMS (1706-1789)  
Dr. Johnson's friend.

To MR. BERKELEY

To the REVD. HUGH BLAIR (1718-1800)  
Scotch Divine and Author.

To EUPHEMIA BOSWELL  
Boswell's daughter.

To the MAYOR, ALDERMEN, BAILIFFS AND CAPITAL CITIZENS OF CARLISLE.

To SIR ALEXANDER DICK (1703-1785)  
Great friend to Boswell.

To SIR JOHN DICK

To SIR MICHAEL LE FLEMING

To DAVID GARRICK

To MONSIEUR DE GIFFARDIERRE

To OLIVER GOLDSMITH

To GEORGE HENRY HUTTON (d. 1827)  
Scotch Antiquary.

To MR. JENKINSON (1728-1808)  
Lord Hawkesbury, first Earl of Liverpool.

To DR. JOHNSON

To JOHN JOHNSTONE

To BENNET LANGTON (1737-1801)  
Dr. Johnson's friend.

To the EARL OF LONSDALE (1736-1802)  
Sir James Lowther.

To EDMOND MALONE (1741-1812)

To WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE (1735-1788)  
Scotch Poet.

TO JAMES NEILL

TO THE REV. DR. PERCY (1729-1811)

TO JOHN PINKERTON (1758-1826)  
Scotch Antiquary.

TO ISAAC REED (1742-1807)  
Editor of Shakespeare.

TO SIR WILLIAM SCOTT (1745-1836)  
Lord Stowell. English Jurist.

TO JOHN SPOTTISWOODE

TO GEORGE STEEVENS (1736-1800)  
Shakespearian Commentator.

TO HENRY THRALE

TO MRS. THRALE

TO JOSEPH COOPER WALKER (1761-1810)  
Irish Antiquary.

TO HORACE WALPOLE (1717-1797)  
Antiquary and Writer.

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

No Postmark.

Addressed—

To

Mrs. Abington.

Mr. Boswell presents his compliments to Mrs. Abington. It gave him very great pleasure to mention in his Life of Dr. Johnson, what that great man said of a Lady whom Mr. Boswell agreed with him in admiring; and he is not a little flattered that Mrs. Abington has been pleased to allow any merit to the Biographer, in that respect.

Sir Joshua Reynolds's communication of Mrs. Abington's goodness in supposing herself at all obliged to Mr. Boswell, emboldened him to call upon her; and happy shall he be, if *a simple act of justice* shall prove the means of his obtaining the friendship of one whose favourable opinion it shall be his study to cultivate.

Great Portland Street

15 June 1791 (Midnight.)

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Dr. Adams)

Edinburgh

21 January 1785.

Reverend Sir.

I most sincerely condole with you on the death of our valuable Friend Dr. Johnson.

As I am engaged in writing his Life, it will be very obliging if you will favour me with communications concerning him, in addition to those with which you have already favoured me. The more minute your narrative is the better. And if you will send me any letters from him of which you are possessed, your kindness shall be thankfully acknowledged. Please put your packets under cover to Sir Charles Preston Baronet M. P. London, who will forward them to me.

I offer my best compliments to Mrs. and Miss Adams, and I ever am with most sincere regard Dear Sir

Your much obliged

humble servant

James Boswell.

[ 1 ]



Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark

23

DE

Stamped "Oxford." With Seal.

Addressed—

To

The Reverend

Dr. Adams

Master of Pembroke College

(In other hand) Gloucester

Oxford (crossed out)

London

22 Decr. 1785.

Reverend Sir.

Your obliging approbation of my Tour with our great friend has given me a very high satisfaction; for, besides the value of praise *a laudato viro*, you are peculiarly *competent* (as we say in the law) to judge of what I have done to preserve Dr. Johnson really "as he was."

You have favoured me with several interesting Anecdotes for his Life. May I beg that in addition to that goodness, you may be pleased to let me have what letters he wrote to you, however short, that my Collection may be enriched with them. You mentioned to me that they are chiefly recommendations of visitors to your University. But they will be of value. So I pray send them to me, to the care of Mr. Dilly Bookseller London.

I am going down to Scotland to pass the Christmas Holidays with my Wife and Children, and I hope to be here again early in february, that I may go on with my large Work, for which I solicit more communications from you.

I shall at all times be happy in an opportunity of enjoying your conversation. I beg to have my best compliments presented to Miss Adams and I remain with most sincere respect

My Dear Sir

Your most obliged and

faithful humble servant

James Boswell.

Two sheets. 8vo. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Date. (1785?)

Addressed—

———— Berkeley Esq: (George-Monck)

Harcourt Buildings

Inner Temple

Mr. Boswell presents his compliments to Mr. Berkeley; is much obliged to him for his kind offer; will by no means allow Mr. Berkeley to take the trouble of calling on him; but after some interesting business which will engage him all this day and perhaps tomorrow will do himself the honour to wait on Mr. Berkeley.

Portman Square

Monday Morning.

One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Date. No Address. (To the Revd. Hugh Blair)

(May, 1768)

Dear Sir

Dr. Robertson & I and one or two more friends are to sup with Mr. Johnson on Tuesday night. Our place of meeting is the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand and our hour between eight & nine. Pray make one with us. Mr. Johnson says "I wish to see Blair."

I am Dear Sir

Yours &c

James Boswell.



THE CROWN & ANCHOR TAVERN

One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Miss Euphemia Boswell)

London

4 March 1786.

My Dear Phemie.

I received your kind letter for which I thank you.

I have been remarkably well, since I left you, and I hope we shall all meet in good health in this great City the next month or the one after. I shall endeavour to have every thing in as good order as I can before you come. I flatter myself you will be much improved here. But in the mean time I trust that you are attentive to your Mamma, and that you apply to the different parts of your education.

I remain

your affectionate Father

James Boswell.

---

One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address.

To The Mayor Aldermen Bailiffs and Capital Citizens of Carlisle.

Gentlemen.

Finding that other engagements prevent me from discharging the duty of Recorder of Carlisle, in the manner that it ought to be done, I take the liberty now to intimate to you my resignation to take place as soon after the ensuing Midsummer Sessions, as I shall have a call to return to London.

I beg leave to express my very sincere thanks for your having been pleased to elect me into that office, of which I was proud to accept, and I shall be exceedingly happy if I can at any time be of the least service to the Corporation, for which I shall always retain a grateful regard.

I have the honour to be

Gentlemen

your much obliged and

faithful humble servant

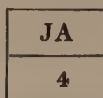
James Boswell.

Carlisle 23 June 1790.



Two sheets. 4to. Written on all four pages.

Postmark



With Seal.

Addressed—

To

Sir Alexander Dick

of Prestonfield Baronet  
near Edinburgh

Great Britain

Geneva

24 Decr. 1764.

Dear Sir.

I shall make no apology for writing a letter to Sir Alexander Dick to beg a Recommendation for an old acquaintance who is just setting out for Italy.

In a few days I intend to pass the Alps, & so get into that delicious Region, where my Father has been kind enough to agree that I shall travel for some months.

My plan is to employ my whole time in the Study of Antiquitys and the fine arts, for which I shall have such noble opportunitys, that I hope to form a Taste which may contribute to my happiness as long as I live. Upon honour this is my real Plan. I know no man more capable & who will be more ready to assist me than you Sir. In saying this, I find I am insensibly paying you a great Compliment; for I am acknowledging your influence in the world of taste as well as your politeness and Benevolence. I am very glad to perceive this Compliment, which I am sure is not flattery; for what is said without premeditation to please, can never be called by that name.

I want no Introduction to Princes or to Nobles; I am just come from making a tour in Germany, where I have been at nine or ten courts, & have seen Great Folks enough. But, Sir, you will oblige me greatly, if you will recommend me as your freind to some learned and ingenious men from whom I may receive Instruction and may catch the exquisite enthusiasm of true taste. When I come home to Scotland, I shall endeavour to make you some return by my Conversation at your Classical Villa of Prestonfield. My route is to be thus Turin, Milan, Venice, Naples, Rome, Florence, Bologna, Parma, Genoa & so embark for Marseilles. I beg you may write to me aux soins de Messieurs Jacob Chappuis et Fils á Genève, who will forward your letter to me. I thank God I am in good health & good spirits and am enjoying my travels with full relish. I offer my respects to Lady Dick and to Miss. I hope the young Knight is alive & promising well. I am Dear Sir Your's with Esteem & affection

James Boswell

I beg you may write immediately. If you have any orders that I can execute, pray honour me with them. I beg you may assure my worthy freind & Uncle Dr. Boswell of my most warm regard.

In giving you my *Route* I have not mentioned several lesser places which I intend to visit. But these you may suppose.

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on all four pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Sir Alexander Dick)

London  
7 May 1768.

My Dear Sir.

Many thanks for your last kind letter. I told you Dr. Armstrong had been with me. I have kept Mr. Spence's letter still hoping to get abroad; but being sentenced to a week's longer confinement, I this night transmit it to him; & when I get out Dr. Armstrong & I will drive down to him.

You are right in thinking that my heart remains warm to my friends amidst all the hurry of London; for I assure you, nothing ever dims the fire of affection which warms my breast. I am not a bit afraid of the great Douglas Cause, so that there is one quarter at rest. I am doing what man can do, for the brave Corsicans; but I fear it is too true that the dastardly Genoese have given up the Island to the French. However that will probably make our ministers look about them a little. I solicit every body for Essays to keep up the spirit. Will you send me one? Will you persuade Sir John Cuninghame and Mr. Keith to contribute?

Make my compliments to Mr. Cummyng & tell him that his very accurate letter has fully satisfied me, & I believe will satisfy the Pretender. His friend Scully is gone to Edinburgh, & will be inquiring. you had better try to get hold of him, as you can set him right easily.

Sir John is out of town, otherwise he would have answered your truly affectionate letter tonight. He will answer it, next week. He was to have had a seal cut with his arms. I have put him off that design; so you will have him as you could wish.

My Book is rising in fame every day. It has conjured up a friend, a foe to my illustrious friend Mr. Johnson, who is to publish *in a few days* "A friendly & compassionate letter to James Boswell Esq; occasioned by his having transmitted the moral writings of Dr. Samuel Johnson to Pascal Paoli &c." We shall see what the evil spirit inspires. If it will go in a frank, you shall have one immediately.

James Dick the marine or man-of-war-man the Cousin of Charles has plagued Sir John. But he has given him a proper answer. In a late London

To

Mr Alexander Dick Burnett

Prestonfield



My Dear Sir.

you are continually adding to the many favours I have received from you. Mr. Ansohe called on me yesterday, and is so good, as to carry all our Packs to For dephorn and Corvica. Mr. Ferguson has taken a copy of your Account of the Family of Dick with the Act of Parli. and is to return both to me this forenoon, and I shall send them to you on Monday after looking again to see if I can find any little expressions which a friend may point out for alteration.

We live in a strange world where we cannot often have many good things at once. You have done me a great favour in procuring me the opportunity of Mr. Ansohe to carry my dispatches. But you have at the same time deprived me of the pleasure I had in view of being with you today; for now that I have this opportunity, I cannot but write very fully to the illustrious Chief, the gallant Count (Nivarola) and the worthy Baronet. So that



I shall exist for half a day in the character which when I was a boy I had a great ambition to be - a foreign minister.

Had I the forenoon free I might perhaps have the happiness of being with you. But I have no less than seven causes in the Outer House, and the great Cause of Cairncross before the Lords. This is the cause I was attending with so much anxiety when you did me the honour to call upon me. I am for the Descendant of an ancient family who after an obscurity of several generations lays claim to the estate of his forefather. You know my old feudal soul and how much a Cause of this kind must interest me. Besides John Reid my Glasgow Client is to stand his Trial on Monday before the High Court of Justiciary so that I have really a great deal to do. I wish you would come in on Monday and hear a little of the Trial. I have made John Reid of importance to my friends.

I

I shall not dedicate this afternoon to  
labour. Mr. Ainslie does not set out till  
the evening. I am sorry to lose a Saturday with  
you; but I comfort myself by reflecting  
that I am now a sort of established man  
at Prestonfield, and can come and go as if  
I had a claim to the Place. So should all  
Friends live. But there are very few  
who deserve to be called Friends.  
My best respects to Lady Dick and  
compliments to all your young Family.  
I hope the young Knight does not  
forget me. I ever am  
with unfeigned esteem and affection  
very Dear Sir Alexander.  
ever yours James Boswell.

P.S. I shall send you your account of  
the Family on Tuesday.

Gazette Wednesday May (4?) you would see our *Consul Sir John*. Please forward the enclosed. My best compliments to all at Prestonfield. Ever yours.

James Boswell

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

No Postmark. With Seal.

Addressed—

To

Sir Alexander Dick

of Prestonfield Baronet  
to be left at Johns Coffee House

Edinburgh

Auchinleck

24 Sept. 1768.

My Dear Sir Alexander.

You should have heard from me before now, had I not been taken up with a variety of things which have kept my mind ever afloat. In the first place, the Irish Heiress whom I went to see at Lainshaw, turned out to be the finest creature that I ever beheld, a perfect arcadian Shepherdess not seventeen, so that instead of the solid plans of fortune hunting, I thought of nothing but the enchanting reveries of gallantry. It was quite a fairy tale. I know that if I were to tell this to Lady Dick, she would not believe a word of it, but would maintain that I am disguising even to myself, my old passion for gold. The truth however is that I am in love as much as ever man was, and if I played Carrickfergus once before, I play it a hundred times now. I was lately at Adamtown, and had a long walk with Heiress Kate by the side of her wood. She told me that the Knight Sir Sawney was never to rule her territories. But alas what *I could say* (sic) to her while my heart was beyond the sea. So much for love.

I sympathize with you sincerely on the loss of your amiable friend Mr. Spence. But there can be no doubt that he is in better regions where I hope you and I shall meet him. Were it not for such ideas I know not how a man of sensibility could bear the death of those he loves, or think of his own.

You must know that Mr. Crosbie and I have sent from Carron 32 piece of ordnance for the service of the brave distressed Corsicans, for which we are raising a subscription. I beg you may do me the favour to forward the enclosed to the Duke of Buccleugh, upon that subject. You may tell him that I begged you would

forward the letter; but you need not take any notice of your knowing its intention. Pray make my best compliments to Lady Dick, Miss Dick and all your flourishing family. I am My Dear Sir

Your affectionate friend

and humble servant

James Boswell.

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One sheet. 4to. \Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Sir John Dick)

London

2 Sept. 1785.

Dear Sir.

Though you are well acquaint[ ] with "*the modes of the court*" you hav[ ] not that which Gay so well satyrises in the Beggar's Opera—*But shift you for money from friend to friend.*

Your most genteel and kind offer to accomodate me which you made about three months ago, I then declined, as supposing I should have no occasion for it. But having been detained here much longer than I reckoned I should be, I shall now be obliged to you for a draft for £50 or £60 for which my note shall be transmitted to you.

I set out for Scotland on Monday the 12; but shall be some time of getting home, as I have promised to be at Sir George Osborne's in Bedfordshire, Sir Thomas Wentworth Black[et's in] Yorkshire, [Couns]ellor Lee's in the Bishoprick [but I will] return to London in winter, [and bring] my family hither in May; [for here I] must try my fortune, and here I shall depend much upon your friendship, and not a little upon your good advice.

Pray let me know how you have been, and if there is a prospect of your being here before I go.

The worthy General & Mr. Gentile offer you their best compliments and I have the honour to be with great regard

My Dear Sir John

your faithful and

affectionate humble servant

James Boswell.

Portman Square  
No. 1.



Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

Postmark

JY
31

Stamped "Free."

Seal broken.

Addressed

To

Sir Michael Le Fleming Bart.

M. P.

Rydel

Westmoreland

London

31 July 1793.

My Dear Sir.

Your kind desire to hear from me flattered me much; and I should sooner have written to you; but could not communicate what I know you would wish to know, my perfect convalescence. I am not yet free from the consequences of the *villianous accident* which *befell* me, being feeble, and not in my right spirits. *Pourtant il va bien*. I met at the Circuit at Chelmsford our friend Bailey Heath, who desired I would present his compliments to you. Indeed, as you love your friends, your friends love you. London is I think emptier at present than I ever saw it. This moment I have had the agreeable news that Valenciennes has surrendered. I shall celebrate it today at the mess of the Life Guards where I dine *soberly* as I *must* do at present. Were you in London your superexcellent Claret should flow.

The second edition of my Life of Dr. Johnson (in which I have paid a just compliment by name to your honour) is come out, and goes off wonderfully. I ever am with most sincere regard My Dear Sir Michael

your attached friend and faithful

humble servant

James Boswell.

Two sheets. 4to. Written on all four pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Sir Michael Le Fleming, Bart)

London

3 March 1795.

My Dear Sir Michael.

Many thanks to you for your very agreeable letter of 29 Janry.; and I take shame to myself for not acknowledging it sooner. Such praise of my Life of Johnson from such a man as you my elegant friend is the most pleasing reward of my labours. I have indeed great reason to be satisfied with the share both of gold and fame which that Work has procured me.

Be assured that your long absence from Town has been felt with real sensibility by me; and no man will rejoice more to see you here again. For we have congenial souls in many respects, as ancient Gentlemen as lovers of good books and good conversation good — in short good everything. I went to Ayrshire in June, stayed full seven months & returned to London in January; since which time I have been relishing the Metropolis with avidity.

I rejoice to hear of your stock of wine; & shall joyously taste it I hope before this year is gone round. My son & heir your Eton acquaintance who loves and admires you is at Edinburgh College this winter. He comes up to me early in May. I would give him welcome orders to take Rydell in his way; but hope that his Father shall see you long before then.

The great Earl after a long *vacuum* asked me to dinner last summer. *I was engaged.* He asked me *again* & I went. There was a good party and excellent doings. I have left my card since I came to town; but have not seen him nor heard of him. You know him perfectly.

I am not going in any publick capacity to Corsica, which is not well in those who rule us *à l'heure qu'il est N'importe. Vive la gayete de Coeur!* I have published a second edition of my Life of Johnson. You shall have the additions separate when you come. One of them is a just, and I think a happy compliment to you by name.

My daughters are flattered by your polite remembrance of them; and return you compliments. Pray gratify me with intelligence *when* we shall see you

I have the honour to remain

with sincere regard

My Dear Sir Michael

Faithfully and affectionately

and cordially yours

James Boswell.

I passed two hours this morning with Lord Macartney and was deliciously entertained with his Chinese Embassy.

Two sheets. 4to. Written on all four pages.

Postmark

A P
12

in red.

A P
16

in black.

Seal destroyed.

Addressed—

To

David Garrick Esq:

Adelphi

London

Edinburgh

11 April 1774.

Dear Sir.

When Mr. Johnson and I arrived at Inverary, after our expedition to the Hebrides, and there for the first time *after many days* renewed our enjoyment of the luxuries of civilized life, one of the most elegant that I could wish to find, was lying for me—a letter from Mr. Garrick. It was a Pine-Apple of the finest flavour, which had a high zest indeed amongst the heath-covered mountains of Scotia. That I have not thanked you for it long e'er now is one of those strange facts for which it is so difficult to account that I shall not attempt it. The *Idler* has strongly expressed many of the wonderful effects of the *Vis inertiae* of the human mind. But it is hardly credible that a man should have the warmest regard for his friend, a constant desire to shew it, and a keen ambition for a frequent epistolary intercourse with him, and yet should let months roll on without having resolution or activity or power or whatever it be, to write a few lines. A man in such a situation is somewhat like Tantalus reversed. He recedes he knows not how from what he loves, which is full as provoking as when what he loves recedes from him. That my complaint is not a peculiar fancy, but deep in human nature, I appeal to the Authority of St. Paul, who though he had not been exalted to the dignity of an Apostle, would have stood high in Fame as a Philosopher and Oratour, "*What I would that do I not.*"

You need to be under no concern as to your debt to me for the Book which I purchased for you. It was long ago discharged; for believe me, I intended the Book as a Present. Or if you rather chuse that it should be held as an Exchange with the Epitaphs which you sent me, I have no objection.

Dr. Goldsmith's death would affect all the Club much. I have not been so much affected with any event that has happened of a long time. I wish you would give me who are at a distance, and who cannot get to London this spring some particulars with regard to his last appearances. Dr. Young has a fine thought to this purpose that every friend who goes before us to the other side of

the river of death makes the passage to us easier. Were our Club all removed to a future world but one or two, *they*, one should think, would incline to follow.

By all means let me be upon your list of Subscribers to Mr. Morrell's *Prometheus*.

You have enlivened the Town I see with a musical Piece. The Prologue is admirably fancied *arripere populum tributim*, though to be sure Foote's remark applies to it, that your Prologues have a culinary turn, & that therefore the motto to your collection of them should be *Animus jamjudum in Patinis*. A Player upon words might answer him—Any *Patinis* rather than your Piety in *Pattens*. I wonder the Wags have not been quoting upon you

Whose erudition is *A Christmas Tale*.

But Mr. Johnson is ready to bruise any one who calls in question your classical knowledge and your happy application of it.

I hope Mr Johnson has given you an entertaining account of his Northern Tour. He is certainly to favour the World with some of his Remarks. Pray do not fail to quicken him by word as I do by letter. Posterity will be the more obliged to his friends the more that they can prevail with him to write. With best compliments to Mrs. Garrick & hoping that you will not punish me by being long silent

I remain

fathiffully yours

\*(James Boswell.)

\* Signature cut off.

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on all four pages.

No Postmark. Seal destroyed.

Addressed—

A Monsieur

Monsieur De Giffardierre

Chez Monsieur le Comte de

Hogendorf de Hofwege

a

Telbourg

Utrecht

16 Decr. 1763.

Monsieur.

By the address of this letter, you will see that I intended to write in french. By the address I mean the Exordium *Monsieur*. I did indeed fully intend



to have written to you in that language of which you know so much, and I so little. But I recollected that my french letters are as yet but mere Themes and that I should not be doing you a great kindness to give you the trouble to correct them.

Although I cannot correct the language of your letter, yet I think I may take upon me to correct the sentiment of it. Your french morality, Giffardierre, is "lighter than vanity" a generous Briton gives it to the wind, with a smile of disdain. To be serious, your amorous sentences are vivacious. But are they proper from a Son of the Church? Indeed, Doctor, I am affraid not. Believe me Sir, such sallies are dangerous. They glance upon the mind, & dazzle the eye of discernment. Morality is permanent, altho our sight be wavering; happy are they who can keep it constantly in view. I have experienced a good deal of variety and I am firmly convinced that the true Happiness of a MAN is propriety of Conduct, & the hope of divine favour. Excuse me Giffardier. I am domineering over you, I allow. But don't you deserve it? When you left this, was you not resolved to acquire "Intellectual Dignity"? I desire that you may remember your resolution. You have now a fair opportunity to become a real Philosopher. If you improve your Solitude as you ought to do, the rest of your life may be past in chearfull tranquillity. Take this as it is meant & you will thank me. I now find Utrecht to be the same agreable place which my freind Dalrymple found it fifteen years ago. We have brilliant Assemblys twice a week & private Partys allmost every evening. La Comtesse de Nassau Beverwerd has taken me under her Protection. She is the finest Woman upon earth. She has shown me the greatest Civility, & has introduced me [ ] the very best footing [ ] gay World of this City. I [ ] make acquaintance with the people of fashion, and hope to be agreable to them. There are so many beautifull and amiable Ladies in our Circle that a quire of paper could not contain their praises tho' written by a man of a much cooler fancy & a much smaller handwriting than myself.

I have stood upon my guard, and have repelled Dissipation. I am firm to my Plan, and I divide my time between Study & Amusement. Happy Man! you will say. Our Vacation begins this day. I shall go to the Hague next week, & expect to pass there some weeks of felicity. Do not allow yourself to weary in your present Retreat. Acquire fortitude and all will at least be supportable in this changefull World.

I am

Sir

Your sincere Wellwisher

and Humble Servant

James Boswell.

Last Post I had a long letter from  
Mr. JOHNSON.

Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages.

No Postmark. With Seal.

Addressed—

To

Dr. Goldsmith

No. 2 Brick Court

London

Edinburgh

29 March 1773.

Dear Sir.

I sincerely wish you joy on the great success of your new Comedy "*She stoops to conquer, or the mistakes of a night*" The English Nation was just falling into a lethargy. Their blood was thickened and their minds *creamed* and *mantled like a standing Pool*; and no wonder;—when their Comedies which should enliven them, like sparkling Champagne, were become mere syrup of poppies gentle soporifick draughts. Had there been no interruption to this, our audiences must have gone to the Theatres with their night caps. In the Opera houses abroad, the Boxes are fitted up for tea drinking. Those at Drury Lane & Covent Garden must have been furnished with settees, and commodiously adjusted for repose. I am happy to hear that you have waked the spirit of mirth which has so long layn dormant, and revived natural humour and hearty laughter. It gives me pleasure that our friend Garrick has written the Prologue for you. It is at least lending you a Postilion since you have not his coach; and I think it is a very good one, admirably adapted both to the Subject and to the Authour of the Comedy.

You must know my wife was safely delivered of a daughter, the very evening that *She stoops to conquer* first appeared. I am fond of the coincidence. My little daughter is a fine healthy lively child; and I flatter myself shall be blest with the cheerfullness of your Comick Muse. She has nothing of that wretched whining and crying which we see children so often have; nothing of the *Comedie Larmoyante*. I hope she shall live to be an agreeable companion, and to diffuse gayety over the days of her father, which are sometimes a little cloudy.

I intend being in London this spring, and promise myself great satisfaction in sharing your social hours. In the meantime I beg the favour of hearing from you. I am sure you have not a warmer friend or a steadier admirer. While you are in the full glow of Theatrical Splendour, while all the great and the gay in the British Metropolis are literally hanging upon *your smiles*, let me see that you can *stoop to write* to me

I ever am with great regard

Dear Sir

Your affectionate humble servant

James Boswell.

Written on outside—

Pray write  
directly. Write  
as if in  
repartee

My address is  
James's Court  
Edinburgh

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One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark.

No Address. (To Capt. afterward General G. H. Hutton)

London  
2 April 1789.

Sir.

Your letter dated 22 March having been directed to Ayrshire, has reached me here just as I was about to set out for Auchinleck. I do not delay to acknowledge the receipt of it, that you may in the meantime know, that I take in very good part your application to me, though we are not personally acquainted. The mutual communication of curious knowledge should be liberal, and you do me honour in supposing that it is in my power to answer your inquiries. I am affraid I shall not give you the satisfaction I should be happy to do; but you shall be welcome to what I can tell.

I am Sir

Your most obedient humble servant

James Boswell.

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on all four pages.

Hawkesbury

No Postmark. No Address. (Jenkinson, Earl of Liverpool)

Queen Anne Street West  
1 November 1790.

My Lord.

I beg that your Lordship may not startle at what you will now read from a man who is personally, and perhaps altogether, unknown to your Lordship.

In the Life of Dr. Johnson, which I have had for some time in the press, after inserting a letter which he wrote in favour of Dr. Dodd to the Right Honourable Charles Jenkinson now Lord Hawkesbury, there is the following paragraph

"Of this letter I am sorry to say no notice whatever was taken, not even the common civility of acknowledging the receipt of it. We may wonder the more at this, that the noble Lord's own great advancement, it might have been thought, would have impressed him with just sentiments of the respect which is due to superior abilities and attainments. I had prepared something pointed upon this topick, but my high esteem of Lord Hawkesbury's general character restrains me."

In a conversation with Mr. Cator of Beckenham from whence I returned this morning, after passing two days with him, I had the pleasure of being assured that your Lordship did by no means undervalue my illustrious friend; and therefore I presume to give your Lordship this trouble, as you may perhaps enable me to explain a matter which has been much talked of, so as to obviate any unfavourable construction; which I sincerely wish to do; for believe me, My Lord my mind is so happily constituted, that instead of envying, I delight in contemplating a regular, well-founded, well-built prosperity.

I have only to add, that as it so happens that I am just come to that part of my Work in which the Letter from Johnson to your Lordship is introduced, I request that if I am to be favoured with an answer, it may not be delayed. I shall wait for three days.

I have the honour to be with great respect

My Lord

your Lordship's

most obedient humble servant

James Boswell.

*See Jenkinson's reply, under Jenkinson, Vol. III.*

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Two sheets. 4to. Written fully on all four pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Dr. Johnson)

Edinburgh

3 March 1772.

My Dear Sir.

It is hard that I cannot prevail with you to write to me oftener. But I am convinced that it is in vain to push you for a private correspondence with any regularity. I must therefore look upon you as a Fountain of Wisdom from whence few rills are communicated to a distance, and which must be approached at it's source, to partake fully of it's virtues.

I fairly own that after an absence from you for any length of time, I



My Dear Sir.

Edinburgh  
3 March 1772.

It is hard that I cannot prevail with you to write to me oftener. But I am convinced that it is in vain to push you for a private correspondence with any regularity. I must therefore look upon you as a Fountain of Wisdom from whence few rills are communicated to a distance, and which must be approached at its source, to partake fully of its virtues.

I fairly own that after an absence from you for any length of time, I feel that I require a renewal of that spirit which your presence always gives me, and which makes me a better and a happier man than

than I imagined I could be, before  
I was introduced to your acquaintance.

I am coming to London for some  
weeks this spring, and hope to find  
you there and at length to fix  
our voyage to the Hebrides or at  
least our journey through the  
highlands of Scotland. I am  
to appear in an appeal from  
the Court of Session in the House  
of Lords. A Schoolmaster in Scotland  
was deprived of his office for  
being somewhat severe in the  
chastisement of his scholars. The  
Court of Session considered it to be  
a very delicate matter to interfere  
between a master and his boys,  
and

and rather dangerous to the interests  
of learning and education in general  
to lessen the dignity of teachers, and  
make them afraid of the resentment  
of too indulgent Parents incited  
by the complaints of their children  
and therefore restored him to his  
office. His enemies have appealed  
to the House of Lords, though the  
salary is only £20 a year. I was  
counsel for him here, and am also  
to be so in the supreme Indicture.  
I hope there will be little fear of a  
reversal. But I must beg leave  
to have your aid in my plan of  
supporting the Decree. It is a general  
question; and not a point of particular  
law.

Lord



Lord Eldon remembers you always  
with great respect. I believe he  
will be with us this spring in London  
We must have some select meetings  
with him.

I beg you may make my best  
compliments to Mr. Thrale's family,  
and put my other friends in  
kind remembrance of me, and if  
you can, without much trouble, write  
me a few lines, when you receive  
these, it will make me very happy.

I ever am with unalterable  
respect and affection

My Dear Sir

your much obliged  
humble servant

James Dowell.



feel that I require a renewal of that spirit which your presence always gives me, and which makes me a better and a happier man than I imagined I could be, before I was introduced to your acquaintance.

I am coming to London for some weeks this spring, and hope to find you there and at length to fix our voyage to the Hebrides or at least our journey through the highlands of Scotland. I am to appear in an appeal from the Court of Session in the House of Lords. A Schoolmaster in Scotland was deprived of his office for being somewhat severe in the chastisement of his scholars. The Court of Session considered it to be a very delicate matter to interfere between a Master and his boys, and rather dangerous to the interests of learning and education in general to lessen the dignity of teachers, and make them afraid of the resentment of too indulgent Parents instigated by the complaints of their children, and therefore restored him to his office. His Enemies have appealed to the House of Lords, though the salary is only £20 a year. I was counsel for him here, and am also to be so in the supreme Judicature. I hope there will be little fear of a reversal. But I must beg leave to have your aid in my plan of supporting the Decree. It is a general question; and not a point of particular law. Lord Ellbank remembers you always with great respect. I believe he will be with us this spring in London. We must have some select meetings with him.

I beg you may make my best compliments to Mr. Thrale's family, and put my other friends in kind remembrance of me; and if you can, without much trouble, write me a few lines, when you receive these, it will make me very happy.

I ever am with unalterable respect and affection

My Dear Sir

Your much obliged

humble servant

James Boswell.

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Three sheets. 4to. Written on all six pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To John Johnstone)

London

30 June 1763.

My Dear Friend

I have been disappointed in not hearing from you, a second time, before now, and as I intended to answer that expected letter, I have delayed writing you for a Post, or two.

I hope you approve of my plan of going abroad. I never could be able to make any thing of my army schemes. My Father's rooted aversion would have always prevented me from rising in that way. By falling in with his schemes

I make him easy & happy, & I have a better prospect of doing well in the World: As I will have no uphill work; but all will go smooth. I have had a letter from my Father in which he expresses much affection and declares that he has not had so much satisfaction these four years. I wish from my heart that I may be able to make myself a Man, & to become steady & sensible in my Conduct. But alas this miserable melancholy is allways weighing me down, & rendering me indifferent to all pursuits. For these two days past, I have been very bad (owing to thick rainy weather) and have been viewing all things in the most disagreeable light. I have now got relief and am pretty easy & chearful. I sympathize very heartily with your distress. It is indeed a most severe affliction. You are right in thinking that we cannot drive it away. I advise you to study it carefully. Observe its effects, & find out by what methods to render yourself tollerably easy while it lasts. What I want to do is to bring myself to that aequality of behaviour that whether my spirits are high or low, People may see little odds upon me. I am perswaded that when I can restrain my flightiness, & keep an even external tenor, that my mind will attain a settled serenity. My Dear Friend! do all you can to keep free of it. Mix business and amusement, so that your mind may be allways employed & no time left for the gloomy broodings of a distempered fancy. My Father inclines that I should pass next Winter at Utrecht & afterwards proceed thro' the south of Europe. At Utrecht I am told that I shall have a most beautifull City to live in. Very genteel People to be acquainted with; an opportunity of learning the french language & easy opportunity of jaunting about to the Hague, Rotterdam & in short up & down all the seven Provinces. I am also to hear the lectures on civil law & put myself on the plan of acquiring a habit of Study and Application. Too much of that would be bad for me. But Idleness is still worse. And now my friend Don't you think that I am upon a better plan than forcing myself into the Guards in time of peace where I should be continaly (*sic*) fighting—not against the french—but against my Father's Inclination. Don't you think too that I am now upon a more independent & extensive Plan; and that a man with such a mind as I have, should rather embrace soft measures. My dear Johnston! you may figure the many spirited gay ideas which I entertain when I consider that I am now a Young Man of fortune just going to set out on his travels. That time which I have often at a distance looked forward to, is arrived. My Father wants to have me go as soon as possible. So that I shall set out in a Forthnight or less. As to my affairs, Love has payed me £10 & still owes me £30 which I believe I must allow to lie over a little. My Boy's maintenance I imagine will come to £10 a year. I have a notion to make out three Bills each of that Sum which I will cause Love sign payable at different future terms & these I will indorse to you; so that you can be supplied from time to time. I am anxious to hear of Charles. Meet with Cairnie & get his accounts of him. I shall send you some Journal next Tuesday. You shall hear every Post from me now till I leave Britain.

I ever am

Your sincere friend

James Boswell

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

		JV	
	Postmark	24	With Seal.
Addressed—		93	
To			
Major Bennet Langton			
of the Royal			
North Lincolnshire Militia			
Warley Camp			London
Essex.			24 July 1793.

My Dear Sir.

Tomorrow's (friday's) Chelmsford Coach will bring for you two copies of my second edition of Dr. Johnson's Life, which are directed for you to be left at the White Hart Brentwood. I beseech you to correct a strange *erratum* on the last page but one of the Additions prefixed to Vol. I. for *without* much regret read *with* &c.

I was sorry to leave you sooner than you kindly wished. But it was really necessary for me to be in town; and, as I candidly owned to you, I had enough of a Camp. In my convalescent state, another disturbed night would have hurt me much.

O London! London! there let me be; there let me see my friends; there a fair chance is given for pleasing and being pleased.

I beg you may present my best respects to the Gentlemen of your Regiment, whose civilities to me I never shall forget; and if your son be with you give my kind compliments to him. Above 400 of the new Johnsonian Volumes are already sold. WONDERFUL MAN!

I hesitate as to Valenciennes; though I should only *survey* a camp there. Yet my curiosity is ardent.—

In all places I ever am

My Dear Sir

yours most sincerely

James Boswell.

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One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Lord Lonsdale)

No Date. (May, 1789?)

Mr. Boswell presents his respectful compliments to Lord Lonsdale with thanks for the attention with which his Lordship has been pleased to honour him. He is extremely sorry to be at all troublesome. But as it is *really* of consequence to him to be in London as soon as possible he will be very much obliged to his Lordship, if he will order a postchaise to carry him to Penrith this evening.

Monday.



Two sheets. 4to. Written on all four pages.

Incomplete Letter.

York  
12 July 1788.

My Dear Malone.

Your long letter came safely to me before I left Auchinleck on the 1st. of this month, upon my own horse, to join the Northern Circuit here, which I have done. I was not careless as to giving you my address. It was formerly by Cumnock & Dumfries. But a post being now established at Machline [Mauchline] the next village to me, I left a note of direction for you, *Auchinleck Machline by Edinburgh*. However my daughter's direction by *Kilmarnock* which is eight miles farther off, did very well.

It was very obliging in you to give me so full an account of Sheridan's celebrated summing up, which has undoubtedly been a very brilliant exhibition of talents; and I see the strong impression which it made upon you from the way in which you express yourself. But now that the fervour is somewhat abated, I hope you can bear to be told that I am still hopeful that for the honour of Britain and that of undoubtedly a great and meritorious conductor of affairs which, however I may as a humane moralist disapprove are sanctioned by this country, Warren Hastings shall upon the whole be found not guilty. It is fair to tell you that I dined yesterday with the Archbishop of York, and that the Wines (in particular the Burgundy) were excellent, and given with Archiepiscopal hospitality.

You fully excused yourself for your long silence in the "vacancy" of which my "keen eye" was beginning to see unpleasing possibilities. You must have indeed been a very busy man, & I rejoice that you was so successful and that our estimable young friend Jephson enjoyed what he deserved. Miss Catharine Malone shewed a spirit truly milesian in repeatedly encountering the perilous struggles at the door of the Hall. As nobody could be admitted without tickets it was surely very illjudged in those who had them to assemble so early. But a good place upon such an occasion is something though I think it was bought too dear.

I am glad that you have had, and are to have so much agreeable time with your Ladies. You know what a Circuit is, by supposing something rather better than what you have seen; and you may guess how I contrast my situation with yours. I am however animated with the consciousness of acting with a very manly spirit, and though a dreary remonstrance from my spanish brother, that I am lessening myself when there is not the least probability of my getting business, be seconded by my having no brief here, I am not cast down. I attend diligently, I take good notes, I feel a gradual accession of knowledge, and I look forward with hope. Indeed I was assured of three briefs at Newcastle before I left London. This is all *biographical* as we have pleasantly talked.

Before I set out from Auchinleck, my Wife had a very favourable remission of her severe and alarming complaints. The country air, asses milk, the little amusements of ordering about her family, gentle exercise, and the comfort of



being at home and amongst old & valuable friends had a very benignant effect upon her; and I would fain flatter myself that she may recover though not full health, yet such a degree of it as that she may enjoy life moderately well. Her preservation is of great importance to me & my children, so that there is no wonder that I suffer frequently from anxious apprehensions, which make me shrink. I sometimes upbraid myself for leaving her; but tenderness should yield to the active engagements of ambitious enterprise. I am not sure whether I shall go all round this Circuit, though I rather think I shall, unless I hear that she is worse. But you will be very angry when I confess to you, that I have not yet advanced a single page in Johnson's Life, since I left London. The truth —

[Remainder of letter wanting]

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Edmond Malone)

Carlisle

7 October 1788.

My Dear Malone.

Was ever any man more unlucky than I am at this time. Such tantalizing do I experience. The rich letter—the constellation from yourself, Mr. Jephson & Mr. Courtenay was lying for me here. But alas! I found before I left Auchinleck that I could not raise £500 (which *must* be paid in London about the first of November) in the way that I was flattered to believe I could do it, so I am under the necessity of going back in order to get it. I hope a few days will suffice, and then I shall hasten to town. I beseech you to prevail on Mr. Jephson not to go till I get to you. I am exceedingly vain of his notice, and should be sadly mortified were I to miss him. O this auri sacra fames which I translate this cursed *want* of gold.

Pray give my best compliments to Mr. Jephson and to our excellent friend Courtenay. The description of your present situation enchants me. I trust I shall have one or two noctes cōnōeque Deum—ay and Dearum.

The Life shall be finished with assiduous dispatch, and we shall do nobly yet.

I ever am

My Dear Sir

most affectionately yours

James Boswell.

Two sheets. 4to. Written on all four pages.

Postmark

DE
90

Seal destroyed.

Addressed—

To

Edmond Malone Esq:

Sackville Street

Dublin

Re-addressed *Mullingar* (in other hand)

London

4 Decr. 1790.

My Dear Malone.

Let me begin with myself— On the day after your departure that most friendly fellow Courtenay (begging the pardon of an M. P. for so free an epithet) called on me, and took my word and honour that till the first of March, my allowance of wine per diem should not exceed four good glasses at dinner, and a pint after it—And this I have kept, though I have dined with Jack Wilkes—at the London Tavern after the launch of an Indiaman—with dear Edwards—Dilly—at home with Courtenay—Dr. Barrow—at the mess of the Coldstream—at the Club—at Warren Hastings's—at Hawkins the Cornish member's—and at home with a Colonel of the Guards &c— This *Regulation* I assure you is of essential advantage in many respects. The *Magnum Opus* advances. I have revised p 216. The additions which I have received are a Spanish Quotation from Mr. Cambridge—an account of Johnson at Warley Camp from Mr. Langton—and Johnson's letters to Mr. Hastings—three in all—one of them long and admirable; but what sets the diamonds in pure gold of Ophir is a letter from Mr. Hastings to me, illustrating them and their writer. I had this day the honour of a long visit from the late Governour General of India. There is to be no more Impeachment. But you will see his character nobly vindicated. Depend upon this.

And now for my Friend.— The appearance of Malone's Shakespeare on the 29th. November was not attended by any external noise; but I suppose no publication seised more speedily and surely on the attention of those for whose critical taste it was chiefly intended. I send by this post under cover of Mr. Leas, fifteen newspaper paragraphs collected by Mr. Selfe who offers you his most attached respects. If I find any that escape him, I shall secure them for you. At the Club on tuesday where I met Sir Joshua, Dr. Warren, Lord Ossory, Lord Palmerston, Windham, and Burke in the Chair Burke was so full of his anti-french Revolution rage, & poured it out so copiously that we had almost nothing else.

He however found time to praise the clearness and accuracy of your dramatick History; and Windham found fault with you for not taking the profits of so laborious a Work. Sir Joshua is pleased, though he would gladly have seen more *disquisition* (you understand me). Mr. Daines Barrington is exceedingly gratified. He regrets that there should be a dryness between you and Steevens, as you have treated him with great respect. I understand that in a short time there will not be one of your Books to be had for love or money.

I have called several times on John, who hopes to set out next week; but I am not for his being in a hurry. Pray let me hear from you, & command me most freely. I offer my best respects to the Family—I should say the House & compliments to Jephson.

I ever am most affectionately yours

J. B.

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on all four pages.

Postmark indistinct. Seal destroyed.

Addressed—

To

Edmond Malone Esq:

Sackville Street

Dublin

Re-addressed *Mullingar* (in other hand)

London

7 Decr. 1790.

My Dear Malone.

It is my intention to send you a weekly packet every Saturday while there is *stuff*, which I suppose there will be for some time. But this is a Gazette Extraordinary, of which you will not grudge the postage.

I dined last saturday at Sir Joshua's with Mr. Burke, his Lady, son and niece, Lord Palmerston, Windham, Dr. Lawrence Dr. Blagden Dr. Burney, Sir Abraham Hume, Sir William Scott. I sat next to young Burke at dinner, who said to me that you had paid his Father a very fine compliment. I mentioned Johnson to *sound* if there was any objection. He made none. In the evening Burke told me he had read your Henry VI with all its accompaniment, and it was exceedingly well done. He left us for some time, I suppose on some of his cursed politicks; but he returned. I *at* him again, and heard from his lips what

believe me I delighted to hear, and took care to write down soon after. "*I have read his History of the Stage, which is a very capital piece of Criticism and Anti-quarianism. I shall now read all Shakespeare through in a very different manner from what I have yet done—when I have such a Commentator.—*"

Will not *this* do for you my friend? Burke was admirable company all that day. He never once I think mentioned the French Revolution, and was easy with me, as in *days of old*. I *do* upon my honour *admire* and *love* him. Would that he had never seen Lord Rockingham, but had ever "walked in a perfect way." I am assured by a noble courtier that George Rex has said "Whatever he may have said of me, I now entirely forgive him."

The best answer to him is by George Rous the Counsel. It is honest open manly able Whiggism. Courtenay is enraptured with it. But *Jack* is absolutely an *enthusiast* in this French business.

I shall be indebted to you for half the postage of this; as I enclose a letter to the Bishop of Killaloe to send me the *Round Robin*, and wish to be sure of a *certain* and *speedy* conveyance, and therefore trouble you.

As I was going to inquire for your servant John today, I met him in the street, and scolded him for being abroad in a cold rainy day. He intended to have set out this week; but having contracted a fresh cold, and Dr. Warren having said to me that he should be in no haste, I have presumed to advise that he should delay his journey. You will send him your own orders. My daughters join me in best compliments. I have proposed Genl. Burgoyne for the Club having had a very excellent letter from him. I am very anxious for him.

Yours ever

J. B.

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on all four pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Edmond Malone)

London

16 Decr. 1790.

My Dear Malone.

You will I hope have received my letter, with one parcel of paragraphs one only of which was mine, as you would see by our stipulated mark \*. I now send you by John a second parcel not one of which is mine. Your *Character* is written by a person whom I guessed from his having said to me almost the very words of the concluding part in the street—in short a schoolfellow.

Courtenay read to me your letter which is truly affecting.

—————Whence comfort seem'd to flow

Discomfort swell'd.



I would fain hope that your friend has recovered. I dined on saturday in company with your apothecary Mr. Atkinson whom I found to be most conversable from his having known Lord Tyrawley and I know not how many great men. He said the best thing for Mr. Jephson would be a saline draught put into a state of effervescence; but that before his advice could reach you it would be unnecessary—one way, or other.

I was sadly mortified at the Club on tuesday where I was in the chair, and on opening the box, found three balls against General Burgoyne. Present besides *moi*—Lord Ossory, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Fordyce, Dr. Burney, Young Burke, Courtenay, Steevens. One of the balls I do believe was put into the *no* side by Fordyce by mistake. You may guess who put in the other two. The Bishop of Carlisle and Dr. Blagden are put up. I doubt if the latter will be admitted till Burgoyne gets in first.

Steevens owned that your labour on Shakespeare exceeded that of the whole Phalanx. But he made no secret of his intending in his next edition of *Johnson and Steevens's Shakespeare* (for of that title he boasts) to assume all your Prolegomena, and all your notes which he likes, and that he will put yours *last* where *others* have preceded you. Also that he will exalt Monck Mason, and give due praise to Ritson.

My work has met with a delay for a little while—not a whole day however—by an unaccountable neglect in having paper enough in readiness. I have now before me p. 256. My utmost wish is to come forth on Shrove tuesday (8 March) "Wits are game cocks &c."

I shall probably trouble you with a packet towards the conclusion. I am affraid of having too much Copy.

Langton is in town, and dines with me tomorrow quietly, and revises his *Collectanea*.

I beg to have my best compliments presented to Lord and Lady Sunderlin and your valuable sisters, and ever am

My Dear Sir

your much obliged and

affectionate friend

James Boswell.

Two sheets. folio. Written on all four pages.

Postmarks	<table border="1"><tr><td>JA</td></tr><tr><td>24</td></tr></table>	JA	24	<table border="1"><tr><td>J A</td></tr><tr><td>(18)</td></tr><tr><td>91</td></tr></table>	J A	(18)	91	With Seal.
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J A								
(18)								
91								

Written above address

(Gone to Sackville Street

Dublin)

Addressed—

Edmond Malone Esq:

at the Right Honourable

Lord Sunderlin's

Baronston (crossed out)

near Malingar (crossed out)

Ireland

London

18 Janry. 1791.

My Dear Malone.

You will have seen from The Gentleman's Magazine that I got your commission as to Dr. Jephson's Obituary executed, though your letter did not reach me till the 29 Decr. Pray who is the Sir Alexander Murray who attended his funeral? The Bankers on whom your bill was drawn were not at home when I called, so I could not get it discounted by them; but my Spanish brother did it very readily, and with his compliments begged you might be informed that he was glad he could accomodate you, & that he would be happy to receive your farther commands. On the 1st. current, I paid the next £50 which my brother gave me, according to your direction, and have the receipt ready to be sent, or kept till your return as you chuse. The papers had inserted Dr. Jephson's death before your letter came.

I have read your *Shakespeare Ford and Jonson* with as much attention and as much admiration of your research, accuracy and clearness of arrangement and expression as you could wish. But I hesitate to introduce it into view in the newspapers, till I hear from you; for to tell you the truth I cannot help dissenting from you as to my old friend Macklin's having been the inventor of the statement which you have refuted with complete nay almost superfluous success, I mean with a superfluity of proof and argument. I waited till I should hear others upon it, and started it at the Club. Dr. Warren who I found to my surprise was master of

it, said just what I had thought, that you had been too hard on Macklin, and that your dissertation would have been equally perfect without arraigning his veracity, but only shewing that the pamphlet which he quoted was grossly erroneous; for, you will observe that all its error though fatal to its credit does by no means shew that it was a recent invention, for, all of it might have been the effect of ignorance or falsification at the time when the pamphlet is said to have been written. Mr. Steevens agreed with Dr. Warren, and told us that the pamphlet's not having been yet recovered by you did not prove that it did not exist, or had not existed; for more than one which had been supposed fictions had been recovered, and he added that he had never seen your advertisement. Thinking as I do I was afraid to write upon the subject in any way, lest I should either oppose you, or seem to agree in the charge of falsehood against poor Charles, who unquestionably could not *himself* be the authour of the statement, for which more reading than he has, nor of the verses for which more genius than he has, is requisite. I will wait your answer, and one way or other shall have your dissertation drawn into particular view, as it shews what a lawyer and judge you might be if you would.

I have been so disturbed by sad money-matters that my mind has been quite fretful: £500 which I borrowed & lent to a first cousin an unlucky Captain of an Indiaman were due on the 15th. to a merchant in the City. I could not possibly raise that sum, and was apprehensive of being hardly used. He however indulged me with an allowance to make partial payments £150 in two months £150 in eight months, and the remainder with the interests in eighteen months. How I am to manage I am at a loss, and I know you cannot help me. So this upon my honour is no hint. I am really tempted to accept of the £1000 for my *Life of Johnson*, yet it would go to my heart to sell it at a price which I think much too low.—Let me struggle & hope. I cannot be out on *Shrove Tuesday* as I flattered myself. P. 376 of Vol. II is ordered for press & I expect another proof tonight. But I have yet near 200 pages of Copy besides letters and *the death* which is not yet written. My second volume will I see be 40 or 50 pages more than my first.

Your absence is a woeful want in all respects. You will I dare say perceive a difference in the part which is revised only by myself, and in which many *insertions* will appear.

My spirits are at present bad. But I will mention all I can recollect. Did I inform you that Dr. Blagden was blackballed, & that the Bishop of Carlisle fared the same fate the same day, I suppose to keep the other in countenance. Before the ballot there was a question whether your proposal for the two blackballs which had *eight* for it and *two* against, was now a law. Sir Joshua alone was *for* it against *eight* of us. He then moved to have it considered by the Club at large and inserted in the cards which was seconded by Dr. Fordyce and settled accordingly; but on tuesday last neither mover nor seconder being present no notice was taken of it. We had last Club Banks Steevens Warren Windham Burney, Dr. Warton, and Langton who has been here several weeks at the Queen's Head in Holborn. Warton & he & Seward are to dine with me next saturday at my new

house to which I remove tomorrow, having taken this for another quarter that the other might be seasoned.

I had almost omitted to acquaint you that Humfrey & Man of Harp lane have applied to me twice on *your* account for £17-19-2 of charges on the Madeira which is a *joint* concern. I said I should write to you. How shall it be managed? Poor C. has been at Bath for some time. I had a few lines from him a day or two ago. His situation is deplorable. I would fain have the seat in Parliament turned to account, & I found him not averse; but that must be negotiated if at all, by others. Sir Joshua has been out of town a long time, I really think more than three weeks, at Burke's and Lord Ossory's. He returned on Sunday; but I have not yet seen him. I have his card for dinner on Thursday. I am to dine with Erskine on Friday. For a wonder he called on me, & then sent his invitation. Jo. Warton is to be there; but he declares that he did not suggest me.

Have I mentioned to you that Steevens told us at the Club he should take you *all* in—. History of the Stage &c (which my eldest son pleased me by saying this is *very* entertaining) & that he is to exalt Ritson and advance Monck Mason. He has not yet begun. I have scarcely left room to offer my best compliments to Lord and Lady Sunderlin & your sisters. Ever gratefully & affectly yours

James Boswell.

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Two sheets, folio. Written on all four pages.

Postmarks	JA	FE
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Addressed—

To Edmond Malone Esq:

at the Right Hon. Lord Sunderlin's

Sackville Street

Dublin

London

29 Janry. 1791.

My Dear Malone.

You will find this a most desponding and disagreeable letter for which I ask your pardon. But your vigour of mind, and warmth of heart make your friendship of such consequence that it is drawn upon like a Bank. I have for some weeks had the most woeful return of melancholy in so much that I have not only



had no relish of any thing, but a continual uneasiness, and all the prospect before me for the rest of life has seemed gloomy and hopeless. The state of my affairs is exceedingly embarrassed. I mentioned to you that the £500 which I borrowed several years ago and lent to a first cousin an unfortunate India Captain must now be paid £150 on the 18 of March £150 on the 18 of Octr and £257-15-6 on the 18 July 1792. This debt presses upon my mind, and it is uncertain if I shall ever get a shilling of it again. The clear money on which I can reckon out of my estate is scarcely £900 a year. What *can* I do? My grave brother urges me to quit London and live at my seat in the Country, where he thinks that I might be able to save so as gradually to retrieve myself. But alas I should be *absolutely* miserable. In the meantime such are my projects and sanguine expectations that you know I purchased an estate which was given long ago to a younger son of my family & came to be sold last autumn, and paid for it £2500 £1500 of which I borrow upon itself by a mortgage. But the remaining £1000 I cannot conceive a possibility of raising, but by the mode of annuity, which is I believe a very heavy disadvantage. I own it was improvident in me to make a clear purchase at a time when I was sadly straitened, but if I have had (*sic*) missed the opportunity, it never again would have occurred, & I should have been vexed to see an ancient appanage, a piece of—as it were the flesh and blood of the family, in the hands of a stranger. And now that I have made the purchase, I should feel myself quite despicable should I give it up. In this situation then my Dear Sir, would it not be wise in me to accept of 1000 guineas for my Life of Johnson, supposing the person who made the offer should now stand to it, which I fear may not be the case; for two volumes may be considered as a disadvantageous circumstance. Could I indeed raise £1000 upon the credit of the work I should incline to game as Sir Joshua says; because it *may* produce double the money, though Steevens *kindly* tells me that I have overprinted, & that the curiosity about Johnson is *now* only in our own circle. Pray decide for me; & if as I suppose you are for my taking the offer inform me with whom I am to treat. In my present state of spirits, I am all timidity. Your absence has been a severe stroke to me. I am at present quite at a loss what to do. Last week they gave me six sheets. I have now before me in *proof* p 456. Yet I have above 100 pages of my copy remaining, besides his *Death* which is yet to be written, & many insertions were there room. As also seven and thirty letters exclusive of twenty to Dr. Brocklesby most of which will furnish only extracts. I am advised to extract several of those to others & leave out some; for my first volume makes only 516 pages and to have 600 in the second will seem awkward, besides increasing the expence considerably. The *Counsellor* indeed has devised an ingenious way to thicken the first volume by *prefixing* the Index. I have now desired to have but one compositor. Indeed I go sluggishly and comfortlessly about my work. As I pass your door I cast many a longing look.

I am to cancel a leaf of the first volume, having found that though Sir Joshua certainly assured me he had no objection to my mentioning that Johnson wrote a Dedication for him, he now thinks otherwise. In that leaf occurs the mention of Johnson having written to Dr. Leland thanking the University of Dub-

lin for their Diploma. What shall I say as to it? I have also room to state shortly the anecdote of the College Cook which I beg you may get for me. I shall be very anxious till I hear from you.

Having harassed you with so much about myself, I have left no room for any thing else. We had a numerous Club on tuesday. Fox in the chair, quoting Homer & Fielding &c to the astonishment of Jo. Warton; who with Langton & Seward eat a plain bit with me, in my new house last saturday. Sir Joshua has put up Dr. Lawrence, who will be blackballed as sure as he exists. Pray give me some particulars of your irish life. Present my best respects to Lord Sunderlin & the ladies & believe me to be ever affectly yours

J. B.

We dined on Wednesday at Sir Joshua's 13 *without* Miss P. (or O.) Himself, Blagden, Batt Erskine Langton, Dr. Warton Metcalfe, Dr. Lawrence, His brother a Clergyman, Sir Charles Bunbury, myself.

Your cook has left at my house for you, four penny post letters, and two sealed notes. I know none of the hands. What shall I do with them

We all think that Palmeria will be Mrs. Blagden.

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on all four pages.

Postmark

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14

With Seal.

Addressed—

*Single Sheet*

To

Edmond Malone Esq:

at the Right Honble

Lord Sunderlin's

Sackville Street

Dublin.

London

10 Febry. 1791.

My Dear Malone.

Yours of the 5th. reached me yesterday. I instantly went to the Don who purchased for you at the office of Hazard and Co. a half stamped by Govern-

ment and warranted undrawn of No. 43m152 in the English State Lottery. I have marked on the back of it Edmond Henrietta and Catherine Malone, and if Fortune will not favour those three united, I shall blame her. This half shall lye in my Bureau with my one whole one, till you desire it to be placed elsewhere. The cost with registration is £8-12-6. A half is always proportionately dearer than a whole. I bought my ticket at Nicholson's the day before & paid £16-8 for it. I did not look at the number but sealed it up. In the evening a hand bill was circulated by Nicholson that a ticket the day before sold at his office for £16-8 has drawn a prize of £5000. The number was mentioned in the hand bill. I had resolved not to *know* what mine was, till after the drawing of the Lottery was finished, that I might not receive a *sudden* shock of blank. But this unexpected circumstance which elated me by calculating that mine must certainly be one of 100 or at most 200 sold by Nicholson the day before, made me look at the two *last figures* of it which alas were 48, whereas those of the fortunate one were 33. I have remanded my ticket to its secrecy. O could I but get a few thousands, what a difference would it make upon my state of mind, which is harrassed by thinking of my debts. I am anxious to hear your determination as to my *Magnum Opus*. I am very unwilling to part with the property of it, and certainly would not if I could but [get] credit for £1000 for three or four years. Could you not assist me in that way, on the security of the Book and of an assignment to one half of my rents £700 which upon my honour are always due, and would be forthcoming in case of my decease. I will not sell, till I have your answer as to this.

On tuesday we had a Club of eleven. Lords Lucan (in the chair) Ossory Macartenev Eliot, Bishop of Clonfert, young Burke myself Courtenay Windham Sir Joshua and Charles Fox who takes to us exceedingly, & asked to have dinner a little later; so it is now to be at ½ past five. Burke had made great interest for his Drum Major and would you believe it? had not Courtenay and I been there, he would have been chosen. Banks was quite indignant; but had company at home. Lord Ossory ventured to put up the Bishop of Peterborough, & I really hope he will get in. Courtenay & I will not be there, & probably not again till you come. It was poor work last day. The *whelp* would not let us hear Fox.

I have been with Arnold again, who called his wife to declare that she herself had the first day of month before last put both Month Rev. & Gent. Mag. into the Post office. She was told that as they were directed to the General Post Office Dublin there was no occasion to put a penny with each as is done with Newspapers for Ireland. Whether the *want* of that has occasioned their being stopped I know not. He is to inquire more & let me know. Perry the former editor of the *Gazeteer* has now the whole of the *Morning Chronicle*, as he told me. The first gleam of spirits I have, I shall animadvert on your erroneous history in the P. A. I am strangely ill, and doubt if even you could dispel the Demonic influence.

I have now before me p 488 in print, the 923 page of the Copy only is exhausted; and there remain 80, besides the Death, as to which I shall be concise though solemn—also many letters.







Pray how shall I wind up. Shall I give the Character in my Tour, somewhat enlarged?

I must have a cancelled leaf in Vol. II of that passage where there is a conversation as to conjugal infidelity on the husband's side, & his wife saying she did not care how many women he went to if he *loved* her alone; with my proposing to mark in a pocket book every time a wife *refuses* &c &c. I wonder how you & I admitted this to the publick eye; for Windham &c. were struck with its *indelicacy* & it might hurt the Book much. It is however mighty good stuff. No room for compliments. Ever most warmly yours.

J. B.

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Two sheets, folio. Written on all four pages.

Postmark      F E  
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                    indistinct      Seal destroyed.

Addressed—

*Single Sheet*

To Edmond Malone Esq.

Sackville Street

Dublin

directly
Pray write

London  
25 Febry 1791.

My Dear Malone.

I have been day after day anxiously waiting for a letter from you, for you must have received one from me since yours enclosing the bill which I have discounted and with the contents paid your and Courtenay's shares of the duty on the madeira at the same time with my own, and applied the remainder to your half Lottery Ticket on which N B you are some shillings in my debt. I have not seen Sir Joshua I think for a fortnight. I have been worse than you can possibly imagine, or I hope ever shall be able to imagine, which no man can do without experiencing the malady. It has been for some time painful to me to be in company. I however am a little better, and to meet Sir Joshua today at dinner at Mr. Dance's, and shall tell him that he is to have good irish claret. My brother is to get me accurate information whether the Bishop of Clonfert's wine may be sent to our *Maitre d'Hotel*, as you call Thomas, and I shall acquaint you. By the way Mr. Dundas has strictly kept his word to me, and given him the first vacant

place in his Navy office. It is not quite £100 a year; but the profit is *something* to so attentive a man, and though he is obliged to attend four or five hours every day, he has time to manage his own business as formerly; and I have no doubt that his attention and accuracy will recommend him so as that he shall obtain much better promotion.

I am in a distressing perplexity how to decide as to the property of my Book. You must know that I am *certainly* informed that a certain person who delights in mischief has been *depreciating it*, so that I fear the sale of it may be very dubious. *Two Quartos* and *Two Guineas* sound in an alarming manner. I believe in my present frame I should accept even of £500, for I suspect that were I now to talk to Robinson I should find him not disposed to give £1000. Did he absolutely *offer* it, or did he only express himself so as that you *concluded* he would give it? The pressing circumstance is that I *must* lay down £1000 by the first of May, on account of the purchase of land, which my old family enthusiasm urged me to make. You I doubt not have full confidence in my honesty. May I then ask you if you could venture to join with me in a bond for that sum, as then I would take my chance, and as Sir Joshua says *game* with my Book. Upon my honour your letter telling me that you cannot comply with what I propose will not in the least surprise me or make any manner of difference as to my opinion of your friendship. I mean to ask Sir Joshua if he will join, for indeed I should be vexed to sell my *Magnum Opus* for a great deal less than its intrinsick value. I meant to publish on Shrove Tuesday. But if I can get out within the month of March, I shall be satisfied. I have now I think *four* or *five* sheets to print which will make my second volume about 575 pages. But I shall have more cancels. That *nervous* mortal W. G. H. is not satisfied with my report of some particulars *which I wrote down from his own mouth*, and is so much agitated, that Courtenay has persuaded me to allow a *new edition* of them by H himself to be made at H's expence. Besides, it has occurred to me that where I mention a literary fraud by Rolt the Historian in going to Dublin and publishing Akenside's Pleasures of the Imagination with his own name, I may not be able to authenticate it, as Johnson is dead, and he may have relations who may take it up as an offence, perhaps a *Libel*. Courtenay suggests that you may perhaps get intelligence whether it was *true*. The Bishop of Dromore can probably tell, as he knows a great deal about Rolt. In case of doubt, should I not cancel the leaf, and either omit the curious anecdote or give it as a story which Johnson laughingly told as having circulated. There is a glaring mistake into which you and I fell where we agreed, that in No. 39 of the Adventurer on Sleep "a translation from Statius marked C. B. is *certainly* the performance of Dr. Charles Bathurst" for unluckily I find that Bathurst's name was *Richard*. I think I may set that right in my Errata.

You have satisfied me that the *Fordian* pamphlet could not be of the date ascribed to it. Yet still Macklin I think may have had it, and mistaken the date of the ingenious fabrication. Be that as it may, I shall take care to have your admirable Detection brought into view in some of the Papers. You may depend on my sending you whatever Reviews mention you, besides the Monthly which Arnold sends. The Annalytical promised their account in a *future* number.

I was not at the Club last tuesday; but there was one black ball which excluded the Bishop of Peterborough. Courtenay engaged to eat hodge podge with me; but sent a note that I should not wait, as he was to be late at the house. His son & my brother dined with me; and went away. Courtenay did not come till about ten, & took his mess which had been kept for him. Poor fellow. His firmness of mind is amazing. Is there no hope of a remittance to him from Ireland? Pray don't hint my inquiring? It is hard that his party cannot do any thing essential for him.

I have thus worked out a Letter. Your chance in the Lottery is still afloat. I shall acquaint you the very moment I hear its fate.

Your account of Dublin Luxury is picturesque. The *four silver tubs* convey a great deal to my imagination. Pray present my best compliments to Lord Sunderlin & the Ladies. My daughters return yours & I ever am most affectionately and sincerely yours

James Boswell

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on all four pages.

Postmark

Mar
15

Seal destroyed.

Addressed—

To

Edmond Malone, Esq:

Sackville Street

Dublin

London

12 March 1791.

My Dear Malone.

Being the depository of your chance in the Lottery I am under the disagreeable necessity of communicating the bad news that it has been drawn a *Blank*. I am very sorry, both on your account and that of your sisters, and my own; for had your share of good fortune been £3166-13-4 I should have hoped for a loan to accommodate me. As it is, I shall as I wrote to you, be enabled to weather my difficulties for some time. But I am still in great anxiety about the sale of my Book, I find so many people shake their heads at the *two quartos* and *two guineas*. Courtenay is clear that I should sound Robinson and accept of a thousand guineas, if he will give that sum. Meantime the Title Page must be made as good as may be. It appears to me that mentioning his studies, works, conversations and letters is not sufficient; and I would suggest comprehending an account in





"I have at last got chambers in the Temple, in the very Staircase where Johnson lived."—Boswell.



chronological order of his studies, works friendships acquaintance and other particulars his conversations with eminent men; a series of his letters to various persons also several original pieces of his composition never before published The whole &c. You will probably be able to assist me in expressing my idea, and arranging the parts. In the Advertisement I intend to mention the Letter to Lord Chesterfield & perhaps the Interview with the King and the names of the correspondents in alphabetical order. How should *in chronological order* stand in the order of the members of my Title. I had at first *celebrated correspondents* which I don't like. How would it do to say "his conversations and epistolary correspondence with eminent (or celebrated) persons"? Shall it be *different works*, and *various* particulars? In short it is difficult to decide.

Courtenay was with me this morning. What a mystery is his going on at all! Yet he looks well, talks well, dresses well, keeps his mare, in short is in all respects like a Parliament Man.

I sent you one of Sir Joshua's Discourses for yourself singly, and next day four for Lord Charlemont Lord Sunderlin and the Jephsons. These all under cover of Mr. Lees. Four I sent under cover of the Provost for the Arch Bishop of Tuam, the Lord Chancellor & the Bishops of Killaloe & Dromore. Sir Joshua had sent one to the Provost himself.

I am truly sorry for Lord Charlemont's illness, and most sincerely wish he may soon [be] restored to his friends and country.

Do you know that my bad spirits are returned upon me to a certain degree; and such is the sickly fondness for change of place, and imagination of relief, that I sometimes think you are happier by being in Dublin, than one is in this great Metropolis, where hardly any man cares for another. I am persuaded I should relish your irish dinners very much.

I have at last got chambers in the Temple, in the very Staircase where Johnson lived, & when my *Magnum Opus* is fairly launched there shall I make a trial. God bless you my dear friend I am ever most warmly yours

James Boswell.

Holding myself bound to notify to you the fate of your ticket, I have taken that opportunity to write. I know not what has become of my own, as it is not registered. I dined at Dilly's on thursday with Cumberland, Sharp, steady Reed &c. His steadiness said that I must not conclude that there are not many of your edition still in the hands of the trade, & will be for some time, & yet the sale be good. Pray could not you be of some service to my Work, by inquiring whether some of the Irish Booksellers would not take some. I trust to be out on the 15 of April. When are we to see you?

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. With seal broken.

Addressed

To

Mr. Mickle

to the care of Mr. Bew

Bookseller

Edinburgh

12 March 1778.

Dear Sir.

In consequence of your last letter I applied to Sir John Dalrymple, who told me that he had heard nothing from Governour Johnstone about your sister. *But he promised to put her on the list of exchequer pensioners in two years.* I understand Sir John is gone to London. You will therefore do well to get the Governour to speak to him. I preserve the Certificate.

I shall be glad to see the second edition of your *Lusiad* with the instructive prefatory additions. I hope to be in London next week, and I remain

Dear Sir

your most obedient

humble servant

James Boswell.

---

One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. (To William Mickle?)

Dear Sir.

Mr. Malone & I went to Oxford lately; & I was told you were gone to London. Since my return I have received your obliging letter.

I am at present in a wavering state. I have our worthy friend Hoole's house; but I still remain at General Paoli's in Portman Square. I long to meet you, & shall tell you what I know about our common ancestor *Robert the Bruce*.

Yours very sincerely

James Boswell.

10 May 1786.

Two sheets. 4to. Written on all four pages.

No Postmark. No Address.

(To James Neill of Barnwick)

Chelmsford

11 July 1792.

My Dear Sir.

Having a thousand things to attend to in the vast Metropolis, I trust you will excuse me for not being *exactly punctual* even to such a friend as you.

I called on Mrs. Goreham with your letter, and left it: in consequence of which, I received from her the enclosed. — I then waited on her, and after some conversation, boldly offered the eleven hundred *Guineas*, hoping that she might (as the phrase is) *jump* at that offer. But I found both her and her son full of the £60 a year. So they would not accept.

I sat with them a considerable time, because *her father*. Maclellan [Mac-Kellar?] of Barscob, and *his Grandfather* Professor Hunter were friends of my honoured Father. I talked to them both freely; and I could perceive that *they* knew as well as I the game of the *Campbells*.

I had gone *the length of my tether*—& it did not *take*—All then that I have to say is, be in no agitation. Depend upon it The Widow *bewitched*, or *remarried* and her *son* will be in no hurry. The Campbells are sly; but let us be as sly as they,—and take our time.—

Surely the value of the lands must be ridiculously exaggerated.

My Dear James, you will perhaps wonder how my letter comes to be dated at this place. Know then, it is the Capital of the County of Essex, and that I am one of the Counsel at the Quarter Sessions. You who have seen *Auchinleck* sitting at *Praeses* of the *Justices of Ayrshire*, would perhaps laugh to behold him with gown wig and band, appearing as a Barrister before *English Justices*. But the truth is, the respectability of such a Court in Old England is truly great, and I get a little money.

Whatever your *caution* may suggest, I shall *myself* stand for Ayrshire, and at least *shame* the *Majority & honour* the *chosen few*.

Command me, I repeat again and again freely—and say *for me* to my worthy friends's *lovely wife*, that the next time I am in the Country, I will not forgive her not visiting me.

God bless you & yours

James Boswell.

---

Across fourth page—

This letter is franked by Mr. Bramston one of the County Members. I am as good nay, I am sorry (*sic*) to say a better man here than at Ayr, I assure you.

“A Prophet &c

But *you* stand by me.

[ 37 ]

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. Seal destroyed.

Addressed—

To

The Reverend

Mr. Percy

Reverend Sir.

I have been taking a little jaunt in the north of England with my wife for her health and am just arrived at Alnwick, where I am informed you now are. If you are at leisure, I should be very happy to have the pleasure of your company, at the White Hart.

I am with real esteem

Reverend Sir

your most obedient

humble servant

James Boswell.

Monday Evening }  
26 August 1771. }

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

No Postmark. With Seal.

Addressed—

To

The Reverend

Dr. Percy

Edinburgh

1 March 1773.

Dear Sir.

Your letter which I had the pleasure to receive longer ago than I chuse to mention, began with an apology for your not answering mine sooner. Without intending it, I find myself in the same situation that you then was—*Jam sumus ergo pares.*



Our friend Dr. Blair and I were at first apprehensive that your intended Plan of other three Volumes of Ancient Poetry would hardly be successful with the Publick. But upon talking of it, with Mr. Langton who passed some time here this winter, we were satisfied that it would do; at least I was quite assured. Were I to judge from my own feelings alone, and indeed my own wishes, I should be for your publishing as many volumes of the same kind, as your time will allow; for I defy you to publish more than I shall read with pleasure. I am afraid I shall be able to furnish you with very many supplies of Poetry. I shall however give you the offer of a few pieces; and if any of them meet with your approbation, I shall be happy. Your Essay on the state of manners on the Borders before the Union of England and Scotland, will be very pleasing to the Lovers of British Antiquities; especially such as still retain the old feudal spirit, which I own I do, and glory in the consciousness of it. I hope to find some materials for you in the records of the Scottish Privy Council.

My Wife is to live in this month. If it shall please God to grant her a good recovery, I intend being in London, by the first of April, when I shall have the pleasure of meeting you. I am much obliged to you for taking care to send me a copy of the Northumberland Household Book. I beg you may return my thanks for it to the Duke most respectfully.

I am with sincere regard

Dear Sir

Your obliged humble servt.

James Boswell.

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. With Seal. No Date. (Tinker, 1776?)

Addressed—

To

Dr. Percy

Dear Sir.

I return you the list of Mr. Johnson's writings with many thanks. I must tell you however that he allowed Lever to dictate to you several errors, as for instance the Conquest of Goree, and the Preface to Sally. He corrected these

errours *himself* to me. Mr. Garrick is very desirous to have a copy of the list; but I must ask your permission before I give it; or I would rather wish you should give it yourself. If you do not forbid me, I will give it.

I hope to hear from you at Edinburgh and am Dear Sir

Your obliged humble servant.

James Boswell.

---

One sheet. 4to. Written across first page.

No Postmark. No Address. (To John Pinkerton)

Mr. Boswell presents his compliments to Mr. Pinkerton. Will be much obliged to him for a copy of the "Complaint againis the lang Law Sutes" from the Pepysian Library, as it will be of immediate service to Mr. Boswell in defending the Constitution of the Ancient Court of Session. May Mr. Boswell when quoting it, mention Mr. Pinkerton's expected Publication?

Monday 23 May. (1785)

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One sheet. 8vo. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Date. (1790?)

No Address. (To Isaac Reed)

Dear Sir

I send you the Book and shall be much obliged to you if you will make your remarks as soon as you conveniently can, and write them on a separate paper. I will call on you in a few days. Pray take care of the Book. It happens that I have not one of my own to send. You will find several notes on it, by no mean hand.

Yours sincerely

James Boswell.

My Dear Scott

Maidstone 9 August  
1791

The little mal entendeur which  
has happened between us I do not  
regret, as it has given me the com-  
fort of being satisfied that you  
value me more than I could fully  
allow myself to believe. For, ed-  
anche Io son Pittore, I-roaring boy  
as I am - have my nerves and my  
diffidence as well as you. My resol-  
ving not to come to you was owing  
to a very little pique, and a consi-  
derable degree of propriety; for  
I did think that it would not be  
right for me to throw the least  
damp upon your company. However  
conscious I was that it must be  
owing to misapprehension. I therefore  
revisited your second kind and  
went to Mr. Cator's at Beck



on Saturday morning, in order to pass  
two days in the delightful country of  
Kent, between the Ayles at the Long  
ford and at Maidstone. He carried  
me that day to dine with his neighbor  
Mr. Jenner the Doctor a good man  
and true; and there I gave Sir William  
Scott as my toast and drank a  
bumper to his health; and by mention-  
ing that I was asked to dine  
with him had that share of the  
feast, which to me is something,  
the vanity of being one of his chur-  
chial friends. You see then there  
was no malice or illwill lurking in  
my breast.

Yesterday I received here your  
obliging letter, the principle of which  
I readily admit and thank you  
for setting me quite at ease  
to the application, be so good  
as



as to recollect that I have not  
published any of your folly, for a very  
obvious reason; and what I have pub-  
lished of your share in the Johnsonian  
conversations was revised by yourself  
upon which occasion I enjoyed one  
of the pleasantest days I ever passed  
in my life. You therefore, my good  
Mr William, have no reason even to  
grumble. Others, as well as my-  
self, sometimes appear as shades to  
the Great Intellectual Light, I beg  
to be fairly understood, and that  
you and my other friends will  
inculcate upon persons of timidity  
and reserve, that my recording  
the conversation of so extraordinary  
a man as Johnson with its con-  
comitant circumstances, was a peculiar  
undertaking, attended with much  
anxiety and labour, and that the  
conversations of people in general  
are

are by no means of that nature as to  
bear being registered and that the  
task of doing it would be excee-  
dingly irksome to me. Tell me then  
my Dear Sir with none but who are  
clear of a prejudice which you see  
may easily be cured. I trust there  
are enough who have it not

I can return you the compli-  
ment that I should certainly  
consider a quarrel with you as  
a real misfortune. I now do not  
apprehend that there can be even  
any coldness, but on the contrary  
that our friendship is strengthened;  
and I assure you that I am  
with great respect and affection,  
My Dear Sir,

Your obliged and  
faithful humble servant  
James Boswell.

Pray let me know on the Home Circuit that you  
have received this letter.

Two sheets. 4to. Fully written on all four pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Sir William Scott)

Maidstone 9 August

1791.

My Dear Scott.

The little *mal entendu* which has happened between us, I do not regret, as it has given me the comfort of being satisfied that you value me more than I could fully allow myself to believe: For *ed anche Io son Pittore*, I — roaring boy as I am have my *nerves* and my *diffidence* as well as you. My resolving not to come to you was owing to a very little *pique*, and a considerable degree of *propriety*; for I did think that it would not be right for me to throw the least damp upon your company however conscious I was that it must be owing to misapprehension. I therefore resisted your second kind note and went to Mr. Cator's at Beck[enham] on Saturday morning, in order to pass two days in the delightful County of Kent, between the Assizes at Chelmsford and at Maidstone. He carried me that day to dine with his neighbour Mr. Jenner the Proctor a good man and true; and there I gave Sir William Scott as my toast and drank a bumper to his health; and by mentioning that I was asked to dine with him had that share of the feast, which to me is something, the *vanity* of being one of his convivial friends. You see then there was no malice or ill will lurking in my breast.

Yesterday I received here your obliging letter, the *principle* of which I readily admit and thank you [torn] for setting me quite at ease. [torn] to the *application*, be so good as to recollect that I have not published any of *your* folly, for a very obvious reason; and what I have published of your share in the Johnsonian Conversations was revised by yourself, upon which occasion I enjoyed one of the pleasantest days I ever passed in my life. *You* therefore, my good Sir William, have no reason even to *grumble*. If others, as well as myself, sometimes appear as shades to the Great Intellectual Light, I beg to be fairly understood, and that you and my other friends will inculcate upon persons of timidity and reserve, that my recording the conversation of so extraordinary a man as Johnson with its concomitant circumstances, was a *peculiar* undertaking, attended with much anxiety and labour, and that the conversations of people in general are by no means of that nature as to bear being registered and that the task of doing it would be exceedingly irksome to me. Ask me then My Dear Sir with none but who are clear of a prejudice which you see may easily be cured. I trust there are enough who have it not.

I can return you the compliment that I should certainly consider a quarrel with you as a real misfortune. I now do not apprehend that there can be even  
any



any coldness, but on the contrary that our friendship is strengthened; and I assure you that I am with great respect and affection,

My Dear Scott,

your obliged and

faithful humble servant

James Boswell.

Pray let me know *on the Home Circuit* that you have received this letter.

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Two sheets, folio. Written on first page.

No Postmark. With Seal.

Addressed—

To

John Spottiswoode Esq

London

York, 16 March 1786

Dear Sir.

Enclosed is a letter to Mr. Chalmer (if there is an *s* at the end of his name please to add it) to beg that he may join with you in a motion to put off the Cause Cuninghame against Cuninghame &c till after Easter. I hope he will oblige me in this; and I shall thank you for letting me know when it is settled.

My Address is Barrister at Law York. I shall not get back to London till the middle of April, or perhaps a little later, as I intend to go by Oxford from Lancaster.

We have a great snow here. I remain with sincere regard

Dear Sir

your faithful humble servant

James Boswell.



Two sheets, 12mo. Written on first page.

Postmark indistinct.

Addressed—

To

George Steevens Esq:

Hampstead Heath.

Saturday

30 Octr. (1790)

Dear Sir.

My having been in the country has prevented my acknowledging sooner the favour of your polite note.

The original *Materials* of Irene Mr. Langton had from Johnson, and presented them with a fair copy made by himself to the King; but with his Majesty's permission kept a copy for himself, which he obligingly communicated to me, & I have given some extracts from it. I breakfast every day almost at home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past nine. Pray come & dejeuner after your walk

I am

Your most obedt & humble servt.

James Boswell.

I go to Kent today & return monday or tuesday.

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

No Postmark. Seal destroyed.

Addressed—

To

Mrs. Thraile

Brighthelmston

Oxford

5 Septr. 1769.

Madam.

I presume to trouble you with a few lines, which I am not afraid to do, when I recollect the polite and obliging manner with which you was pleased to behave to me, when I had the honour to pass a little time with you before Mr.

Johnson's Court. I told you, Madam, that you and I were rivals for that great man. You would take him to the country, when I was anxious to keep him in town. But as I believe you to be a generous rival, I beg you may do me the favour to put Mr. Johnson in mind to write to me. After much inconstancy I am fixed in my choice of a wife & am to be married when I return to Scotland. Before entering on that important state to happiness or misery, I am anxious to hear the Oracle, and therefore have written to Mr. Johnson to let me know if he can be soon in London, because if he cannot I will wait upon him at Brighthelmston. To you, Madam, my enthusiasm will not appear extravagant. I hope you will excuse this trouble, and will believe me to be very respectfully.

Madam

Your most obedient

humble servant

James Boswell.

P. S. I am so far on my road to Shakespeare's Jubilee; but shall be at Mr. Dilly's Bookseller in London, on Saturday.

---

One sheet, folio. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mr. Thrale)

Edinburgh

22 Novr. 1773.

Dear Sir.

I had the pleasure to receive a few lines from you in August when you enclosed a letter to Mr. Johnson under cover to me. Since that time our much respected friend and I have had a long and very curious tour of which his letters have I suppose given you and Mrs. Thrale a pretty full account. The World however I hope will have a still fuller account from him. I hope you and Mrs. Thrale will not be wanting in keeping him in mind of the expectations which he has raised. He & I were last night at an Inn fourteen miles on his road to London, where I took leave of him this morning, & saw him into the Fly. He will arrive in London on friday night, if no bad accident happens. I take the liberty to trouble you with a letter from an old acquaintance to Mrs. Williams, which I forgot to send by Mr. Johnson. You will be so good as deliver it to him, or send it to his house. I shall be anxious till I hear of his safe arrival. I flatter myself that he

shall have no cause to repent of his northern expedition. I offer my best compliments to Mrs. Thrale, and am with very sincere esteem

Dear Sir

Your obliged and

most obedient humble servant

James Boswell.

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

Postmark. Stamped "Penny Post Paid," and "7 o'clock."

With Seal of *black wax*.

Addressed—

To

Mrs. Thrale

at Henry Thrale's Esq:

Southwark

Dear Madam.

Allow me to assure you and Mr. Thrale that I very sincerely regret your present affliction, and very sincerely wish it were in my power to alleviate it. Were you as sure as I am of my concern for you, I doubt not that it would be some relief. You have now with you Dr. Johnson, whose friendship is the most effectual consolation under heaven. I wish not to intrude upon you; but as soon as you let me know that my presence will not be troublesome, I shall hasten to your house, where as I have shared much happiness, I would willingly bear a part in mourning.

I ever am

Madam

your obliged humble servant

James Boswell.

Mr. Dillys in  
the Poultry

Friday 29 March  
1776.



213 J. M. H. 77.



Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark	MY	31	Seal destroyed.
	27	MY	

Addressed—

To

Mrs. Thrale

Streatham

Surry

Edinburgh

25 May 1782.

Dear Madam.

Having gone upon a Ramble into the country, the letters which came to me in my absence, were kept at my house here till my return, which has occasioned my not receiving till long after its date, your letter of the 13th current.

The Account which it gives me of Dr. Johnson alarms me to the heart; and you whose veneration and affection for him are in unison with mine, will conceive what I feel. It distresses me that I submitted to his forcible, but too cool advice not to come to London this spring. For now my practice as a Lawyer in the Court of Session must detain me here till August, when I am resolved to be with him, God willing.

In the meantime, it will be doing me a kindness, which I shall most gratefully acknowledge, if you will be pleased once a week, to let me know by a single line how he recovers. I avoid strong expressions. I only refer you to yourself to judge of me. I ardently wish for any opportunity to prove with how much regard I have the honour to be

My Dear Madam

Your much obliged

humble servant

James Boswell.

C E C I L I A,

OR

M E M O I R S

OF AN

H E I R E S S.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF EVELINA.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. PAYNE and SON at the Mews-  
Gate, and T. CADELL in the Strand.

MDCCCLXXXII.

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

No Postmark. Not sealed.

Addressed—

To

Mrs. Thrale

London

Edinburgh

20 Decr. 1782.

Dear Madam.

It is strange that I am not yet old enough not to give credit to what I read in the Newspapers. I did believe that you was gone or just going abroad; and I was selfish enough to be sorry for it. But a letter from our most respected Freind Dr. Johnson has informed me that you and three Misses are in Argyll Street. I hope to have the pleasure of finding you there in March. In the meantime, may I again intreat to hear from you how Dr. Johnson does, from time to time. I express myself inelegantly. But I trust you think me worthy of that attention; and I know I am grateful for your goodness.

Everybody here is running after Cecilia; and I am vain of telling that I have had the pleasure of being frequently in Miss Burney's company at Mrs. Thrale's.

I am

Dear Madam

Your obliged and

faithful humble servant

James Boswell.



DR. TINKER OF YALE.



INTRODUCTION  
TO  
"DR. JOHNSON AND FANNY BURNEY"

By Chauncey Brewster Tinker

Of Yale University

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"HARRY FIELDING, too, would have been afraid of her; there is nothing so delicately finished in all Harry Fielding's works as *Evelina*!" So spoke Samuel Johnson, not *ex cathedra*, to be sure, in the Mitre Tavern, but from his easy-chair in the library at Streatham. And although the pronouncement may appear casual on the face of it, yet it cannot be regarded as other than a serious literary opinion of the Great Dictator; for it is true of Johnson's critical dicta that, unlike those of some of his successors, they invariably emanate from general principles and settled convictions. In other words, Johnson certainly meant what he said. The remark represents an established opinion, not a sudden enthusiasm for the achievement of a dear friend. Indeed, it would hardly be fair to say that Miss Burney was a friend of Johnson's when she wrote *Evelina*. Johnson had, it is true, been more or less intimate with Dr. Burney and his children ever since the days of the *Dictionary*, but all this time Fanny had been to him nothing more than an undistinguished detail in the family background. It was *Evelina* who introduced Miss Fanny Burney to Dr. Johnson. Chance had thrown them together once before, as the reader of the following pages may see for himself, but the meeting had apparently not left upon the mind of Johnson the vaguest impression. Even after he had come to know her through *Evelina*, he saluted her rather as a new-found literary acquaintance than as the daughter of an old and loving friend. He, like the rest of the world, had been ignorant of the author when he had read the novel: "Why, madam, why, what a charming book you lent me!" he had said to Mrs. Thrale, who knew the secret of the authorship, and he had presently extracted the whole story from that lady; whereupon he, again like the rest of the world, fell into a passion of curiosity concerning the maiden-author. It is clear that it was enthusiasm for the book that produced the acquaintance, and not friendship that produced the enthusiasm. There was something puzzling in the existence side by side in one person of the timorous maiden and the keen-sighted observer of manners that very naturally fascinated the intellect and challenged the emotions of Johnson, producing, though late in his life, a friendship as deep and true as any in that long life of ardent friendships. But had *Evelina* appeared a decade later, the introduction just described could never have taken place, and Samuel Johnson would never have known "little Burney."

It is certainly a misfortune of the following reminiscences that they have so much to say of *Evelina*. We may tell ourselves again and again that in recording the compliments, delicate and coarse, bestowed upon her book, the young author intended them only "for the eyes of two or three persons who had loved her from her infancy," and yet it is probable that, even in pardoning her, a majority of us will smile at her unrivaled diligence in this kind of work; or when Dr. Johnson insists upon comparisons with Fielding (to Fielding's utter confusion), we may be permitted to take them *cum grano salis*. *Evelina*, in truth, still possesses distinction, a certain prim attractiveness which time will probably only enhance; the book has always had numerous readers and even more numerous admirers (admiration and perusal sometimes existing quite independently), but it has not yet eclipsed *Tom Jones* or even *Amelia*. It is perhaps a little difficult to account for the rank which one instinctively gives the novel. In respect of plot, though distinguished by a unity and a movement uncommon in eighteenth-century fiction, it is yet both crude and conventional in structure. The modern reader whom scores of novelists have trained into an intuitive respect for the demands of probability cannot but be amused at the happy ubiquity of a character like Lord Orville; whenever there is need—or excuse—for his presence on the scene, the reader may be sure that he will not be wanting: at Ranelagh, at Vauxhall, at the ball, in the playhouse, in city and in country alike, lo! there is Lord Orville in their midst. Other work in life he appears not to have than to meet *Evelina* at the right—or the wrong—time, and to advance the plot. A similarly unskilful manipulation may be found in the general working out of the story; in its larger aspects the plot is a somewhat mitigated form of the ancient story of the missing heir and of his restoration to long-lost parents. But, as in *Joseph Andrews*, the mystery of the birth is doubled by the introduction of a second heir (also missing), a Mr. Macartney, who is made to fall in love with a woman whom the reader is for a time allowed to suppose his sister. By a careful readjustment of brothers and sisters at the end, each Jack is permitted to have his Jill; wealth and high rank, as a result of marriage or sonship, are bestowed on each, and the delighted reader exclaims with Sheridan,

Hence may each orphan hope, as chance directs,

To find a parent where he least expects.

At the plot of *Evelina*, too, I venture to think, posterity must be pardoned for an indulgent smile.

It is, however, much easier to bestow praise upon the delineation of character in this story. It is the farcical element in *Evelina* that has been most freely and frequently praised: Johnson loved to talk of the Smiths and the Branghtons, and of impossible old Mme. Duval (for whom, in spite of her vulgarity and worldliness, one cannot but feel a touch of affection); Macaulay praised her for "her variety of humors," but would allow her little more; and even Mr. Dobson appears still to prefer the "broad" treatment of the farcical personages to the quieter characterizations. There are probably no more famous scenes in the book than the ducking of Mme. Duval and the attack of the monkey

upon Beau Lovel's ear; and, though we may wonder how a young woman like Miss Burney was able to describe such scenes, it must certainly be admitted that they are successful—so successful, in truth, as to challenge comparison with some of the lesser scuffles in the pages of Smollett. It is surely a fact of significance that critics have chosen to speak of Mme. Duval and the Branghtons rather than of the hero and heroine, Evelina and Orville, who absorb more of our time and attention. But there have been readers who felt differently. Orville and Evelina were, and are still no doubt, the chief attraction to many a devoted reader who thinks of Duvals and Branghtons merely as obscuring that fine old issue whether the hero can be brought to unite himself in matrimony with the heroine; but the critics appear to have been rather too willing to allow the lovers to be thus obscured. It was hardly to be expected, even by Dr. Johnson, that Miss Burney should equal Fielding in the depiction of an agreeable rake, Sir Clement Willoughby, or surpass Richardson in the depiction of a perfect man, Orville. When all is said, it is to be feared that the comparative indifference of the critics to these gentlemen means that Orville is a prig and a bore, and that Willoughby, obviously more likeable than the peer, is, nevertheless, only an echo.

But the chief distinction of *Evelina* has yet to be mentioned. Whatever we may think of its plot or of its farcical characters, or of its hero and its rake, we must admit that it possesses an interest truly unique in its intimate revelation of the mind of young womanhood. It is remarkable that this characteristic has not been more enthusiastically discussed by those who wish to praise *Evelina*, for this novel contains the first great analysis in English literature of the mind of a young woman, produced by a young woman. There is nothing in earlier English literature quite comparable with it; for apt comparisons we must go to Miss Austen or Miss Brontë, and even then the wonder of it is hardly diminished. But if there is no earlier woman's achievement that can be fairly compared with this story, there is of course a man's achievement which completely overshadows it, and that is the work of Richardson. The parallel between Pamela's constant "scribbling" and Evelina's devotion to her correspondence is too obvious to have escaped notice; it is too obvious, indeed, to enable the reader to regard *Evelina* as quite free from a rather conscious imitation of *Pamela*. There is at times in Miss Burney's heroine a suspicion of servility, a fluttering admiration of rank, which one might wish away; but when, as a last letter, Evelina records, "This morning, with fearful joy and trembling gratitude, your Evelina united herself for ever with the object of her dearest, her eternal affection," then the likeness to Richardson's heroine almost evokes a cry of pain. But there is nothing merely repetitious in the fine portrayal of maidenly simplicity, of bewildered innocence in its first contact with the disillusionizing world, its *mauvaise honte*, its all-embracing faith in the simple maxims of the nursery. Here, at last, there is perfect knowledge. Here is a figure to oppose to the colorless stupidity of a Narcissa or to the studied cleverness of a Lady Teazle.

And yet I cannot but feel that in testing *Evelina* by the standard of its great predecessors, the chief interest of the comparison is to reveal the elements



in Richardson's young women to which Miss Burney, as a young woman speaking for her kind, was willing to give, as it were, her official sanction. And thus the chief interest of *Evelina* is likely often to remain just what it was in 1778, an interest in Miss Burney herself. "She is herself the great sublime she draws," wrote Sir Joshua Reynolds to Mrs. Thrale, and despite all protest to the contrary, it is probable that the worth of *Evelina* will be ultimately measured by the truth of its portrayal of young womanhood—that is to say, by the truth of its portrayal of Miss Burney.

That most of what went into the characterization of *Evelina* came from Miss Burney's knowledge of herself is not, I imagine, likely to be very strongly denied. *Evelina* is of course her idealized self. She had, to be sure, no Orville, much less a Willoughby, but under similar circumstances she would have done—who can doubt it?—precisely what *Evelina* did. Miss Burney gave to *Evelina* her own passion for recording her life, her own abounding modesty, something, though not full measure, of her sanity and her keen penetration into character, and above all, something of her own pride. There is, I take it, no real inconsistency between Miss Burney's intense pride and her intense modesty. The link between them was her sensitiveness. Of this she seems to be fully conscious herself; for in speaking of a certain "high lady" at Bath, she says,

"Characters of this sort always make me as proud as they are themselves; while the avidity with which Mrs. Byron honors, and the kindness with which Mrs. Thrale delights me, makes me ready to kiss even the dust that falls from their feet."

So extreme was her sensitiveness that she could hardly endure to overhear the mention of her name; at the voice of praise she almost swooned—but it was from delight. She herself speaks of praise as a "delicious confusion." When the victim of such adulation, she must have felt that now more than ever it were rich to die. But destructive criticism assumed to her the proportions of cosmical disaster. And yet withal she knew her deserts; she knew the kind of company in which it was her right to move. She is often described as filled with a horror of the limelight, a sitter in corners, content to be a quiet observer of others. And this is, in a measure, true; but her favorite station was a corner in the salons of the Great. To realize this we have but to remind ourselves of some of those whom she might fairly call friends,—her King and her Queen; Burke, the greatest of England's statesmen, and his enemy Warren Hastings; the greatest of actors and the best-loved of painters, bluestockings like Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Ord, Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Cholmondeley, and Mrs. Delany. A policy of complete self-effacement is surely inconsistent with such a host of acquaintances as that. These are not the friends of a recluse. The true recluse of the following pages is not the author of *Evelina*, but Mr. Crisp of Chessington, whose first meeting with Johnson affords some interesting contrasts with Miss Burney's. Miss Burney's pride and modesty are most likely to be understood if we conceive of both as a sensitive dread of not living up to what is expected of a proclaimed genius. Praise distressed her because praise is almost always a challenge, and Miss Burney had a young woman's dread of a challenge. It was much easier to



disclaim ability than to "talk for victory." Miss Burney's ability to justify the enthusiasm of her friends was so exclusively confined to her hours of solitude that there are times when her modesty seems a studied affectation, the ostentatious humility of a Miss Esther Summerson, rather than the inexperience of an *Evelina*. These meek young women who are for ever retiring to their "chambers," to escape the voice of the flatterer or to record his words in interminable letters, seem at times possessed of a remarkable sanity which detects the market value of this favorite virtue. They exhibit a surprising facility in contracting successful engagements, in publishing novels (though without fame or fortune), or an almost Boswellian faculty for scraping acquaintance with the distinguished folk of their time. It is all very innocent; and in Miss Burney, at least, there is enough sincerity to give her pages an authentic note of guilelessness, unfrequent in eighteenth-century literature, a characteristic which blends pleasantly with real literary skill. The pages of the *Journal* here laid before the reader are simple, unpremeditated even, at times, casual, after the very best manner of occasional composition; but underneath it all there is art. Miss Burney was by no means inexperienced with her pen. She began writing diaries at the age of fifteen, but, by her own confession, she had been for five years before this an inveterate scribbler of romances, all of which came to a timely end in flames. These years of practice had given her ease and rapidity of style, and the ability and habit of seeing things in the large. This unpremeditated skill (if I may be allowed the expression) may perhaps be more easily discerned if the reader will compare with some one of the earlier of Miss Burney's records the gay and careless chatter of her younger sister Susan, here given in the Appendix. Both accounts have the charm of naïveté, but the latter is totally deficient in the experienced craftsmanship that so delightfully characterizes the former. Not that there is any trace of self-consciousness. In Fanny's record there is art, but it is unstudied, such unstudied art as may result only from long practice. Thus I believe that we may find in Miss Burney's diary, not only a truer portrait of herself than is to be discovered in *Evelina*, but a style and, indeed, a dramatic skill surpassing any that can be found in her novels.

And first of her style. Lord Macaulay, with that magnificent ease which has been alternately the disgust and despair of his successors, distinguishes three totally different styles. The first is her natural style, "perspicuous and agreeable"; the second displays the stiffening influence of Johnson, and was perhaps produced under his immediate influence; the third represents a "new Euphuism," in which pomposity has gone mad. Now this analysis, touching the high points in the development of Miss Burney's style, is like much of Macaulay's work, most useful, and yet, if accepted as literal truth, somewhat misleading. It is a late day to be saying that Lord Macaulay's criticism is lacking in *chiaroscuro*; but, commonplace as is the observation, it is yet necessary to give one more illustration of it here. Miss Burney did not suddenly adopt a new style when she came to the composition of *Cecilia*; she did not submit that work to the revision of Samuel Johnson; it is not even true that in *Evelina* she exhibited a charming simplicity of style which she thereafter unaccountably corrupted.

In short, there is no impassable gulf fixed between her earliest and her latest style. To begin with the matter of "agreeable perspicuity," *Evelina* is by no means a well of simple diction undefiled. There are sentences in it that display so prim a sense of decorum that they already indicate a strong tendency towards the pomposity of the *Memoirs of Doctor Burney*. Here are three specimens from *Evelina* which would have no unfamiliar ring if found in her latest work, and might, indeed, easily be mistaken for quotations from it:

"Indeed, had you, like me, seen his respectful behaviour, you would have been convinced of the impracticability of supporting any further indignation."

"Can you wonder I should seek to hasten the happy time . . . when the most punctilious delicacy will rather promote than oppose my happiness in attending you?"

"Suffer, therefore, its acceleration, and generously complete my felicity by endeavouring to suffer it without repugnance."

Sentences such as these show that Miss Burney's passion for dignity of language was from the beginning in danger of becoming inflamed. The more prominent she became, the more did the sense of her importance exhibit itself in this false dignity of diction which issued at last in mere bombast. The reader who is interested in this gradual development toward an unfortunate conclusion may follow it from *Evelina* through *Cecilia*, *Camilla*, and *The Wanderer*, to the delicious absurdities of the *Memoirs*; he will find in it no sudden breaks; but rather a development as natural as it was unfortunate. It is such a result as might normally be expected from a lady whose innate tendency to formality was fostered in the dull pomposities of the court of King George III.

I have said so much of Miss Burney's style in *Evelina* and other books not represented in the following pages, because I believe that it is in the pages of the *Diary* alone—and in its earlier pages at that—that Miss Burney's work is seen at its best. Here she is simple; here her style flows swift and limpid. There is no affectation of dignity in this pleasant converse with her sisters, no suspicion of pomposity in this spirited account of Dr. Johnson. Here she is what she is "by art as well as by nature." In respect of style, as in so many respects, the *Diary* emerges as Miss Burney's supreme achievement.

If the *Journal*, then, is superior to Miss Burney's works of fiction in this, it is also, I believe, at least equal to them in dramatic quality. When we have taken into account all other aspects, it perhaps remains the chief distinction of the *Diary* that it exhibits a sense for a dramatic scene which goes far to justify Mrs. Thrale in her conviction that Miss Burney's genius should be devoted to the service of the Comic Muse. The author grasps life with the instincts of a novelist, and although plot is necessarily absent from her work, she exhibits a series of scenes that fairly deserve the much abused adjective "dramatic." We are unfortunately accustomed to speak of any scene that reads brightly and easily as "dramatic." Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, for example, is almost always so described; but in spite of all its superiority in other ways, that marvelous biography is not dramatic in the same sense as are the following selections.

Here and there in Boswell, no doubt, in passages like the famous account of the Wilkes dinner and the conversation with King George, there are scenes as truly dramatic as any in the present volume; but the general aspect of Boswell's *Life* is not *dramatic*. Whoever is satisfied with that adjective as a description of the great biography has either never read it, or is but ill acquainted with the drama. If, in the infinite variety of that great book, there can be said to be any strict method, its unit is rather the sentence, the Johnsonian pronouncement, than the dramatic scene. One recalls the *Life* as a series of trenchant utterances, now magnificent, now trivial; one recalls the *Diary* as a succession of glimpses into Mrs. Thrale's drawing-room. Boswell is too concerned with the demands of literal truth to permit himself to "write up" a scene after the manner of the author of *Evelina*. His book is the greatest piece of realism in English; Miss Burney's is only a book of dramatic sketches. And in this one respect, I cannot but think that Miss Burney has surpassed the incomparable one himself, and this for the very simple reason that her lesser task gave her the greater freedom in the treatment of her material. Be this as it may, you will find it difficult to discover anywhere in the vast mass of Johnsonian reminiscence anything which, for dramatic vividness, surpasses the scene in which the Streathamites discuss Johnson's kitchen, or that which describes the quarrel with Pepys, or the conversazione in which Dr. Johnson announces that he prefers Burney to Siddons. Or, to pass for a moment beyond the strictly Johnsonian material, where is there a neater specimen of dialogue than that scene in which two ladies, summoned by a bluestocking to partake in high literary converse, reveal their genuine interests by flying at once to the congenial subjects of clothes? Surely it has not its superior in *Evelina*.

"How disagreeable these sacques are! I am so incommoded with these nasty ruffles! I am going to Cumberland House—are you?"

"To be sure," said Mrs. Hampden; "what else, do you think, would make me bear this weight of dress? I can't bear a sacque."

"Why, I thought you said you should always wear them?"

"Oh yes, but I have changed my mind since then—as many people do."

"Well, I think it vastly disagreeable indeed," said the other; "you can't think how I'm encumbered with these ruffles!"

"Oh, I am quite oppressed with them," said Mrs. Hampden; "I can hardly bear myself up."

"And I dined in this way!" cried the other; "only think—dining in a sacque!"

"Oh," answered Mrs. Hampden, "it really puts me quite out of spirits."

"Well, have you enough?—and has my daddy raved enough?"

Now, with all this dramatic quality, is Miss Burney reliable? May we depend upon the scenes which she represents us as essentially truthful? How far is her charm due to a skillful manipulation of facts? It is a question to be asked. It is, therefore, not very reassuring to be told that Miss Burney's ac-



curacy is by no means unassailable. She was careless about dates. She often prefers, with true feminine instinct, to mention the day of the week rather than the day of the month. Even then, it is often difficult to follow the order of events through the week. Later in life, she showed a shocking carelessness in dealing with her own records—"ancient manuscripts" she calls them—which is most reprehensible. She cut, tore, and destroyed,—“curtailed,” to use her own words, “and erased of what might be mischievous from friendly or Family Considerations.” In addition to all this, new sources of error and confusion appear in the work of her first editor, Mrs. Barrett, the only editor of her *Diary* who has had access to the original manuscript, a lady who, far from ascertaining and correcting Miss Burney’s errors, seems to have shared some of Miss Burney’s indifference to mere detail. But this critical distrust may easily be carried too far. When we have made all necessary allowance for error, Miss Burney’s slips and omissions remain of the slightest importance. It is quite true that she has not the accuracy of a Boswell; but it is because we have a Boswell that her errors are so very negligible. In his pages we have, in all conscience, a sufficiency of details and dates—more than in any other biography in existence. We go to Miss Burney’s records for something else, for intimate scenes from Johnson’s daily life with the Thrales; and, in this respect, we may feel comfortably confident that our record is truthful. The question of the accuracy of such a record is a large matter, and it is not to be permanently settled by the enumeration of a few unimportant errors in chronology, or even by producing evidence that the author late in life occasionally made verbal changes that are obviously for the worse. The question of the truthfulness of the whole portrayal of Johnson can only be tested by the standard of witnesses of acknowledged reliability. The world will be ready to admit that we have one such witness in Boswell. Now the life described by Miss Burney differs somewhat from the aspects familiar to the reader of Boswell. The latter naturally saw more of his hero on dress parade; Miss Burney saw more of him in what the world might then have called “the agreeable relations of domestic privacy.” But in the general characterization of Johnson there is an almost startling agreement with Boswell, which, in the minds of any but the most skeptical, will go far toward furnishing a sufficient proof of Miss Burney’s authenticity. Certainly this was the impression in the eighteenth century; “How well you know him,” writes Mrs. Thrale, “and me, and all of us.” Large matters like the general truthfulness of a portrait, I repeat, must be tested in large and general ways. In the present case, we find in Miss Burney’s Johnson the same formal courtesy of address, the sudden bursts of ferocity, the contradictions, the *argumenta ad hominem*, the humor, the pronouncements, the wealth of anecdote and reminiscence, and the appeal to first principles, that we find in Boswell’s record of Johnson’s conversation. The words may (conceivably) be the words of Miss Burney, but the voice is the voice of Johnson.

Now, the question of inaccuracy aside, is there any animus in Miss Burney’s work that is likely to distort her account of Johnson? She was not, like Mme. Piozzi in her *Anecdotes*, eager to vindicate her own conduct, and there-



fore not over anxious to do justice to Johnson's. She was not, like Hannah More, determined to "mitigate" Johnson's "asperities." She might perhaps have been capable of the latter sin, had she been consciously preparing her record for the press; in fact she once actually deplores the publication of Johnson's *Meditations*, "too artless to be suited to [the world]," and becomes disastrously artificial in her account of Johnson inserted in the *Memoirs of Doctor Burney*. But in the *Diary* her account is neither marred by mitigations, nor tainted by suggestions of malice. It is the account of one who saw sympathetically, and therefore saw clearly, of one who was concerned simply with telling the truth to two sisters who were themselves acquainted with Johnson, and who were certainly unlikely to be deceived by a policy of "mitigation." It is undoubtedly true that Miss Burney is occasionally inaccurate in her dates; in her record of Johnson's conversation it is extremely probable that her memory sometimes played her false, and that, like Boswell, she found herself obliged to draw upon her imagination for a Johnsonian phrase; but in the larger matter of general truthfulness, her record, when compared with other records of Johnson, will be found not only loving, but accurate, not only brilliant, but reliable.

And now with trembling quill and an adequate sense of my own unfitness, I come to the point where it is necessary to say something of the great protagonist of the following pages—if, indeed, anything more can safely be said! So much has been written of Samuel Johnson that it would now be unwise, if it were possible, to avoid the commonplaces of criticism. Johnson is, we have been frequently told, the most completely preserved of any figure in our history. It is unlikely that any one, even in this day of "personal interviews," will be inclined to dispute it. I touch upon the matter now only by way of pointing out that this familiarity with Johnson in the end breeds no contempt. Posterity may follow Johnson into the gloom of his solitude, may intrude into his very confessional, and even scrutinize his final agony as he lay through long weeks waiting for death; but the completeness of the revelation (and who could be found to covet a similar one for himself?), though it has led many to patronize, has caused few to sneer. It is the slow death of his works—destined perhaps to include even the *Lives of the Poets*—simultaneously with the perfect preservation of his reputation that has puzzled the critics, and driven them to explain away Johnson's greatness by the fame of the books which record him. It is Boswell, we are often told, that made Johnson great. Mr. Thomas Seccombe, for example, is at a loss to find other explanation for the greatness of the man than "the extent and accuracy of our information about him," and intimates that the bird of immortality is capricious in its perching, and the critic leaves the reader of the *Bookman* to infer that there is, when all is said, something accidental about Johnson's immortality. I should be sorry if the present volume contributed to spread this notion. I consider these reminiscences, for reasons that I have brought forward, a capital specimen of the personal record in literature; but I am far from thinking that this, or any book

like it, accounts for the greatness of Samuel Johnson. We cannot dispose of the miracle of the Great Dictator by expatiating on the perfection of works about him; for, if we could, it would next be necessary to inquire whence came this invincible impulse to record the man, an impulse which men and women felt alike. Why, as Carlyle asked long ago, did Boswell, among all the great men whom he knew, fasten upon Johnson? In all this biographical activity, what was the *causa causans*?

It is easy to say that Boswell's choice of Johnson as a biographical subject was owing to the latter's literary eminence, and this is partly true. But whence, we must ask again, came Johnson's literary eminence? Why was he the acknowledged Dictator? There was certainly no sufficient explanation of this in his literary works. It is, indeed, sometimes supposed that readers in the eighteenth century hung over the pages of *Rasselas* and the *Rambler* with a breathless rapture; but this is far from true. Those books were of course more widely and enthusiastically read than they are to-day, but they were commonly recognized by Johnson's friends, and by Johnson himself, for that matter, as no sufficient explanation of his fame. Fanny Burney herself had difficulty in reading *Rasselas* because of its "dreadful" subject, a subject which Miss Hannah More found "as cheerful as the Dead Sea." Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was bored by the *Rambler*, "who follows the *Spectator* with the same pace that a pack-horse would a hunter." Johnson himself found it, as modern readers do, "too wordy." So that even in 1778 it was difficult to give a satisfactory explanation of Johnson's acknowledged supremacy. The puzzle was already stated. It was hoped that the publication of the *Lives of the Poets* would establish his fame once for all; but, splendid as was that achievement, it was not sufficiently great to account for his reputation. Certain of the biographies were received with a storm of merited protest; some were completely negligible; others gave evidence of distorted critical standards; and yet others betrayed evidences of haste and of inadequate preparation. Johnson himself realized that the work was no satisfactory representation of the powers that were in him. But even had it been so, even had it satisfied the most eager demands of his admirers, it would still be not an *explanation* of his supreme position but an *illustration* of it. His fame had been long since established, and was now hardly susceptible of sudden change. Here was an author whose fame already transcended that of all his works combined, who filled those close to him with a desire to do justice to his personality in written records of it, a personality that stimulated hatred as well as love, but left nobody indifferent. There is, it would therefore appear, no hope of falling back upon Johnson's position in the literary world as an explanation of his fame; and yet the conviction persists that he is really a figure in English literature. Even Mr. Seccombe has written a book called the *Age of Johnson*. It is evident that Johnson represents more than Johnson achieved; that he stimulated more than he wrote.

There is a principle in the history of modern literature which I think will help us. It has not, so far as I am aware, been definitely formulated, though it is unconsciously employed by all discerning critics. Modern literary

history, we are coming to see, consists of something more than the *belles lettres* which it contains. With the rise of what I may call the personal record in literature—biographies, diaries, and letters—there has entered literature a new interest which tends quite as often to centre in the individual who creates as in the book created. It is an interest which is stimulated not so much by felicities of style, or excitement of plot, or brilliant imagination, as by an acquaintance with the secret places of some great man's mind. It is the desire of knowing the whole of a giant personality, its weakness and its vagaries, its passion and its pride. It desires to ransack the very holy of holies and find out its secret. It was this interest that Johnson himself felt in literature. "Sir," he would say, "the biographical part of literature is what I love most." Now it is most important to notice that such an interest as this may exist quite independently of our appreciation of an author's books. Johnson himself felt a profound interest in men like Savage, whose poetry he held in low esteem. And if such an interest be sufficiently diffused, it may result that a man attains a position in literature not by what he has himself contributed to it, but by a kind of transcendental force which he exerts upon it by virtue of what he was. The literature of the nineteenth century is fertile in examples of what I am trying to describe. Take the case of Byron. He is unlike enough to Johnson, in all conscience; yet there is the very problem in his case that we are considering in Johnson's. Upon what is based the enduring fame of the man? Who now reads Byron? The dramas are forgotten, and the early Oriental tales are grown a little shabby. Even *Don Juan* seems too long. And the lyrics, fresh and fervid as they yet are, nevertheless fall below the best productions of Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth. Yet there is the star of the man's fame burning on; distance does not dim its radiance nor reduce its magnitude. Byron has lived; only Childe Harold is dead. He, like Johnson, has survived not so much because of a purely literary achievement as by virtue of a remarkable temper of mind, an ardor, an attitude toward life, a force and a fire. What is the secret of his influence? His works alone will never explain it, and fortunately or unfortunately, he had no Boswell. What was it that fired the imagination of Goethe? Was it *Manfred* that Goethe loved, or *Cain*? or was it that bright, perverse spirit who created these, his lesser selves? However we may try to escape the conclusion, are we not forced to assert at last that his reputation springs to-day, as it did a century ago, from his influence upon other men rather than from his books? That fire did not spring from books alone which kindled a new school of poets in Spain and in Italy. The note which is heard to-day in the rending harmonies of Tschaikowski, that is the genuine voice of Byron, that and not the mocking cry which too often echoes that voice in Byron's verse. The English poet speaks to-day with greater authority in Russian music than he ever spoke in English verse. His spirit is still at work among us, producing greater works than any that were actually done in his own name, and that miracle will continue until another supreme patron of the philosophy of revolt shall usurp his dominion, and rule his disciples in his stead.



Now this same high potential which Byron had, was Johnson's in large measure. Whenever this dynamic power makes its appearance, it operates in remarkable and unusual ways. It may divert the whole stream of literature into new channels, as did Byron, or confine it in old ones, as did Johnson. It may color the very language and style of authors, causing other men's work to have the ring of a quotation. It makes small men large, breaks down fears and prejudices in timorous minds, suddenly exalting them to levels which they have never reached before, and which indeed they are by nature unable to reach. It impels them to accomplishments of which they had deemed themselves incapable. Above all, it sets in motion a whole current of feelings and ideas that swells as it moves away from its source. Presumably the greatest authors have always this ability, but there are other orders of genius who possess it in apparent independence of the highest literary skill. The main interest of these men is always in literature, but they are sometimes incapable of producing it without a medium, for their work is rather with men than with books. Thus such men become a type. They bear, as Oscar Wilde said of himself, "a symbolic relation to their age," and those who fail to find in them an author may amuse themselves by the attempt to discover there an era. Of these men is Samuel Johnson, and this is the secret of his fame.

Let us now consider some of the ways in which Johnson infused his genius into his age. To begin with, he was generally recognized as an author whose influence transcended that usually exerted by authors. Here let me quote a contemporary eulogy of Johnson which puts into heroic couplets what I am trying to say:

By nature's gifts, ordained mankind to rule,  
He, like a Titian, formed his brilliant school. . . .  
Our boasted Goldsmith felt the sovereign sway;  
From him derived the sweet yet nervous lay. . . .  
With Johnson's fame melodious Burney glows,  
While the grand strain in smoother cadence flows. . . .  
Amid these names can Boswell be forgot,  
Scarce by North Britons now esteemed a Scot?  
Who to the Sage devoted from his youth,  
Imbued from him the sacred love of truth,  
The keen research and exercise of mind,  
And that best art, the art to know mankind.

Poor verses, we may grant, but rather good criticism. Consider, in particular, Johnson's influence upon Goldsmith. Who can doubt that the style of Doctor Minor, superior as it is to that of Doctor Major, would yet have been a very different thing if Goldsmith had never read the *Rambler*? Both Boswell and Dr. Warton noted the influence of Johnson upon Goldsmith's conversation, particularly in his attempt to employ difficult words, but they might have discovered even subtler evidences of it in his writings. The particular power of Johnson



that Goldsmith longed for was the older man's ability to sum up a whole department of things in one telling sentence. It was a power that Goldsmith never attained, but his attempts were numerous. Hear, for example, the voice of Johnson speaking through these words of Goldsmith at the opening of the latter's *Life of Nash*: "History owes its excellence more to the writer's manner than to the materials of which it is composed," or this from the *Life of Voltaire*, "That life which has been wholly employed in the study is properly seen only in the author's writings; there is no variety to entertain, nor adventure to interest us in the calm succession of such anecdotes." It is only an echo, to be sure, but we know whence issued the original sound.

That the influence of Johnson's style was the most potent brought to bear upon English style in the second half of the 18th century cannot, I think, be disputed. Boswell's discussion of it, and his accompanying list of examples of direct imitation are too convincing to be neglected. There is something of its fine dignity in the best of Burke and of Gibbon; and it is probable that the serious student of style still finds his best examples of the more elaborate manner in the pages of Johnson. The very enemies of the man recognized the force of the authority he exerted, so that Churchill, in his caricature of him as Pomposo, dubs him the

Vain idol of a scribbling crowd,  
Whose very name inspires an awe,  
Whose every word is sense and law.

Influence of a very different kind, which nevertheless reveals the kinetic force which I have been describing, is shown by his relation with the art of his time. This is the more significant because Johnson was by nature unfitted to appreciate the delicate distinctions of color and form. It is doubtful if he ever saw the outlines of paintings clearly. And yet he is certainly to be thanked for having inspired some of the finest pictures in the history of English art. That Reynolds should have painted Johnson once is of course no sufficient ground for critical deduction of any kind; but that he should have returned to the subject again and again, painting him at least a dozen times, if we count copies—this is a fact of which we are not likely to exaggerate the significance. Most people know the famous portrait in the National Gallery, the one which Reynolds painted for Johnson's gay young friend Beauclerk, and on the frame of which the owner wrote an inscription proclaiming that beneath this rude exterior there dwelt a giant mind. To me the most noticeable thing about the portrait has always been that in it, almost alone among his portraits, Reynolds makes no attempt to conceal the crudeness of the exterior that he is representing. Here surely is the *craglike* quality of Johnson. If we had only this one portrait of Reynolds, it would naturally be assumed that he had the virile realism of a Velasquez. But I know of no other in which he attains the utter clarity of the Spaniard, the power of naked fact. What was the force that woke the gentle Reynolds to this unaccustomed power? Was the influence different in kind from that which worked upon the style of Goldsmith and upon the mind of

Boswell? This conclusion is not so slightly based as it may seem at first. It is certainly obvious that a painter bestows prolonged and affectionate attention only upon that which has fascinated his intellect and his sympathy. No artist of the abilities of a Reynolds will consent to paint an unsympathetic subject a dozen times. But Reynolds loved the task because he loved the inspiration which he drew from the mere presence of the man. And so he painted him as he appeared after the completion of the Dictionary, seated at his desk in an arm-chair in complacent meditation on the completed work. He painted him again for his stepdaughter, Miss Lucy Porter, and this time in a form more or less idealized, in conventional Roman costume, without his wig. It is Reynolds's most touching portrait of him, for in it he has allowed the suffering and the sympathy of Johnson which he had witnessed so often to predominate over the ruder strength of countenance. Yet again he painted him as he appeared when reading a book, "tearing the heart out" of it in his impatience to be at the core of the author's meaning. He painted him as he must have appeared when a young man, resting his chin upon his hand, and holding a copy of *Irene*; and as if this were not enough, went farther, and painted a wholly imaginary and wholly delightful portrait of him in his infancy, representing a Herculean babe, with head sunk in precocious contemplation of the insoluble problem of human existence, a veritable Infant Samuel. Such is the nature of Johnson's impress upon the painter.

But the impress of which it is most necessary to speak is that upon James Boswell, for this is the very greatest instance of Johnson's dynamic energy. It is strange that it should be necessary to point this out; but critics will do all they can to explain away the miracle which Johnson wrought in creating out of Boswell a greater author than himself. The wonder of the result has actually obscured appreciation of the man who produced it. Boswell himself realized it fully. Here is an unpublished passage from one of his own letters (March 3, 1772) to Johnson:

I fairly own that after an absence from you for any length of time, I feel that I require a renewal of that spirit which your presence always gives me, and which makes me a better and a happier man than I had imagined I could be, before I was introduced to your acquaintance.

The greatness of Boswell's record, when all is said, is simply Samuel Johnson, who is not merely the subject, but in the last analysis the author too. We have heard overmuch of Boswell's hero-worship and of the service which he did that hero in preserving his memory; but it is time that we remind ourselves of what the hero did for the disciple. Genius begot genius. The greatest contribution of Samuel Johnson to English literature was James Boswell.

I have a suspicion that in saying this I am perhaps in danger of ending, as I began, with a commonplace. But in an age which has somewhat indulged itself in the subtleties of criticism, it is sometimes well to remind ourselves of the simple old truths. We have heard too much of the inessential

Johnson, of spilled pudding-sauce, irrelevant ejaculations of the Lord's Prayer, slipper-snatchings, and other stories interesting to schoolboys, but of doubtful authenticity and of small significance. It is time to dwell again upon Johnson's kindness, his courage, his respect for rank and achievement in an age whose general tendency was downwards, his Catholic faith in an era of timid skepticism and cheap tolerance, and above all, to reckon with his dynamic influence upon his friends.

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark



Seal destroyed.

Addressed—

To

Joseph Cooper Walker Esq:

Treasury Chambers

Dublin

London

1 July 1785.

Sir.

I am very much obliged to you for your polite attention in offering to collect for me among the Literati of Dublin such private letters of Dr. Johnson as have been preserved. All that you can send me will be very acceptable; for it is my design in writing the Life of that Great and Good Man, to put as it were into a Mausoleum all of his precious remains that I can gather. Be pleased Sir to transmit your packets for me to the care of Mr. Dilly Bookseller London.

I should ill deserve the liberal aid you are to afford me, did I not endeavour to procure for you in return what communications I can get for your Historical Memoirs of the Bards and Musick of Ireland. I myself am very ill informed upon that subject. But when I get back to Scotland which will be some time in Autumn next, my exertions shall not be wanting.

I am Sir

your most obedient

humble servant

James Boswell.

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Horace Walpole)

Edinburgh

23 Febr. 1768.

Sir.

I beg your acceptance of a copy of my Account of Corsica to which you have a better claim than you perhaps imagine as I dare say you have forgotten what you said to me at Paris when I had the honour of giving you a few anecdotes



Sir.

Edinburgh.  
23 Feby 1764.

I beg your acceptance of a copy of my account of Corsica to which you have a better claim than you perhaps imagine as I dare say you have forgotten what you said to me at Paris when I had the honour of giving you a few anecdotes of what I had just come from seeing among the brave Islanders. In short Sir your telling me that I ought to publish something in order to shew the Corsicans in a proper light, was my first incitement to undertake the work which has now made its appearance.

If it gives any pleasure to M<sup>r</sup>.  
Horace.

Horace Walpole, I shall be particularly  
happy. I shall think that I have  
been able to make him some small  
return for the pleasure which  
his elegant writings have afforded  
me. I have the honour to be

Sir

your most obedient  
humble servant

James Boswell

of what I had just come from seeing among the brave Islanders. In short Sir your telling me that I ought to publish something in order to shew the Corsicans in a proper light, was my first incitement to undertake the work which has now made its appearance.

If it gives any pleasure to Mr. Horace Walpole, I shall be particularly happy. I shall think that I have been able to make him some small return for the pleasure which his elegant writings have afforded me. I have the honour to be

Sir

Your most obedient

humble servant

James Boswell.

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From Letter of Edmond Malone to William Windham,

May 21. 1795.

*"I suppose you know that poor Boswell died on Tuesday Morning, without any pain. I don't think he at any time of his illness, knew his danger. I shall miss him more and more every day. He was in the constant habit of calling upon me daily, and I used to grumble sometimes at his turbulence; but now miss and regret his noise and his hilarity and his perpetual good humour, which had no bounds. Poor fellow, he has somehow stolen away from us, without any notice, and without my being at all prepared for it."*

ties. In 1785, Mr. Boswell published "A Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides" with Dr. Johnson; which met a similar success to his entertaining account of Corsica. This year Mr. Boswell removed to London, and was soon after called to the English bar.

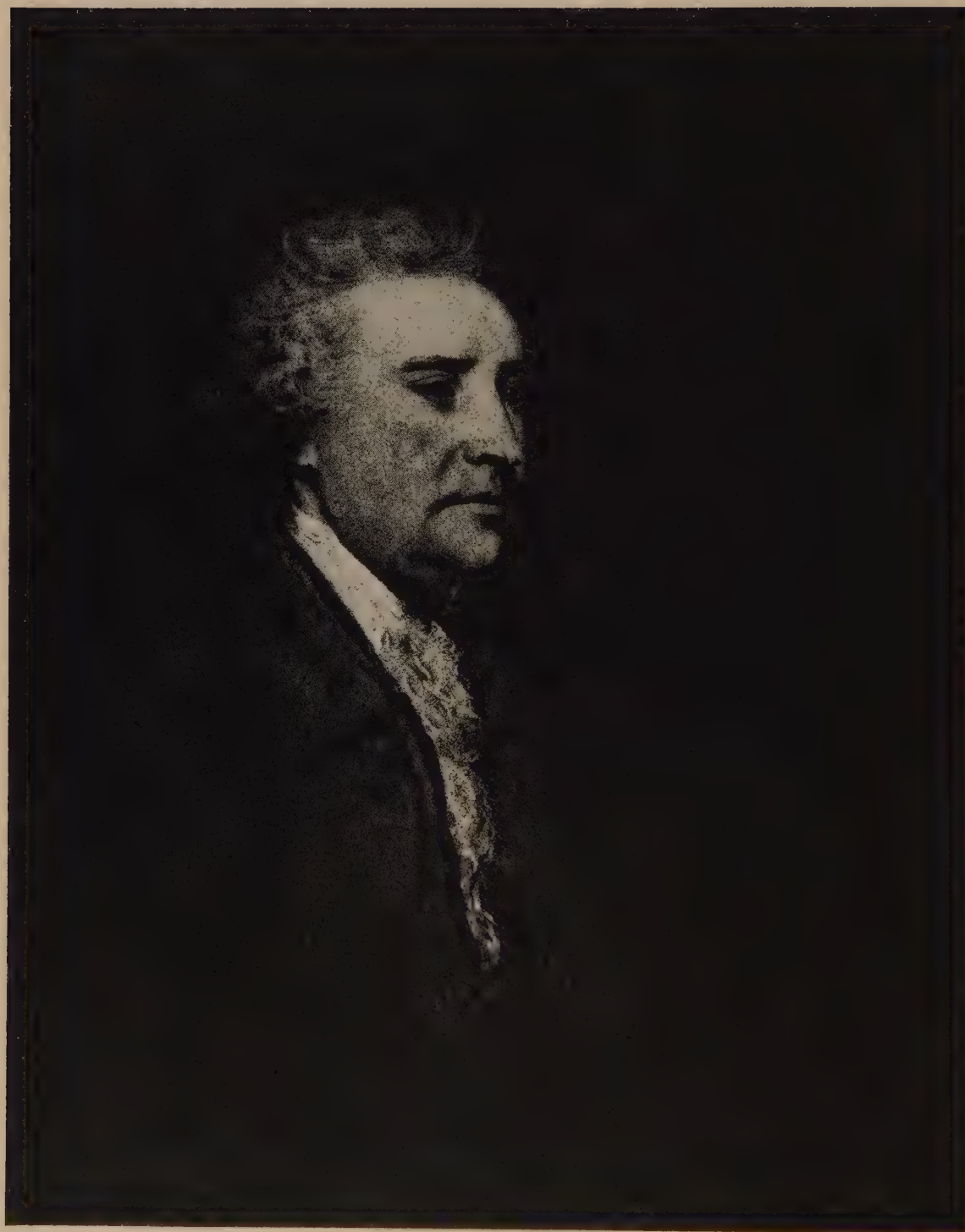
But Mr. Boswell's professional business was interrupted by preparing his most celebrated work, "The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D." This was published in 1791, and was received by the world with most extraordinary avidity. It is a faithful history of Johnson's life, and exhibits a most interesting picture of the character of that illustrious moralist, delineated with a masterly hand. The preparation of a second edition of this work was almost the last literary performance of Mr. Boswell; though he was at the same time preparing a general answer to a letter from Dr. Samuel Parr, in *Gent. Mag.* vol. lxxv. p. 179.; in which he proposed briefly to notice the attacks of his more puny antagonists. He had also a design, which was in some forwardness, of publishing a quarto volume, to be embellished with fine plates, on the subject of the controversy occasioned by the *Beggar's Opera*; and it is to be regretted, that the public were not gratified with a perusal of what so good a judge of human nature would say on so curious a subject. With this particular view he had paid frequent visits to the then truly humane "Governor of Newgate," as he ordinarily styled Mr. Kirby. His death, unexpected by his friends, was a subject of universal regret; and his remains were carried to Auchinleck; and the following inscription is engraved on his coffin-plate:—

JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.,  
died 19th May, 1795,  
aged 55 years.

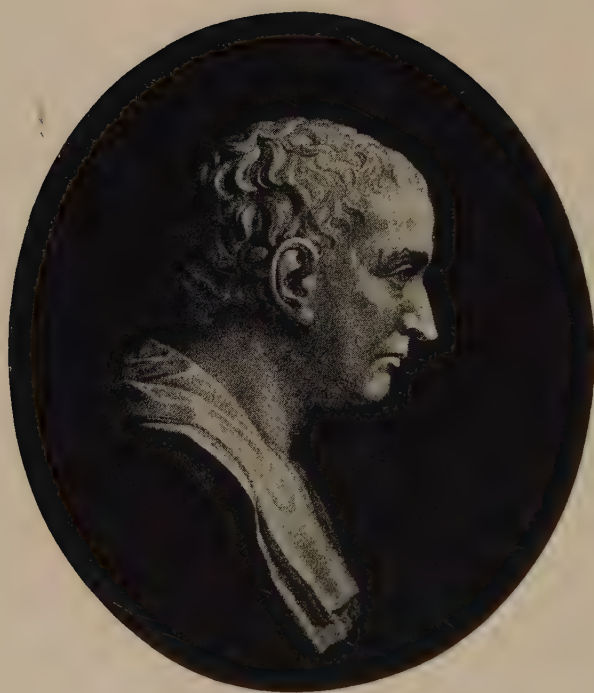




AUCHINLECK CHURCHYARD, WITH THE FAMILY VAULT OF LORD AUCHINLECK,  
IN WHICH JAMES BOSWELL WAS BURIED.



**LETTERS  
OF  
EDMUND BURKE**





***B**URKE'S mind was full of the matter of great truths, copiously enriched from the fountains of generous and many-coloured feeling. He thought about life as a whole, with all its infirmities and all its pomps. With none of the mental exclusiveness of the moralist by profession, he fills every page with solemn reference and meaning; with none of the mechanical bustle of the common politician, he is everywhere conscious of the mastery of laws, institutions, and government over the character and happiness of men. Besides thus diffusing a strong light over the awful tides of human circumstance, Burke has the sacred gift of inspiring men to use a grave diligence in caring for high things, and in making their lives at once rich and austere. Such a part in literature is indeed high. We feel no emotion of revolt when MacKintosh speaks of Shakespeare and Burke in the same breath as being both of them above mere talent. And we do not dissent when Macaulay, after reading Burke's works over again, exclaims, "How admirable! The greatest man since Milton."—John Morley.*

Two sheets, 8vo. Written on first three pages.

No Date. No Address. (To Garret Nagle, Burke's cousin)

Not signed.

My Dear Garret I have only to say a very few words—You have two Books of Husbandry, Lises and Duhamels—the last is the most regular & methodical; The first has more matter in it, but it is worse digested; but I think it may be of considerable use to a Practical farmer, (though wrote a good while ago) as it contains a vast variety of observations, which his own thoughts may improve. I know you will be glad to lend them to any of our friends about you, that they may be as extensively useful as possible—Many odd words occur in Lisle's Husbandry, but they are explained at the End of the Book. The other Books are to be delivered to Dr. Patrick Nagle, for the young part of the families, so as to accomodate them as well as can be done by so few Books. The Book called the *Art of Thinking* is a book that the Dr. will I daresay think very fit to be put into the hands of the Boys who have got through their Classicks, in the School he patronises, as a good Introduction to any thing else they may read. There are some Books of Arithmetick in a common way—these too may have their use. I shall direct something on surveying & Mensuration—though on recollection if you buy as many of these books, as shall be wanting, I will pay for them. Pray give yr. Children Education—It wont cost much. Whether farmers, or what else, they cannot be the worse for it. I am really solicitous for the welfare of all people about the Blackwater, & most grateful for their friendship; in this I speak to all our friends, for I consider you all as one, and I hope (as I am sure you do, if you are wise) that you consider yourselves in the same way. Remember me to your Nephew Ned, whom I hope, when he is fit for it, to see in London. Betty has a son here, a pretty Boy with good parts, who is making an exceeding quick progress. She, I am told, intends to remove him; surely this is not well considerd, until the boy has done something more. If she does, he will lose what he has got; tell her I beg she would not think of it; & that some way may be found of having him here in careful hands during the vacation.

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on three pages and part of the 4th page.

No Postmark. No Date.

No Address. (To Garret Nagle)

My dear Garret, it is true we have been a long time silent &, I fear very blameably so; but the truth is, that, whether importantly or no, we have been as much engaged as possible. The Session has been long & busy; & we have been

obliged to appear for some time inattentive to our friends, though I think it impossible we should forget them. We begin now to breath a little, & our consultation must be how we are to dispose of ourselves in the Summer. My Idea is to go to Italy. It would be pleasing to me, & not without some use; but I am not sure, that something may not happen to disconcert my scheme. Your talking of taking a Trip to Parkgate gives us pleasure; because perhaps you may be tempted to come further. London is but two days in the Machine from Chester; & I need not say how happy we should all be to see you. If you come at all, I could wish it were soon; that we may not be dispersed before your arrival.—James Hennessy's Letter I got some time ago; but I do not recollect, (& I think I could hardly forget) his mentioning my uncle Attys accident. I doubt the Letter which spoke of that accident might have miscarried. I know not, of what nature it was; but most sincerely rejoice at his being in a way of recovery, as I am at your fathers continuing in a good way; I hope he believes there are few things in the World which could give me a more sincere pleasure than good news of him. As to the improvements at Clohir, I must leave them altogether to your discretion. You know pretty nearly what I would wish to have done; & I am sure you know the time & manner of doing it much better than I do. Though my hurry here prevented me from giving any thing like directions about the principal parts, I take it for granted, that so much as regarded Roches little garden, from the Road downward &c, was done of course & that he had his usual little relief at Christmas. The planting part you will settle with Mr. Crotty. The Glens & Rocks I think might be sown to advantage with Ash Keys & the like. But of that you will judge. I send you enclosed a sensible book on some of the Topics which have been bandied about here for this year past. I think you will like it.

Poor unfortunate James came to us, as you guessed he would. I am sorry he behaved as he did on leaving the Country. He was in a miserable condition; but severity would not have mended it, or improved the weak understanding, that brought him into it. He told us he intended to go to Quebeck. Dick gave him some little assistance, & got him Sea Cloathing & necessaries. After this we saw nothing of him for some time, & concluded him on his Voyage. But he called here lately; his reception was not quite so good as it had been; & we have not seen him these ten days; but I believe he is still in Town. Somebody persuaded him to ask me to get him a place in the Customs. I had two Letters from Atty Nagle containing a request of the same kind; a desire that he might be made Surveyor of the Coast of Corke. I have not yet answered him; but I neither will or can do it. You will be so good as to settle some Gossip accounts for me. I think Mrs. Burke stood for Bettys daughter, I for Nelly Hennessys; & Dick for Mrs. Garret Nagels Rinny. I think the Nurses fee on these occasions is three Guineas; & you will be so good as to give three Guineas to each of the Ladies, with our most affectionate compliments & thanks for choosing us. Adieu my dear Garrett & believe me most truly yrs.

E. Burke



Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To his uncle, Garret Nagle)

My dear Sir,

I know you are too much concerned about us to suffer any little want of our lives to be altogether without importance to you. I sit down therefore to let you know, that we are at last got, safe & well, to our own house in London; & had the satisfaction of meeting all those we love, at least, as well as we left them. Our Passage was extremely rough. We never had been in any storm like it. All of us very ill. But thank God, we were not very long at Sea; & very fine Weather, & tolerable Roads from Holyhead hither, made us ample amends for the tossing we suffered at Sea. I received your Letter in favour of Mr. James Nagle. His Case is undoubtedly a very severe one. but the Plot is laid deep, & the persons concerned in it are very determined & very wicked, as far as I can judge, by the enquiries I have been capable of making into this affair. To attempt even in the slightest manner to take it out of the Course of Law would be very idle; it would aggravate instead of alleviating the mischief, & would furnish a new handle to those, who are already willing to use every method to oppress the innocence of their Neighbours. All I can do is by my advice. The Counsell which these Gentlemen have had are certainly men of Ability & Character, whom by all means they ought to retain. But they ought to add to them some man of longer standing in the Profession, & who by being a member of Parliament will have weight, both in the Court, & in representing the affair above, for very obvious reasons. Mr. Harward is a man of great honour & spirit, well acquainted with everything which relates to Criminal Law, & in every respect the fittest man they can possibly choose. It is the Counsell I would advise you to take if you were in the same Circumstances. I am thoroughly convinced of the innocence of these Gentlemen, but far from sure, that their lives are not in the greatest danger. They ought to neglect no means, nor grudge any Expence they can go to. I did hear indeed with an astonishment, which I can scarcely express, that this measure had been originally proposed to them, & that they rejected it on account of the Charge. If that consideration, in such a Case, has any weight with them, I have nothing to say, but to lament their fate, as that of men whose avarice has betrayed their lives, Characters, & fortunes too, into the hands of their most bitter Enemies; & whose weakness will make it impossible to take a single step in their favour. You will (without sending him my Letter) take some method of conveying these sentiments from me to that Gentleman, whose condition, I sincerely pity. Jenny & Dick & so do the Doctor & Will, join me in our most sincere & affectionate Regards to Roches County. I shall soon write to my friend at Bloomfield. I am my Dr. Uncle, Most affectionately yours

E. Burke

Thursday Nov. 6. 1766.



Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs. Thrale)

Madam,

Your very great partiality & indulgence to Mrs. Burke & me has had, what I am afraid is but too natural an Effect. We are made very presumptuous & even to that degree, as to propose to bring two friends with us to dine with Mr. & Mrs. Thrale today. The case is this two Gentlemen of Paris, one an English Gentleman an eminent Banker settled there, & the other, a French Gentleman, are to make a very short stay, a stay of only a few days, in London. My son had received extraordinary Civilities in France, & I was willing to make some return by showing them whatever was most curious in England. Mr. Thrale's works appeared to me always to be one of the most striking objects we have to shew to a stranger—having got thus far, you will allow, that it is not unnatural to be proud of ones good acquaintance, & to be a little ostentatious of ones interest & importance with them. I had therefore a mind to take that occasion of shewing them my power with Mr. & Mrs. Thrale, & the good company that is always met with at their house. I am sensible I stand in great need of an apology for this Liberty. I thought that Sir Joshua Reynolds was to have dined with us, & I should have laid, (as one of these Gentlemen is his acquaintance as well as mine) a part of my Burthen upon him, who is better able to bear the whole. As it is, I must throw myself entirely on your & Mr. Thrale's goodness. I shall pay my respects to you early, if another Lady, that I cannot be complaisant enough to put second even to you, & whose Business is to come on in the house today, I mean the Church of England, does not detain me. I am with the utmost respect & Esteem

Madam

Your most obedt.  
& most obliged humble servt.  
Edm. Burke.

Westminster, May 5. 1774.

Wednesday

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One sheet, folio. Written on page and a half.

No Address. (To Joseph Smith of Bristol)

My dear Sir,

If I waited until I had leisure I never could write to you at all; but I now take advantage of a stagnating moment in the Debate on the Middlesex Election, to thank you for your warm, friendly, & effectual part in forwarding

my own. Let me add too, that I am obliged to you for several agreeable hours of repose & relaxation during the hurry of it, & let me flatter myself that you have had your share in the fortunate termination of all your Labours. In all parts of the above just acknowledgement your Lady has a title to a full share; I never experienced more polite, easy, & yet kind attentions, preventing every want and desire, in my Life than I had the honour to receive from Mrs Smith; nor was ever hospitality so cordial & so little burthensome. I flatter myself that even the little ones do not forget the Cockades & the Cryes & Burke; & pray let me know when I can reckon among them a little squaller, who in spite of all your Presbyterian starchness you must suffer me to call my Godson.

Has not this new Committee done justice in this affair, as in every other! I am perhaps, & perhaps you are, too interested to be a perfect Judge—but surely they acted with the utmost deliberation & impartiality & I have the pleasure of telling you, that almost all are Gentlemen, who think very differently from me in Politicks. The Chairman has a very great office in the King's Household.

I find, & I am extremely sorry for it, that I have been expected at Bristol for the sake of a triumphal entry. But in the first place, I cannot remove so far from my duty. In the next place, I think such an ostentatious triumph over a respectable adversary, not quite generous, nor altogether prudent. Our success will not be the less acceptable to all sorts of men for our moderation & prudence. It is our Business rather to console than insult those, to whom we can have no matter of quarrel, but their attachment to their friends. I suppose that Champion has told you, how much I wish this matter of offence avoided. Remember me most heartily & respectfully to Mrs Smith. Shake my worthy friend & your worthy neighbour Mr. Anderson by the hand for me. & add all those excellent friends who rejoice in our Success. Adieu & believe me most affeely.

Dear Sir

Your most obliged

& faithful hbb. servt.

Edm. Burke

St. Stephen's Chappel

Feb. 22. 1775

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark.

Addressed—

Mr. Garret Nagle

Ballyduff

Dear Sir,

Patrick Clancy is an industrious man who has saved some little Money, & does not know how to remit it home, & therefore applies to me. I have received from him eight Guineas and an half, which I beg you will be so good to pay to him, & charge it to my account. I am my dr. Sir

most sincerely yrs. &c.

Edm. Burke

Westmr. Nov. 14, 1776.

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Eight sheets. 4to. Written on 5¼ pages.

No Date. (May 25. 1782)

No Address. (To the Duke of Portland)

My Dear Lord,

Your affair is finished, so far as it depends upon us. Every thing asked, or even hinted at from Ireland, has been yielded, in the fullest measure & with the compleatest unanimity. Fox handled this delicate Business incomparably well. Your time, I hope, will pass the better for what has been done. I hope it will make your Government easy to you, & that your own natural disposition will have its full scope to do all manner of good to the Country wch. you have in charge, without giving any uneasiness to this. The principal parts of this administration are very dear to me, & I feel anxious for their honour & success; but I am sure, that, it is without compliment I assure your Grace, that there is no part of the System I feel so much concern for, as yours. I rest with perfect confidence in the prudence & vigour with which the whole will be conducted, & this makes me easy, in finding myself more compleatly uninformed about every thing that is going on, than I thought it was possible for one that lived in London to be. I heard indeed the most material part, for I heard, from time to time that your Grace was in perfect health. But that was all I heard about Ireland, or Irish Business, directly or indirectly, from the time your Grace left us. From that day I was not able to form the slightest conjecture about what was meant to be done, until the Night before Mr. Fox's motion; when I was, with other members, invited to the meeting at his house.



It seems to me, that this affair, so far from ended, is but just begun. A new order of things is commencing. The old Link is snapped asunder. What Ireland will substitute in the place of it in order to keep us together, I know not—I say, what *Ireland* will substitute; because the whole is now in her hands. She gives the Law; & she meets infinite less resistance, than England met from the Lowest of her dependencies in the days of her highest authority. England has given a dreadful Example of the effects of a want of moderation in the use of power; & I trust it will be a lesson to those, who at this time have obtained the ascendancy, to conduct themselves with Temper. If things are prudently managed, Ireland will become a great Country by degrees. Abating somewhat for the difficulties which attend all beginnings, Ireland is really better off in all respects than England. Comparatively speaking, she has no Debts, no Taxes, no expensive establishments of any kind to mention. She has the full protection of this Country; she has the full Benefit of its remaining dependencies. She is even somewhat the better for her former state of subjection, for she had some advantages given to her in order to compensate for the restraints which this Country imposed upon her. The restraints are now removed; & the compensations remain. In the last Century, the Irish woollen Trade was beginning to make some small progress. That was checked; & in the place of it the Linnen Trade was supported here by an immunity from Duties, & even by very considerable Bounties. There is scarcely an Article of English produce which does not pay a Duty in Ireland, not one indeed that I remember. I hope these considerations may have some weight in the Treaty which must be entered into very soon. I am told, that the appointment of Mr. George Yonge gives great offence in Ireland on account of a speech which he made here to please his constituents some years ago. I remember, that I opposed him in favour of Ireland. Now it would be an odd circumstance, if not one Englishman should take offence at my getting a place in England, whose prejudices I opposed; & that Gentlemen in Ireland should quarrel with an Englishman for opposing theirs. I confess I should feel much ashamed on such an occasion.

Here, our friends in power have gone on with great popularity until the late great successes in the West Indies. Unfortunately, what has been so very advantageous to the publick has not been so beneficial to them. For, having taken a step, not only wise but necessary, in the recal of Rodney, the subsequent news of his Success reacts upon that Measure, & they are accused of having had a purpose to defeat in effect, (whatever it might have been with regard to the intention) the means by which such a vast revolution has been wrought in our affairs. They made indeed no great impression by their first attack. The house did not feel with them; & Fox's blow on Johnstone was received with general applause. But the further good News which arrived this morning has brought a fresh censure on the Measure of Rodney's Recal. It is indeed, in my opinion, a measure which may very possibly decide on the fate & fame of the present Ministry. If Mr. Pigot should not be able to follow up Rodney's successes with something of the eclat which will be expected from the advantage of his situation, it will fall heavy indeed upon the present Servants of the Crown.



The Enemy begin (I mean the home Enemy) to lift up their heads. It is certain, that the difficulty of the times was a main support of the present system, & enabled them to carry thro' plans of reform, wch. in a more firm state of the publick affairs would never be listend to. However, this advantage, well improved, may be of great Benefit to the publick, by helping on the Negotiation for peace, which, I suspect, went on but dully before this Event. After all, one must admire the ways of Providence which has hung all these Trophies on such a Post, as we know this Rodney to be. A perfect fool, a compleat Rascal, & (as many think) a Poltroon into the Bargain, has done us a more brilliant, & all circumstances considerd, a more effectual service, than the best, wisest, & bravest commanders have ever performed to this Country. But we ought to drink the draft with thankfulness, without considering whether the Cup that holds it be of gold or of clay.

Lord Rockingham has been long ill; But I think is much recoverd, & not much below his usual standard of health. The Dutchess did not leave this (*sic*) until his complaint was much abated. I hope her Grace has arrived in good health, & has not suffered by her Journey. Mrs Burke & all here present their humble Duty to her Grace. Be so good, my dear Lord, to remember a humble servant of yours, perfectly devoted to you; & who has no object in Life nearer to him than to be able to give you proofs of his grateful attachment. I am ever

My dear Lord

Your Graces

most faithful

& obedt. humble servt.

Edm. Burke

It will give pleasure to your Grace to hear that poor Will Burke, after infinite hardships had got safe to Bombay; & we have reason to hope nearer to his destination. May I beg to trouble your Grace with my best compliments to Mr. Fitzpatrick & Mr. O'Beirne.

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To General John Burgoyne)

My dear Burgoyne,

I see they have put our unfortunate friend Tommy Townshend on all the odious service they can find for him. I foresee they will be fond of making such men in their departments the instruments of their Malice, against their old

friends. I wish I could have saved the poor man in question from his share of this disgrace, but I suppose he & those who have left us have brought their feelings to a conformity with their Circumstances.

As to you, even after what has happened I think you ought to stay, unless you consider this act as a preliminary to turning you out. Your honour is safe in the hands of your friends, who with a man of your decided Character, will never oppose their delicacy to your Duty. You shall be called upon when you are wanted. The Duke of Portland knows your alacrity & attachment, so does Gore. They will not spare you. I take it for granted you have received my long Letter, which contains my Map of the Theatre de la guerre; & you see by that, my opinion of the necessity of having you, or indeed Ourselves upon it, otherwise than as an Army of Observation. But I send this to the Duke of Portland, & his opinion will, as it ought to, decide. If the Step is to be taken, the Letter is in general very proper. My only doubt is on the compatibility of your two reasons for coming to England. Illness & the attendance on yr. Duty in Parliament will not go well with the attention to yr. health. The Latter ought therefore to be totally omitted, or thrown very much into the shade; and rather put, if put at all, upon the pening of the Dublin air. Adieu, my dear friend—may providence Guide you for the best. All here salute you cordially & believe me with most sincere Esteem & affection ever yrs.

Edm. Burke

Beaconsfield, Jany. 10. 1783.

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mr John Henderson)

Dear Sir,

You have been certainly misinformed with regard to my connexion with the Universities. I have no official Duty whatsoever which leads me to an interference in the Concerns of either of them; & I have the misfortune to be as little personally acquainted with their members as any person who has lived so long as I have in the world, can possibly be. I have no doubt of the merit of the Gentleman for whom you interest yourself—& from my respect to you I have recommended the consideration of his Case to a person acquainted with the D. of Portland & with the university, & much more likely to be talked to on the occasion than I am. I have the honour to be with great regard & Esteem.

Dr. Sir

Your most obedt.

& humble servt.

Beaconsfield, Augst. 30, 1783.

To Mr. Jno. Henderson

Edm. Burke

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To the Duke of Portland)

My dear Lord,

After I left you my thoughts turned with some anxiety on the proposed expedition of Lord Litchfield. When I look back on the state he has lately been in, & the state in which his health appears to me at present, I begin to doubt very much whether the intended Journey ought not to be postponed for two or three days. I plainly perceive, that the kind of fever which he has had, & which in many respects resembles that with which my Richard was attacked some years ago, is followed by a long & slow convalescence. He has certainly by no means recovered his usual health. His very time of Life, which requires all the resources of the constitution for mere growth, has not as much to spare towards recovery as may be found in a more confirmed & mature age. He has made too great a demand upon his stock; & I think him shaken by his last two days excursions—too much so, in my opinion, not to make an instant Journey & Voyage in that condition a matter of some risque. In fact if nothing else should be the consequence, yet his arriving in Holland in a languid inert state would defeat all the Objects for which he proposes to go. He could not interest himself in any thing whatsoever. I really therefore submit it to your Grace, whether this Journey ought not to be postponed at least for three or four days. I see him seldomer than you, & I think my Eye therefore more likely to be correct than yours or the Dutchesses or any others who is constantly with him.

Just as I came home I heard a piece of news which afflicts us all in no small degree, tho' no domestick misfortune. Our Neighbour & old acquaintance Mrs. Haviland has just lost her daughter Mrs. Prexton [?], the wife of a very worthy Gentleman of Ireland: she died this Evening a little time after the Birth of her first Child. The poor Mother is in a most dreadful condition. Her Husband lately dead, her son, a Captain in the Army, in the West Indies, the son in law in Ireland—she seems abandoned by the whole world, & I hear is in a state of distraction: I intended to go over to Bulstrade tomorrow to talk over the subject of the first part of this Letter, but the Physician thinks, that if the poor creature is not taken away from this Scene of misery she cannot live. Mrs. Burke & I therefore propose to go over for her to bring her hither tomorrow. I think, that as this is a child-bed accident, & the rumour of the Country may bring it to the Ears of the Dutchess if nothing is done to prevent it, that such news ought to be kept from her with some management, though I conceive as well as anybody of her Graces fortitude. I am ever with such affection & attachment as I ought to feel for your Grace

Most entirely &

faithfully yours

Edm. Burke

Tuesday night

13 Sept. 1785



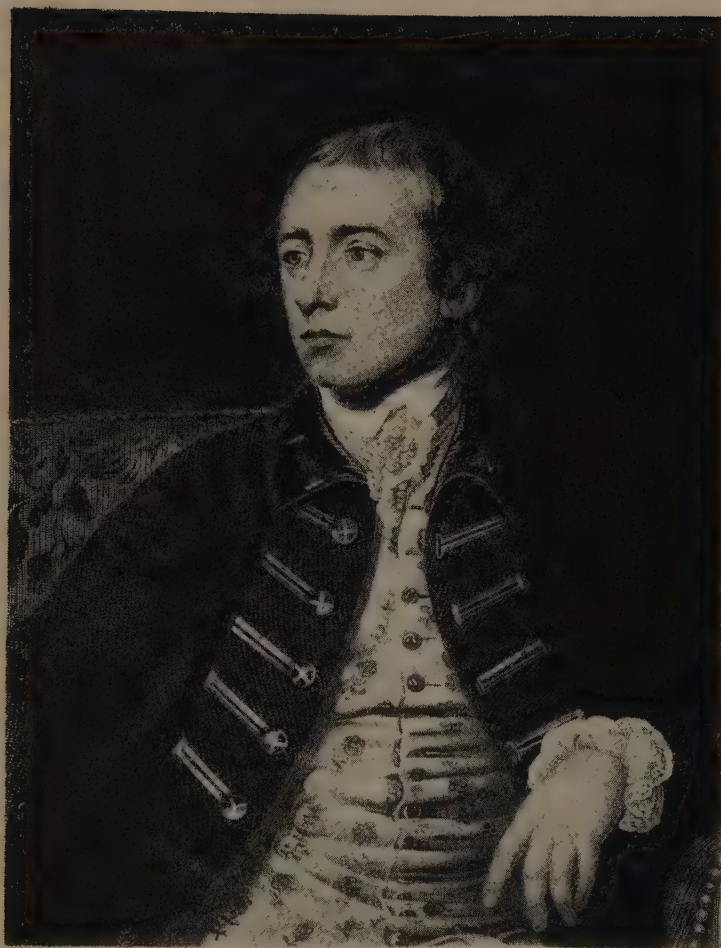
Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

No Address. (To the Rt. Hon. Henry Dundas)

Anderson has been directed to produce his correspondence & if he chooses to obey, we shall have it tomorrow; he abandond in the Committee the practice he had used in the House of Commons, that a considerable part of it was left behind him in Scotland. Our order on this head was followed by another, that these papers when received should lie at the India house for an inspection: But we certainly will not inspect them unless you should think it advisable,—though, for my own part, I can see no inconvenience which can arise from it. I saw Sheridan last night at Brooks's; & he informs me of your Liberality in this respect— You may depend upon it we shall be as temperate in the use of our powers as you or any man can wish us to be. I am sure, that Anderson will use every art of evasion to hold back his correspondence, & if he is pushed to the wall may very possibly come to a direct refusal. That Hastings would do so in the first instance I have little doubt. His correspondence with Palmer & Davy, though we can certainly do without it, must be of the most essential service, if we could get at it. It would throw great Light on the Dark & mysterious part of the Transactions in Oude, & particularly on the first & second present from the Nabob. It is clear from Markham's Evidence that Hastings's correspondence is regularly entered in Books. He has already attempted thro' Markham to produce an Extract from these Letters in Evidence at our Bar, & will in all probability do the same at the Bar of the House of Lords. We shall not be on a par with him; & for want of the series of correspondence; he may make the several parts speak for him what he pleases, without a power on our part to oppose one part to another, supposing that in this it should happen, as it has happened in most others that he may be contradicted from his own Mouth. In the days of Parliamentary power before our time, the Committee would have adjourned to his house, & there inspected and taken possession of what ought to be official records, but which had been withheld from their proper repositories. He could not then have secured indemnity to some of his Crimes by committing others, nor covered the offence of peculation from the publick Treasury by a spoliation of the publick records: But as nothing is so absurd as to attempt the exercise of an authority, which cannot be as vigorously supported as it is strongly claimed, it would be not only unadvisable to go that length, but perhaps in this moment to make any demand whatsoever upon him. It certainly will require mature consideration.

The paper moved for by Scott, & which has been laid before the House, I mean Larkins's Letter, did not come to the India House by the regular Channel, & I do not find that they yet know by whom it was brought. I have not fully enquired into the bottom of this Business. The Letter itself is however of inestimable value to the prosecution; & I have no doubt that it may be proved to be Larkins's handwriting. I do not wish to put on Trial any power in the Committee wh. may be questioned—but I believe you will think, that this strange mode of communication by the servants of the Company who are the





WILLIAM PITT  
GOVERNOR GENERAL OF BENGLA

instruments of Hastings, may make it very necessary that the House should order the Major to attend in his place to be examined about this transaction; as well as concerning the fifty thousand pound, which this extraordinary person has informed the house had been offered or sent, but refused by Hastings, since his arrival in England. It appears as if dealings of this Nature are continued to this very time. Oude is Hastings's great Bank, on which he draws at pleasure. He manages this Fund, as I am informed, thro' one Halked, who styles himself agent to the Nabob of Oude, & receives from him a pension of five thousand pound a year—after having first touchd a very great sum of ready money. He is Hastings agent (one agent in that numerous Corps) & not the Nabob of Oude, whose face, nor that of any of his Ministers has he ever beheld; or ever set foot in his Territories. He is now at Paris, I fancy either to keep out of the way, or to be more ready at communicating with Mr. Hastings's Indian & European resources.

April 7. 1787.

It is of course, that (if you think it worth your while) these notes are to be communicated to Mr. Pitt.

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

No Postmark. No Address.

My dear Sir,

I am infinitely obliged to you for your very kind Letter. It is highly flattering to me to find, that you think of me at all; much more so, that you think of me as you do. I never have for a moment departed from any esteem & affection for you, & for other Gentlemen of your description; who, I believe, entertain no doubt of my cordial & unalterable regards for them. I was, as you observe, not in the best state of health last year when the Business of the repeal of the Test came on. But if you will be so good as to cast your eye over my Letter (if you have it by you) you will easily perceive, that whilst my principles, & wishes too, lead me not to deprive the state of the service of any of its citizens who will give security, that they are not engaged in a faction against any of its legal establishments, I had many considerations before me which made me less desirous, than formerly I had been, of becoming active in the service of the Dissenters. I passed by many things which appeared to me, perhaps not so commendable in the Conduct of those who seemed to lead them—because I considered them as animated with a serious, humane, hatred of Tyranny & oppression, & corruption in all persons in power. I have found by experience, that those who are most active & leading & those who seem to proceed most in Corps, are of a direct contrary Character. It would be troublesome, invidious & unpleasant to go into a detail upon this subject. I do not

mean at all to dispute upon it—for it is not matter of reasoning, but of my own observation, concerning the exactness of which there cannot (with me) be much discussion. I have observed it. I have felt it, & a large part of the world will long feel it. Since the last years applications many things have either happened, or come to my knowledge, which add not a little to my disposition to persevere in my former state of inactivity. Extraordinary things have happen'd in France; extraordinary things have been said & done here, & published with great ostentation, in order to draw us into a connexion & concurrence with that nation upon the principles of its proceedings, & to lead us into an imitation of them. I think such designs, as far as they go, highly dangerous to the constitution & the prosperity of this Country. I have had lately put into my hands, & but very lately, two extraordinary works, so sanctioned, as to leave no doubt upon my Mind, that a considerable party is formed, & is proceeding systematically, to the destruction of this Constitution in some of its essential parts. I was much surprised to find religious assemblies turned into sort of places of exercise & discipline for politicks, & for the nourishment of a party which seems to have contention & power much more than Piety for its object. Perhaps you have not seen these Books which have gone thro several Editions, & are unanimously recommended by the Eastern Association a very numerous Body of Dissenting Ministers.

However, you have no great loss in me. You have a man who takes, to my great surprise, a lead in your Business; & who is more than equal to any Business. I am not surprised that he adheres to the sentiments he has once declared. I should be surprised if he did not; because, in no one Instance, has he evaded the Duties imposed upon him by consistency of Character. But I was, & am surprised & concerned, that he should take the lead & management of the Business; Because it furnishes in my humble opinion a very bad example, & of a most immoral tendency, to the world; in teaching Men, that they may persecute & calumniate their true friend, & endeavour, by undermining his reputation, & battering down his consequence, to put it over his power to be serviceable to his *Country*, & yet that they may (even whilst they are continuing these practices) make use of his abilities for the service of their *party*. This my Dear Sir, is a terrible example. Pray forgive my liberty. It is a liberty full of Sincerity, & free from Malice; & is used by a person who is amongst the most affectionate of your friends. I am with most perfect Truth Respect & Esteem

ever

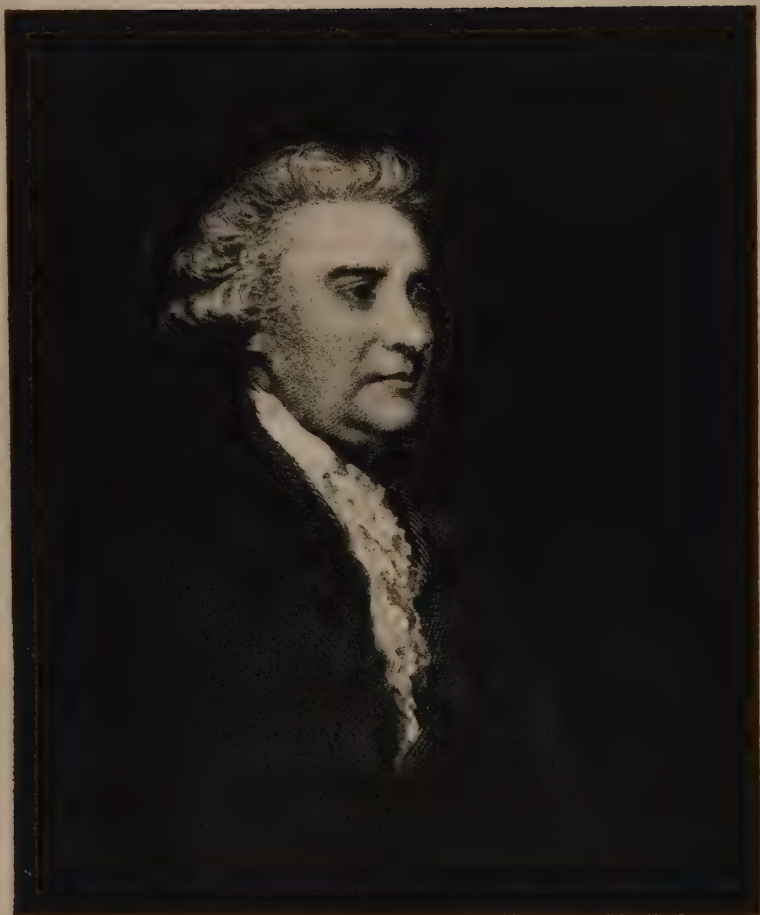
Yr. most faithful

& obliged humble Servt.

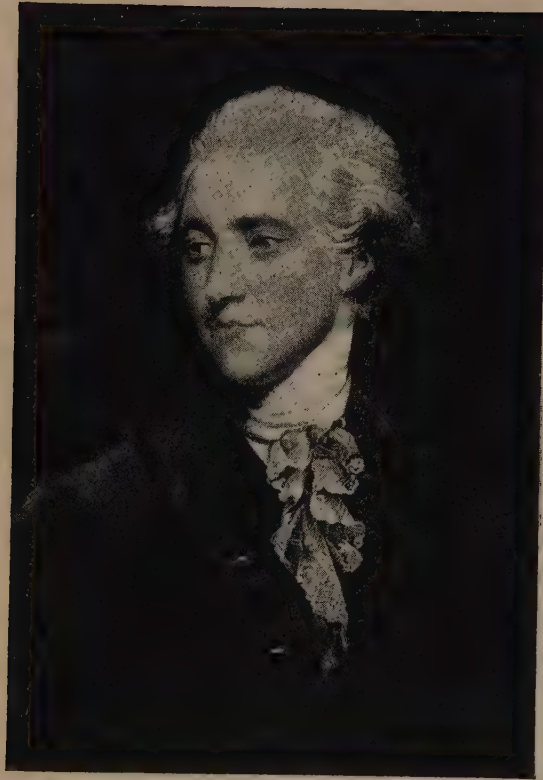
Edm. Burke

Gerard Street

Feb. 18. 1790







BURKE'S SON.

Two sheets, folio.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Lord Grenville)

My Lord,

I give you many thanks for your polite & obliging Letter. I will indulge myself in some hopes of success to the Objects of the Chevalier de la Brintains mission, which are in my opinion, with not many removes, objects equally interesting to your Lordship, and to all those who wish well to the peace & safety of this Country.

I received at Beconsfield, on the seventh day from Coblenz, by my friend and Kinsman Capt. Nagle, a Letter from my Son. The unfortunate refugee Princes & Gentlemen there endeavour to keep secret, in the best manner they are able, the result of the meeting at Pilnitz; & undoubtedly it ought to be kept as much so as possible until some remedy can be applied; & some I am fully persuaded, ought to be applied to this great & unexpected Evil. Give me leave to transcribe the account sent to me by my Son. I give it at length as some of the Circumstances appear to me not unaffecting.

"I gave you in my last the substance of the difficulty that had occurred at Pilnitz, in the equivocal Terms (such they were thought) of the answer given to the imperial declaration, & the sort of condition that accompanied it, I can hardly think it can have been such as it has been represented. But the representation is all we know of the matter, as they neglected (in such an hurrying time it is not surprising) to get a copy of it. Whatever it was, it is either the Cause or the Pretext (I rather hope the former because it is more remediable) of infinite mischief. It was received at Pilnitz. It made no change in the Emperors assurances of assistance nor in those of the King of Prussia: but the former alledged, that his hands were tied up, in the quarter in which alone he was able to come forward immediately; & therefore time must be given for the more distant troops to march, which, together with the difficulties started by the Ministers & Generals, was to occasion a delay of several months, & even to make it impossible to take a step before the Spring. The King of Prussia, on his part, declared his resolution of not moving till the Emperour was actually in march, still persevering in his assurances, with the additional engagement of furnishing the same number of Troops which the Emperour does. Thus vanished the fair prospects which opened at Vienna; where the Emperour, not only asserted to all the articles presented to him by the Comte d'Artois, but himself strongly expressed his apprehensions of the consequences of delay, & his desire of prompt and decisive action. This, you will easily conceive, is a cruel blow. Indeed nothing could well exceed the consternation produced by a short note from the Comte d'Artois, that he was dissatisfied with things generally;—referring, for the particulars, to his own oral Communications. This alarming Note was received here this day sennight. On Sunday the [4th?] in the Evening he arrived with the account I have just now stated; but it is thought proper to keep the exact state of things a secret, for fear of spreading too great a discouragement

amongst the unfortunate sufferers who daily assemble here in great Numbers. Upon the whole, I think this prudent. The accumulation of the Evil (great indeed in the present Circumstances) is the delay, arising, as they say, from the ambiguous, or apparently ambiguous conduct of England. I have done a good deal to raise their drooping spirits by the suggestion of various projects of recourse & hope; and things wear a better aspect, at least to outward appearance. The day the Comte d'Artois arrived here, the Garde de Corps, to the Number of about two hundred, with a great body of other officers went out to meet him a League or so, on the other side of the River. There is on this River what they call a Pont volant, consisting of two boats joined by Planks, & fastened at one end higher up the Stream, so that by shifting the anchor only, the current carries it backwards & forwards. On this Bridge, Monsieur, & a very great number of French that had remained in the town after the others, assembled to cross the Water; and whether it happened by design or concert, I know not, the Comte got to the Waters Edge on the other side the very moment we got there. The Comte is cherishd to a degree which you can hardly imagine. The satisfaction of seeing him, after so long, critical, & rapid a Journey, the general apprehension of evil tidings, & curiosity to know the particulars, produced a kind of convulsion in every Countenance. The younger Brother came into the boat—and, I think, I have seldom been Witness of a more affecting Scene. They threw their arms about each other several times, & then burst into Tears, in which they were not single. This interview formed a strange & unexpected contrast with the last time I saw the two Brothers together. I now saw them on the floating Bridge at Coblenz—fugitives—after a nearly fruitless Journey—filled with such Vicissitudes—instead of the peaceful & apparently secure Pomp of Versailles in which I had seen them last. I was surprised to find that I did not recollect the Comte d'Artois: But I find, that it was the heat of the Journey, & the struggle to conceal his real feelings, & to put on an appearance of cheerfulness, that produced this change. It is hard to say whether the shouts of *vive le Roi* contributed to enliven or to sadden the Scene."

You see, My Lord, where the Machine stops. The Emperour attributes his delay to the Yoke imposed upon him by England. Ultimately it is imputed to the King & his Ministers, that a confederacy for the support of the old order of Europe, of the Monarchical & the Republican order, which cause is now at issue & on its Trial in France, & as it is decided there must be, one time or other, decided everywhere, is to be, by delay, in all probability, ruined for ever. The present situation of affairs is so singularly favourable to the Cause of the oppressed Party in France, that I do not believe, there has been a similar conjuncture in the History of Europe. Russia, Sweden, Prussia, the Germanish Body, Spain, Sardinia, Naples, the Swiss Cantons, I might add, I believe the United Netherlands, & the Stadholder, of one unanimous opinion; all strongly armed; all at peace with one another, & with every other power. I put the Emperor, who has been the prime mover, out of the List, & suppose that he was indisposed to take any part at all; yet I conceive, that all these other powers are fivefold more than sufficient to destroy a faction, which has neither arms,

Magazines or fortresses in tolerable order, & whose army is a principal part of its weakness. These circumstances form a combination of things so (miraculously I had almost said) favourable, that I do not see what Providence in its ordinary Course, can do to serve a Cause, which is not here famished. Great Britain, if she pleases can set this Machine at work without the expense of a shilling from her Treasure, or the effusion of a single drop of blood. If she thinks the establishment of this new order in France is for her Interest, her interposing to prevent the operation of these forcible Causes is natural, & I have nothing further to say. But if that be very problematical, any Measure which may tend to stop the whole ought to be very seriously considered.

I hope, that the Emperour has, in some way, mistaken or misrepresented the answer given to his declaration. In the uncertainty I am under, if I were otherwise entitled to trouble I should find myself at a loss to submit to your Lordship & Mr. Pitt, anything positive upon the subject of a proceeding, which may not, &, I earnestly hope, does not exist. I therefore do not mean to do more at present, than to ask pardon for this intrusion—wishing it to be considered, whether the effect of the present Revolution can stop in France? Whether a more favourable moment for crushing it can be found than the present? — & whether in such a contest the Emperor, or whoever holds himself on the defensive against the principles of that Revolution as likely to operate in his own Country, must not be infallibly ruined? Thoughts of a remedy to a spirit of indecision, operating like Treachery, in that Prince, have been rolling in my Mind ever since the long conversation I had, the morning after I had last seen your Lordship, with Comte de Mercy. This stroke did not come to me altogether unexpectedly. I shall lay my Thoughts before you freely, if it be desired, either by waiting on you at Weymouth, or by writing. Otherwise I shall abstain from troubling you; knowing that undesired Council is as unpleasant as it is always unfruitful.

I have the honour to be with the truest respect

My Lord

Your Lordship's

Most obedt. & obliged humble servt.

Edm Burke

Beaconsfield

Wednesday September 21. 1791.



One sheet, folio. Written on first page.

No Date. (1791.) No Address. (To Dr. Lawrence)

Tuesday.

My dear Lawrence,

Your employment has been troublesome; but I hope it will not be fruitless. I think the efforts of the Faction are not at all abated; & that the Evil they intend equally appears in their desperate boldness, & in their insidious Hypocrisy. They have changed some of their Notes since the Riots at Birmingham. Now that their anniversary of *murder* has produced *arson* & given it a direction they do not wish, they are the Martyrs of order, good government & sobriety—but “peace to all such” a thing, by the way, they do not over eagerly desire. I wish you to persevere, since there are found amongst, (what I still am willing to call) our people, those, who like the Principles of Payne, better dressed or rather more disguised. I have not read, or even seen Mackintosh. But Richard tells me, that it is Paine at bottom; and that indeed all the writers against me are, either Paine with some difference in the way of stating, or even myself. I think to have done with the whole in the pamphlet wch. comes out tomorrow—I mean as to writing—for I am pretty clear that the Birmingham affair will come into Parliament; & that our first set to there will not be also the last.

As to our proceedings Mrs Burke is much better, I think, as to her general health; but with regard to the stiffness in her limbs, there is little, I had almost said no amendment. However, we mean to continue here till thursday sennight. If it suits you to come for so short a time, I need not tell you how happy you will make us. The sooner you set out the better. It requires no great preparation to throw yourself & a cloakbag, not quite so long or so full as your person into the Coach. You will like this place. God bless you— most truly yrs. &c.

Edm. Burke

All here salute you cordially.

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

No Postmark. With Seal. No Date.

Addressed—

Dr. Lawrence

Doctors Commons

My dear Lawrence,

The Gentleman, whom you left with me is easy & confident about the result of this day's Business. He entered into a full detail of the whole money

part of the transaction. With that I had indeed been before fully satisfied. The thing itself is he says not at all new, either in the practice or the attack made upon it, nor, in the approbation of Parliament; of wch he gave an instance in the affairs of the Hanover Troops during Lord Grenville's short administration, & another in the Reign of G. the 2d., also, (wch. I don't recollect). His precedents went back to the war of Queen Anne. They are not present to me. I suppose the matters will be found in the Parliamentary Debates. I find Mr. Pitt has had a large meeting of the Members, who are his friends, to whom he has explained the whole matter at large. He will attempt to turn the adversary & to have a strong vote of approbation. But this I am not authorized to talk of. On the whole since it is so ardently wished, that you should give a minority vote, I cannot think you could have a better occasion. It will open a way the better & plainer to the resistance of the other projects. Ever & ever yrs.

Edm. Burke

Tuesday. morn.

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Two sheets, folio. Written on three pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Rt. Hon. Henry Dundas)

Dear Sir,

Unless you can be pretty positive, that we have a fair possibility of carrying a Question against the Indian Interest, I think it will be advisable for me to decline making the motion I gave notice of for this day. It can be of no use to give a fresh Triumph to the faction; tho' I cannot at all answer even for the reputable retreat of the House of Commons from this Business if we are driven on in the manner, in which Lord Thurlow, Lord Stanhope & the Corps of Bishops drive us, with so little of decency, or even of common honesty.

Several things have lately happend, which have caused unpleasant reflexions in my Mind. It does not appear that the usual regular guiding powers direct in either House. Lord Stanhope seems to take the lead in the other House: But Lord Thurlow is at the bottom of the whole. The wild are no uncommon instruments of the Politick. The part Lord Thurlow takes in conjunction with Mr. Hastings's agents is not equivocal. He makes speeches in a close Room which are accurately, & as I hear, almost verbatim conveyed to the Newspapers & employed as Libels on the House of Commons. In the House of Lords, their Judgments to acquit or to condemn according to reason or inclination are their own individuality; but their prudential Conduct with regard to times & circumstances has been usually left to the man of Business. In this very essential point of Business, which is, in reality, at least as much a matter of State as of Justice, the Chancellor has no manner of influence, the Secretary of State is in the same situation.

In the House of Commons the Chancellor of the Exchequer & the Secretary of the State divide in the minority. If their power had passed to the eminent and experienced men out of office, the publick would have something to rest upon. But the whole representation of the State, as it is, or as it has been, or as it is likely to be in our time is beat by the Indian Interest connected with some of the people of the Law, even those in the service of the Crown. Where the System of Indian delinquency is concerned Government either actual or eventual has no sort of power, weight, or influence. This aspect of things in the two Houses holds out no pleasant speculation to those who are desirous that grave and reputable Councils should predominate in the State. Our late Motions have not produced the Evil, they have only discovered it in its true nature & extent. It is the existence of the Evil & not the discovery which does the mischief.

Of what you are to do, you are a better judge than I am. But something, I am quite sure, ought to be done. These people want you more than you want them. But something ought to be done in favour of us who wish to find a Government to support, that we may not be deceived in our Expectations, & find that there is no Government, to support either these or itself. We who support Government, with an innocence wh. wants no protection, have a right to at least as much countenance, as those who want its continual protection to their guilt. If this cannot be had, excuse me, My Dear Sir, if I tell you, that in a little time you will have none but guilty support— & how sound such a bottom is I leave you to judge. As to us all hope of carrying on this prosecution in this Session with Credit or effect is over. None but the combined faction of delinquent Indians and Lawyers will continue in Town after the Birthday.

I think it necessary, distinctly, thus in writing, to mark to you the consequences, not only to the Country, but to your own personal Credit the consequences of Hastings's acquittal. It will be the most scandalous thing the nation can behold. The whole train for it is laid. If the H. of Lords is not made, in some way or other, to feel for their own dignity, Hastings will be acquitted. Of the thirty six who attend, thirty one dead votes for him, who will not be shocked either at his cruelties or his corruptions. They will swallow the whole, Bribes, forgeries, every thing. With the conviction of his wealth, they compassionately accept his plea of Poverty on the perjurious oaths of himself and his brother Mr. Woodman. They endeavour to prove that a place with the advantages amounting to thirty thousand a year, for 14 years, is the high way to ruin. All this makes a great impression on their understanding & their sensibility. Mr. Hastings's attorney has declared that he has not received a shilling from him from the commencement of the Trial; but that he is secured by some other person, whom he does not name. All this is done to lay a ground that the Company shall defray his expenses in this prosecution, & settle a Pension on him for his Life. You have reserved a large sum to the publick it will be directly charged to the amount of at least 150,000 — & the publick is in this made to pay the Costs & damages of a false prosecution. What Credit this will do to your administration you will judge, as well as on publick Justice &



the honour of the Nation. I assure you I wish well to your Credit. I should be glad of a full hours conversation with you, as soon as you can, at your office or elsewhere. I am in great straits but always

Dr. Sir

Your faithful

& most obedt. humble

Servt.

Edm. Burke

Friday June 7. 1793.

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on all four pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To the Board of Directors of the Pay Office)

Gentlemen,

I received your peremptory of the 27th. I had been before in London in obedience to your former peremptory Commands. I understood from persons connected with the administration of his Majesties Treasury, that I should not again be called from my Retreat, with some trouble to myself, & no advantage to the publick. For the first time this ten years I went to the Pay Office; a Gentleman of that office assured me, that he would attend you, & give you all the information which as auditors of the national accounts you might want. I could give you none upon an account, which though you are pleased to call *mine*, was never made up by me, nor so much as communicated to me; nor do I know any thing about it. The act on wh. you go, was drawn up by myself. Afterwards undoubtedly it was the act of the Legislature. But I may be presumed to guess as rightly as another at what I myself meant originally. I certainly never meant that, thirteen years after a Transaction in which all the Books, papers & vouchers are in the hands of others—not those who have made up the account, but some nominal accountant, who perhaps might not be alive, should attest the account. I am a man of no great capacity; but weak as I am, I did not mean this,—nor do I suppose the publick wisdom meant what would be absurd in a man of ordinary abilities. Parliament, with all its omnipotence cannot turn my invincible ignorance into knowledge; nor can his Majesties Remembrancer, with whom you are pleased to threaten me, with all his powers of Memory, make me remember the detail of a complicated account of thirteen years standing of which I have neither Book nor vouchers. You may plague & harrass me, but you cannot advance the publick Service. I will not however suspect you of an intention of harrassing a weak impotent old man, no longer in a place in which he may speak to you. Such a mode of proceeding would not be worthy of the Official Character you hold,



or of your private, of which I know nothing amiss, & am not disposed to think than to be other than what becomes men of integrity & honour. If you persevere; I must go to you; & here, protesting as I do, on my own part against swearing to what I do not know, (in the place of those that do know it) as well as on the part of the publick, against this improper, way of accounting; I do declare that I look upon the oath (if an oath it is to be) to be a mere form of words, extracted from me by a power which I cannot resist—& in that light & in that only, do I, or can I take it. So, please God, I shall be with you on Tuesday, with the officers of the Pay Office, that you may choose whether you will take the real attestation of a real accountant, or the formal attestation of one who previously declares to you he knows nothing of the matter. I hope in this I clear myself as well as I can of any share in this mode of account so unreasonable in itself & so mischeivous in the Example.

I have the honour to be with great respect

Gentlemen

Your most obedt.

& humble servt.

Edm. Burke.

Beaconsfield, May 28, 1795.

*Written on outside page of above letter.*

Minutes 3. June 1795.

3d June 95. The Inspectors are to report whether Mr. Burke came to the Office yesterday as he mentions it was his intention and whether he has attested the acct. of the paymr. Genl. in conformity to the Board's peremptory precept.

W. M.

Mr. Burke did not call at the Office yesterday, nor is the Account attested.

Jno. Wigglesworth

Ordered as Min: W. M. 2. 7. B.

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Address. No Postmark.

Beaconsfield Sept. 14. 1795

My dear Sir

I am honoured with your very obliging letter of yesterday: I am as thankful as possible for the kind Interest you have been pleased to take in my

Business from the beginning to the conclusion. I am highly sensible of yours and Mr. Pitts generous proceeding to one who can make no return, but by a steady adherence to the Cause you support & by barren wishes for its success. But you have looked backward not forward: a thing not every day found in statesmen. Be assured that nothing but the impatience of others could make me shew any degree of impatience on my part.

Once more my warmest & most grateful acknowledgements & believe me with great truth, respect, & regard, ever

My dr Sir

Your most faithful

& obliged humble servt.

Edm. Burke

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

No Address. (To Sir John Coxe Hippisley)

My dear Sir

My poor Mrs. Burke gives you & Mrs. Hippisley our best thanks for your very kind attention to us. We are no longer in this World; but we have not refused the condoling visits of our friends, though we pay none as yet to any person. Indeed I have never seen London nor never wish to see a brick of it, except when called upon some Business or urgent Duty I cannot evade. Even if I had not a loss, which leaves us nothing, should I much like it with its Indian corruptions and its Jacobin peace.

I rather think, at least I greatly fear, I shall be called thither, by some of those disagreeable occasions quite in the beginning of the week, just when you proposed to us the very real satisfaction we should have in the honour you intend us. If this should not be the case I shall let you know when we shall be admitted to enjoy your kindness. By Tuesday or Wednesday I shall be able to know. Poor Will Burke thanks you very sincerely. His health is tolerable though his spirits are not recovered, nor his limbs since his last stroke. I am ever

My dr. Sir

most sincerely & faithfully

yours &c.

Edm. Burke

Jan. 22. 1796.

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark indistinct. With Seal.

Addressed—

Dr Parry

Bath

Dear Sir.

They must be very great faults which are to be covered by a plea of procrastination, which is no small fault in itself, but the truth is, that I can not charge myself with ingratitude to you for your extraordinary & successful attention to me whilst I was at Bath. I ought at least to have acknowledged it; but a very uncertain health, some occupation, much anxiety, a good deal of attempt at oblivion, all conspired together to feed that procrastinating humour which made me from day to day put off the account which I may fairly say I every day intended to give you of myself & my proceedings. At length despair induced me & perhaps some mixture of a better principle to submit quietly, & without further struggle to the common lot of Humanity. But some of my Friends in a manner forced me to be removed to London, & to take the advice of four Physicians there, in addition to what I received from Dr. Brocklesby then in my House. I followed their prescriptions which had all Bath in the tail of them. I have been relieved, & am still well from those wearing bursts of wind which had at last taken away my rest, wasted my flesh, & reduced my strength exceedingly. For some days I may say I was very much better: but the complaint has appeared in some what of another shape, & accelerated still more the decay of my flesh & my strength, so that I am little more than a shadow, much thinner than you have seen me at my worst. I mean to set out for Bath tomorrow. In which place (if I should live to arrive at it,) I shall tell you more fully the history of the decline & fall not of the Roman Empire, but the Kingdom of Me. Till then Do me the honour to believe me

With great truth & gratitude

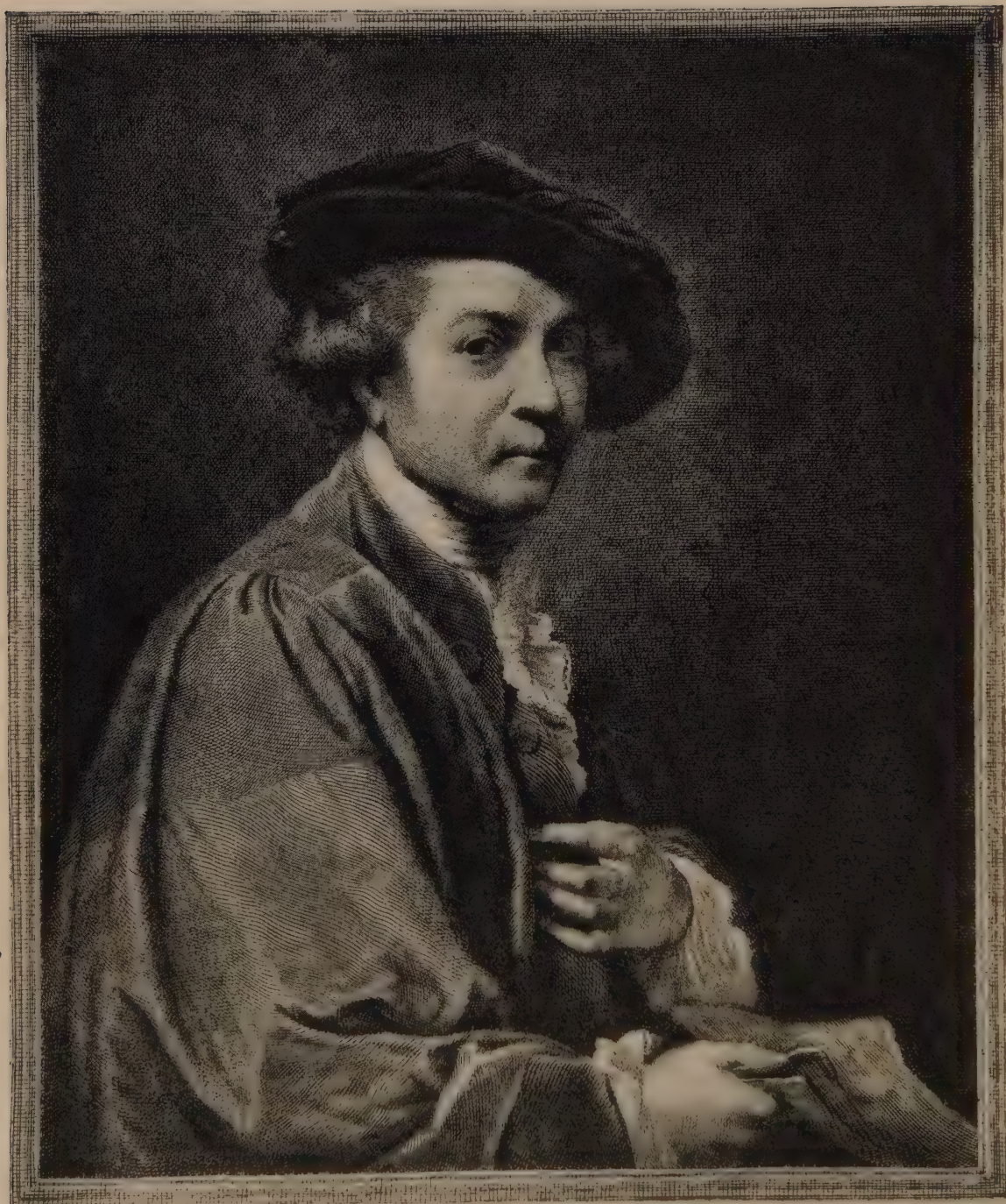
Dear Sir your most obliged, humble servt.

Edmund Burke

Beaconsfield

Sunday Janry. 29th. 1797.





*Sir Joshua Reynolds*



**LETTERS**  
**OF**  
**SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS**

Two sheets. 8vo. Written on first page.

No Postmark. Seal destroyed. No Date.

Addressed—

Dr. Johnson

Dear Sir

I have received the inclosed from Miss Monckton. I have answer'd it that I am myself engaged as I really am to Mr. Wallingham. What answer do you give?

I shall meet you on Thursday at Lady Lucans or if you will give me leave to send my coach for you, we will go together.

I have a sitter waiting so you must excuse the blots

Your

J R

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first and third pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To David Garrick)

Dear Sir

The connection which I have with the Author of the Tragedy which accompany's this makes it impossible for me to refuse him the favour of presenting it to you; I shall take it as a great [favour] if you will take the trouble of reading it and give your opinion of it, if it will do.

I should not take this liberty if I was not in some measure authorised by the approbation of Edd. Burk and Johnson. The latter contrary to his custom read it quite through.

The Author will very readily make any alterations that may be suggested to him.

I am

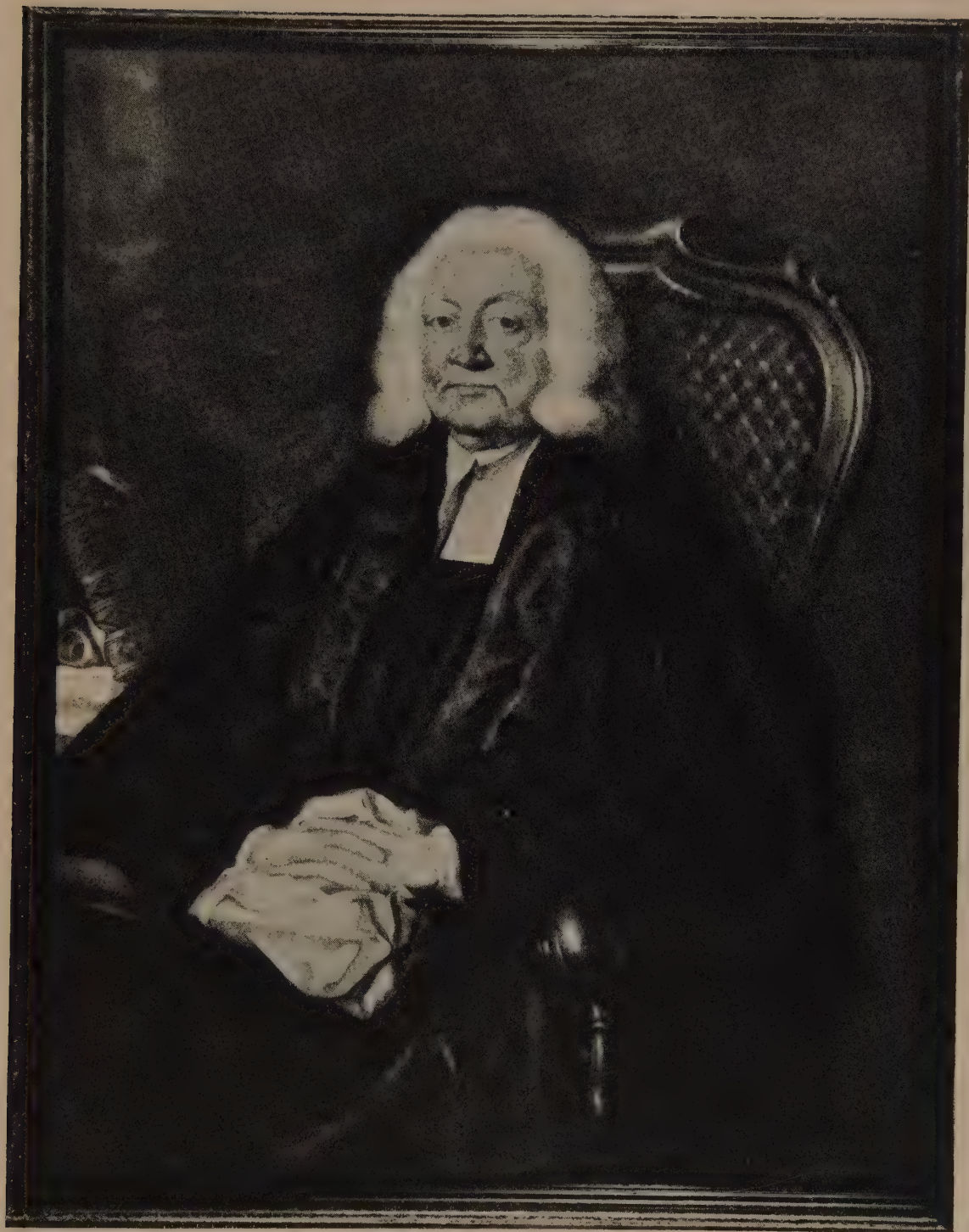
Dear Sir

with the greatest respect

Yours

Joshua Reynolds

Leicesterfields Augst 2d. 1774



REVD. JOHN REYNOLDS.  
Grandfather of Sir Joshua.

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs. Thrale)

London Sep 15 1778

Dear Madam

I would (to use Dr. Goldsmiths mode) give five pounds to dine with you tomorrow, and I would as Mr. Thrale very justly thinks, put off a common dinner engagement, but I have unluckily above a dozen people dine with me tomorrow on Venison which Lord Granby has sent me.

If Mrs. Montagu has read Evelina she will tomorrow receive the same satisfaction that we have received in seeing the Author of which pleasure anxious as I was I began to despair, and little expected to find the Author correspond to our romantic imaginations. She seems to be herself the *great sublime she draws*.

I am with the greatest respect

Your most humble

& obedient servant

Joshua Reynolds

---

One sheet, half page. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. (To the Bishop of Salisbury)

Sir Joshua Reynolds presents his Compts. to the Bishop of Salisbury. He has not yet received from Mr. Wyatt the cloth, he promises to begin the Picture the moment he receives it

June 16 (1788)

---

One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Date. No Address.

Dear Sir

If I had the money in the house I should not make the least hesitation to send it to you but it is very extraordinary for me to say tho tis true, that I borrowed a hundred pounds yesterday of my Attorney in order to pay my bills the truth is I sent a week since every farthing I had to the funds as I thought they were so very low. If I receive any money between this and the time you want it, I will send it to you.

Yours

J. Reynolds



EVELINA,

OR, A

YOUNG LADY'S  
ENTRANCE

INTO THE  
WORLD.

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VOL. I.

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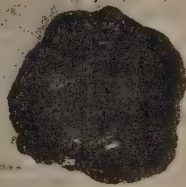
LONDON:

Printed for T. LOWNDES, N° 77, in  
FLEET-STREET.

---

M.DCC.LXXVIII.

BY FANNY BURNEY.



Mr. Bacon  
Josh  
Reynolds

Dec 28 1788

Dear Sir

I wish tomorrow morning  
you would take a walk to West-  
minster Abbey - and look at the  
vacant niche which I think is  
next to the Monument of Handel  
that space is destined for a whole-  
length Statue of Dr Johnson  
the figure to be near naked, in  
the manner of "Marion" which  
we have a cast in the Academy.  
after which I shall be obliged  
to you for an estimate of the whole  
expence of such a Monument with  
all its accompaniments of Bells &c.  
Yours J. Reynolds





This is in the handwriting of  
 Edmund Malone, vide signatures  
 below.

## Subscribers to Dr Johnson's Monument.

<del>Dr</del> <del>Sir Joseph Banks</del>	<del>10. 10.</del>
Sir Joshua Reynolds	10. 10.
Sir Wm Scott	10. 10.
Sir Joseph Banks, Bart.	10. 10.
John Courtenay Esqr	2. 2.
Richard Burke Esqr	2. 2.
<del>Dr Edmund Malone Esqr</del>	<del>2. 2.</del>
John Lewis Esqr	2. 2.
Sir John Scott	5. 5.
Henry Flood Esqr	5. 5.
<del>Dr Edmund Malone Esqr</del>	<del>5. 5.</del>
James Boswell Esqr	5. 5.
Bennet Langton Esq.	5. 5.
Edmund Malone Esqr	5. 5.
<del>Dr John Wagnall Esqr</del>	<del>5. 5.</del>
Rt Hon. W <sup>m</sup> Windham	5. 5.
Rt Hon. W. G. Hamilton	10. 10.
Philip Mordaunt Esqr	10. 10.
Rt Hon. S. W. W. Esqr	2. 2.
<del>Dr Edmund Malone</del>	<del>2. 2.</del>

<del>The</del> Earl of Liverpool		
Lord Alington	5-5-0	
<del>Earl of</del> Lord Charlemont	5-5-	
<del>Lord</del> Spencer	5-5-	
Lord Lucan	5-5	
<del>John Lubbock Esq.</del>	<del>10-10-</del>	
Lord Elliott	5-5-	
Lord Palmerston	5-5	
George Stevens Esq.	10-10-	
Rev. Dr. Harmer	10-10-	
Dr. Charles Dunbar	5-5-	
Dr. Wm. Forbes	5-5-	
Lord Macartney	5-5-	
<del>Dr. Wm. Palmer Esq.</del>	<del>2-2-</del>	
Wm. Seward Esq.	3-3-	
Rev. Dr. Parr	2-2	
Dr. Chas. Burney	5-5	
<del>Richard Brocklesby</del>	<del>4-4</del>	
<del>Chas. Burney</del>	<del>5-5</del>	
Geo. Chalmers	5-5	
<del>Geo. Chalmers</del>	<del>5-5</del>	

M <sup>r</sup> Crickshank	5	5
John Peachy Esq <sup>r</sup> <del>to Mr. M<sup>r</sup></del>	2	2
Deaf M <sup>r</sup> John Sumner	2	2
Count <sup>Zerobis</sup> <del>Deaf M<sup>r</sup></del>	2	2
Ozias Humphry Esq <sup>r</sup>	2	2
<del>M<sup>r</sup> Francis D<sup>r</sup></del>	<del>2</del>	<del>2</del>
Francis Newbery Esq <sup>r</sup>	5	5
University College	10	
The late Rich <sup>d</sup> Jackson Esq <sup>r</sup>	2	2
The late Wm Shahan Esq <sup>r</sup>	2	2
Right Hon <sup>ble</sup> S <sup>r</sup> W. W. Wynne	2	2
Sir John Scott	5	5
John Maitland Esq <sup>r</sup>	5	5
Thomas <sup>off Plumme</sup> <del>Shahan</del> Esq <sup>r</sup>	5	5
M <sup>r</sup> Serjeant Lawrence	3	3
S <sup>r</sup> Lawrence	2	2
John Baynall Esq <sup>r</sup>	5	5
<del>James <sup>off Plumme</sup> <del>Shahan</del> Esq<sup>r</sup></del>	5	5
Henry <del>Shahan</del> Esq <sup>r</sup>	5	5
Rev <sup>d</sup> George Shahan	5	5
S <sup>r</sup> Vivian	2	2
Wm Palmer Esq <sup>r</sup>	2	2
Rev <sup>d</sup> Maflew Surtees	2	2
John Loves Esq <sup>r</sup>	2	2

Mr John Aske	2 2
Warren Hastings Esq	2 2
Mrs Hastings	2 2
Mr James Tod Esq	2 2
Daniel Smith Esq	2 2
Richard Clark Esq	2 2
Mr Thomas Longman	2 2
<del>Mr John Bell</del>	<del>1 1</del>
Mr John Bell	2 2
Lady Knight	2 2
Proprietors of the European Magazine	5 5
John Crawford Esq	10 10



Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark indistinct. Seal destroyed.

Addressed—

Edd. Malone Esq

Sackville street

Dublin

Leicester fields April 9 1791

Dear Sir

Boswell has just been sealing a letter to you, I begd before the wafer was dry that he would insert a paragraft, he says there is not room for a single word, all that I wanted was to beg you would get as many subscriptions as you can exclusive of the Club, such as the Chancellor Secretary Hutchinson &c as the Monument is to be in St. Pauls and the figure Collossal it will require £1200 of this sum we can count only upon £900. The rest I have engaged to pay myself if it cannot be procured from others.

I have receiv'd the bill of Lading for the two Hogsheads of Claret

Yours sincerely

J. Reynolds

column, has since the death of our authour been placed in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Epitaph was written by the Rev. Dr. Parr, and is as follows :

A P O

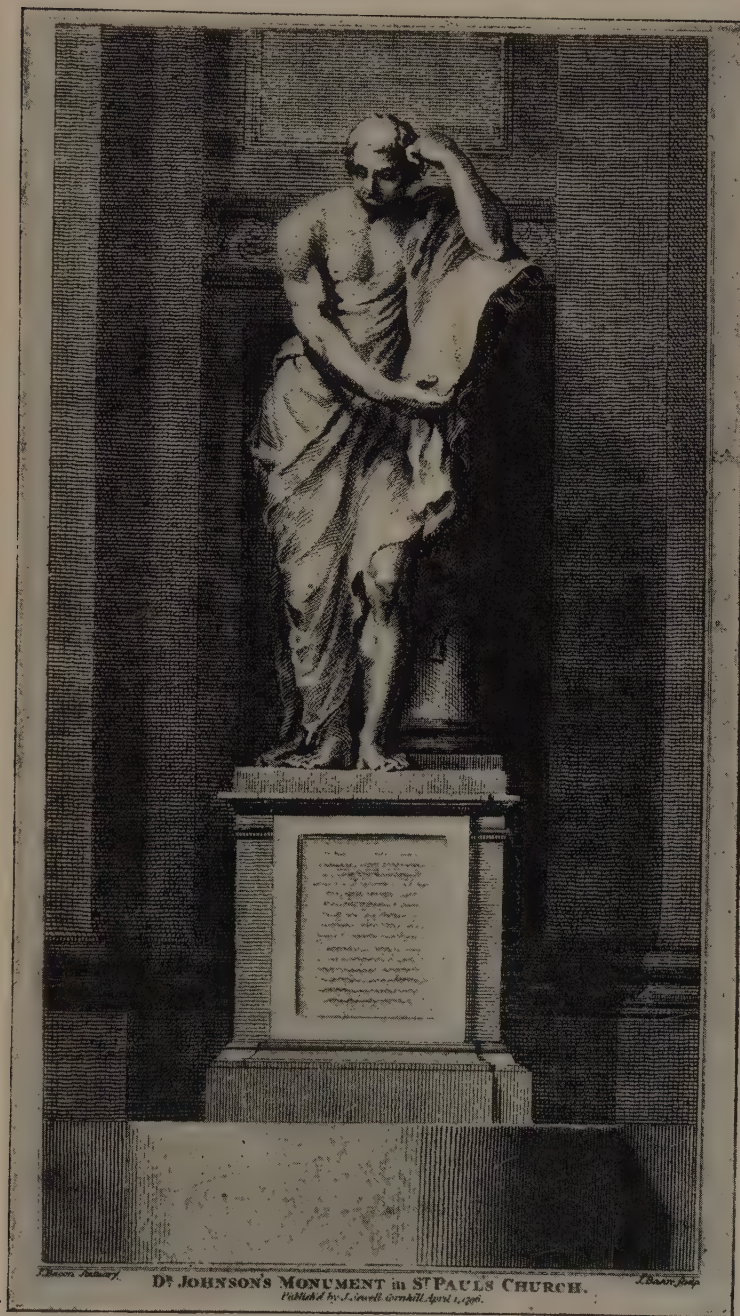
SAMVELI · IOHNSON  
GRAMMATICO · ET · CRITICO  
SCRIPTORVM · ANGLICORVM · LITTERATE · PERITO  
POETAE · LVMINIBVS · SENTENTIARVM  
ET · PONDERIBVS · VERBORVM · ADMIRABILI  
MAGISTRO · VIRTVTIS · GRAVISSIMO  
HOMINI · OPTIMO · ET · SINGVLARIS · EXEMPLI  
QVI · VIXIT · ANN · LXXV · MENS · II · DIEB · XIII  
DECESSIT · IDIB · DECEMBR · ANN · CHRIST · c15 · 1000 · LXXXIII  
SEPVLT · IN · AED · SANCT · PETR · WESTMONASTERIENS ·  
XIII · KAL · IANVAR · ANN · CHRIST · c15 · 1000 · LXXXV  
AMICI · ET · SODALES · LITTERARII  
PECVNIA · CONLATA  
H · M · FACIEND · CVRAVER

On a scroll in his hand are the following words :

ENMAKAPETZIIHONQNTATIOZEIHAMOHII.

On one side of the Monument—  
FACIEBAT JOHANNES BACON  
SCVLPTOR ANN. CHRIST. M.DCC.  
LXXXV.

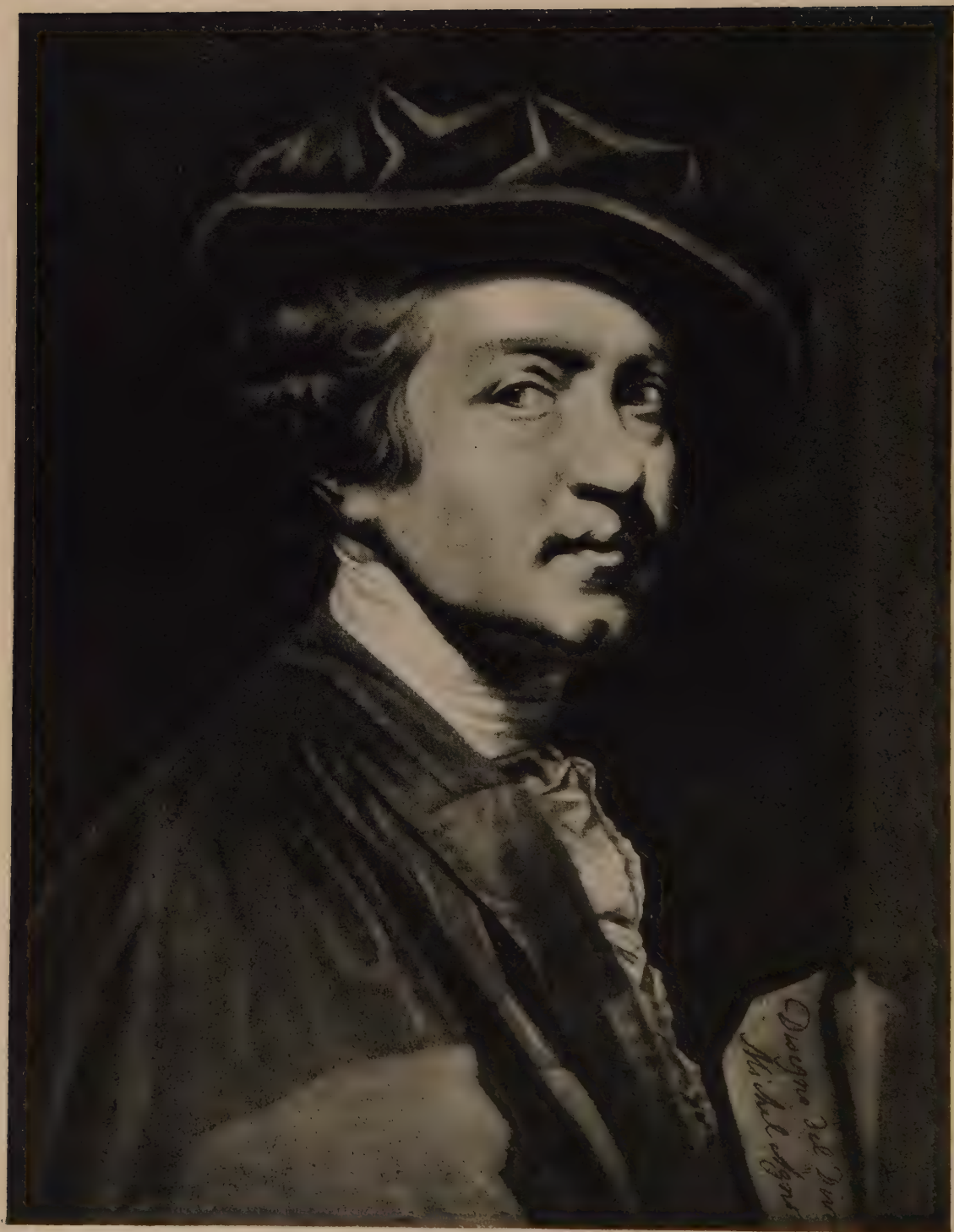
The Subscription for this monument, which cost eleven hundred guineas, was begun by the LITERARY CLUB. MALONE.



**DR. JOHNSON'S MONUMENT in ST PAUL'S CHURCH.**

*Published by J. G. Smith, Cornhill, April 1, 1800.*







Here lie the Remains of  
Sir Joshua Reynolds, Kn.  
President of the  
Royal Academy  
of  
Painting, Sculpture,  
and Architecture;

He was Born at  
Plympton, in Devonshire  
the 26<sup>th</sup> of July, 1723  
and Died at London,  
the 23<sup>rd</sup> of Feb<sup>r</sup> 1792.

Gordon,

Buried in St. Pauls Cathedral.



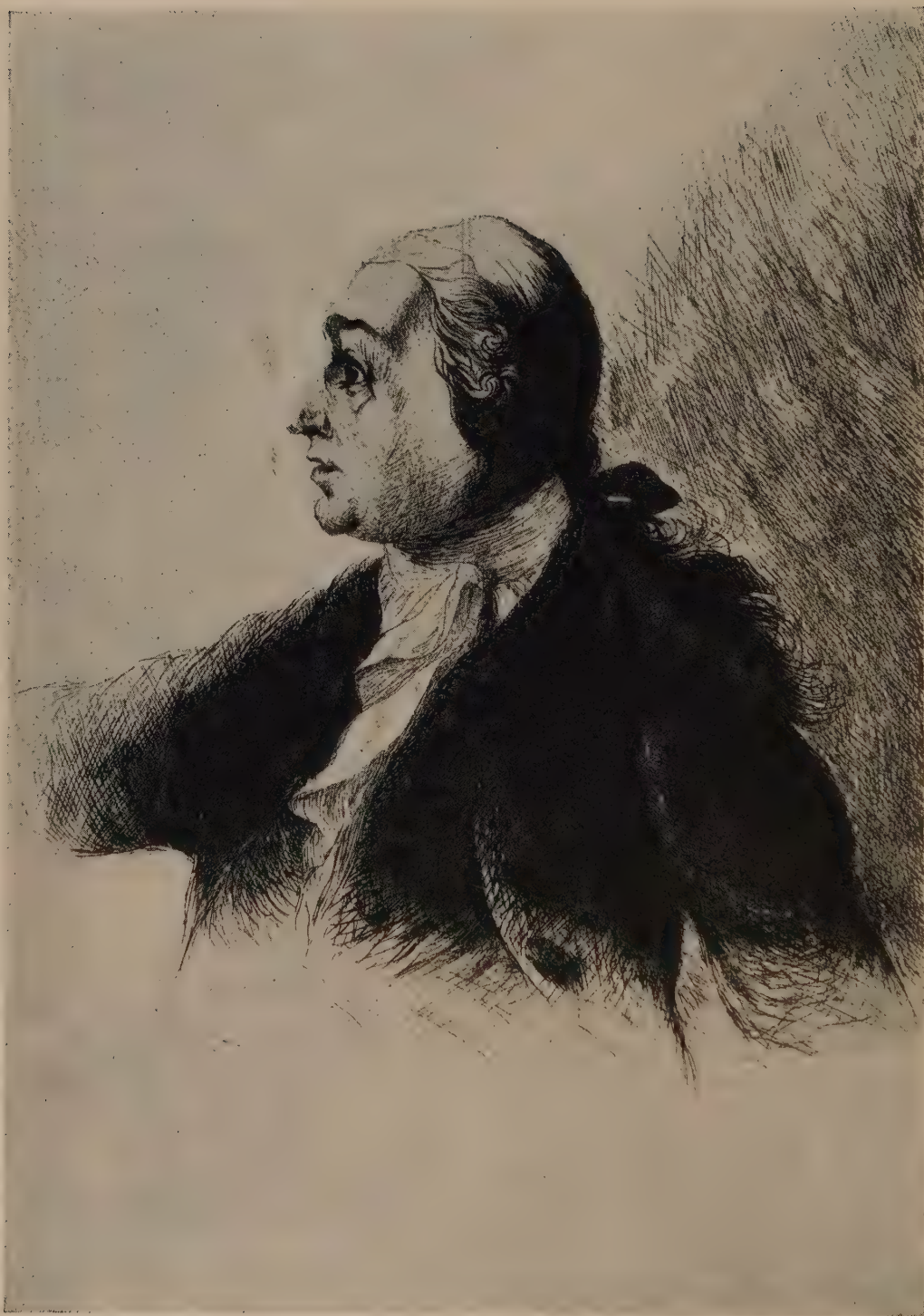
*Sir Joshua Reynolds's Funeral*

"A fews days after the interment, the executors and family of Sir Joshua Reynolds sent a very polite acknowledgement to those who attended the funeral. It was a funeral card, designed by Burney, and engraved by Bartolozzi; and represents a weeping Muse, leaning upon a monument, on the top of which is a pallet, pencils and rest-stick. A Genius at the corner leans upon an inverted and extinguished torch, and appears in the act of climbing to read the inscription on the monument, which is.

"Succedat fama, vivusque per ora feretur."

Beneath the engraving is inscribed—"The Executors and Family of Sir Joshua Reynolds return thanks for the tribute of respect paid to departed Genius and Virtue, by attendance at the funeral of that illustrious Painter and most amiable man, on Saturday, March 8, 1792."







LETTERS  
OF  
DAVID GARRICK

One sheet. 4to.

Charles Fletewood Esqr.

Dr. to Pr & Dd Garrick

1739

Decbr. 5. 1 Doz. of french White .....	1: 8:0
Janry. 30. 1 Doz. of Port .....	0:18:0
Febry. 21st. 1 Doz. of Port .....	0:18:0
March 20th. ½ Doz. of Port & Sherry .....	0: 9:0
	<hr/>
	3:13:0
Gave for ye Run of ye Fortune tellers—	1: 1:0
	<hr/>
	£ 4:14:0

Janry. 5th. 1740

Recd. ye full of this Bill & all Demands for Br & self

D. Garrick

*Account made out by David Garrick when he and his brother Peter were in partnership as wine merchants in London.*

One sheet. 8vo. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Date. (November, 1753)

No Address. (To James Murphy French)

Sir

I shall be glad to wait upon you any morning after tomorrow that you will please to call upon me in Southampton street. Will nine o'Clock be too Early for you?

I am

Sr.

P. S.

Yr. very humble

I am very  
secret I assure  
you.

Servant

D. Garrick

I shall be home next Fryday Evening at Seven.

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first three pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Charles James Fox)

Febry. 20th. 1758.

Sir.

Had I not been greatly honor'd & oblig'd by you, the Liberty I am going to take would be impertinent: for the Supposition that any Conversation of mine could reach your ears, carries such an Air of Importance, that I should not have ventur'd to appear thus vain, were I not also affraid of appearing to be something worse. As I have been more than once a Witness of your great Sensibility in private Life, I am confident that I shall be excus'd giving you this trouble, when I declare, that I have never felt so much uneasiness in all my Life, as I have lately, upon being accus'd of speaking violently, & with virulence against Mr. Fox & his Friends. Had I been possess'd of any Power or influence, my Actions would have contradicted my Slanderers, but as it is, I must depend upon my general Character & Conduct for my Vindication.—from my Situation in Life I keep Company with various People of various Sentiments, & I endeavor with all possible caution to avoid giving offence to any—You know Sr. how easy it is, by a partial account of things, to make ev'n ye most Orthodox guilty of Blasphemy, and the most Loyal, of treason; it is ye whole tenor of a Conversation, & not particular Words, much less, those Words alter'd & pervert'd, that ought to determine the Speaker's intention.

I shall not presume to detain you much longer. I flatter Myself, if you have heard my offence, that you have likewise heard my vindication, much more effectually than from Myself.

My Sentiments, tho of little Consequence, are well known to all my Friends, nay I once ventur'd to send them to yourself in a few verses, which indeed, had more Sincerity, than poetical Merit to recommend them: those were my real thoughts at that time, & continue so to this day—

It is vain to wish in these times of Falsehood & detraction, (when ev'n the best & greatest Characters cannot escape) that I might be represented as I am, cautious & unmeddling, or that my Reputation and Happiness might not be disturb'd by those Men of honor, who not only betray private Conversation, but misrepresent it.

I am

Sr.

Your most Oblig'd

and most Obedt.

huml. Servant

P. S.

I would have paid  
my Respects in person  
but was fearful of  
trespassing upon yr. time.

D. Garrick

One sheet. 4to. Written on both sides.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Charles James Fox)

Febry. 21st

1758

Sir.

If the Sparton Hero, which I am to represent this Evening, appear with any becoming Spirit, it will be wholly owing to you. I have suffer'd so much uneasiness since I was first told of what I mention'd in my Letter, that Nothing but my writing to you, & receiving *such* an answer, could give me any relief—

When I did receive it

—*circumfusa repente*  
*Scindit se Nubes.*

Let me assure you, that your kindness is not thrown away upon an ungrateful Man; It was ever my greatest Pride to deserve Mr. Fox's favor, and it shall be ye constant endeavors of my Life to convince him, that he has No One more sincerely devoted to his Service than

His most faithfull

and most Obedt.

humble Servant

D. Garrick

I shall take ye Liberty  
of paying my Duty this week  
at ye Pay Office—

---

Two sheets. 8vo. Written on all four pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To John Hawkesworth)

My dear Sir.

The Dr. has not done writing tho I have. I received the Enclos'd since I wrote to you. I would not answer it in writing but desir'd Gataker to call & know what his demands were—his Behavior & Lying to him were most Extraordinary, He then left it to Mr. Lacy, who declar'd how it was, & which was on all sides confirm'd by ye Drs. own Letters, paragraphs, &c &c &c—but all will not do—he is in Necessity & wants to bully us out of a sum of money, or a Night; for he has ask'd for a Benefit without ye Rout—so low & despicable is he fallen!

I could not send ye Boy immediately to Bromley, when will be properest time; is there any breaking up near? or will it be better to send him before Easter. I shall be directed by you. The boy is a Sweet Lad & of a most insinuat-



ing disposition, & his follies are those of Idleness & Indulgence. Pray return me  
ye Copy of my Letter & this last of ye Drs. by ye next Post.

My best Respects to yr Lady—Mine sends her's to you

I am

Ever & most

truly yrs.

D. Garrick

March 17th.

1759

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Two sheets. 8vo. Written on all four pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To John Hawkesworth)

My dear Friend.

I shall send the Boy tomorrow by ye Bromley Stage consign'd to you, & I must desire you to give him safe into ye hands of his Master. He is a very pretty Lad but my great fatigues & *Strangeness of Temper* (as Dr. Hill is pleas'd to call it) make me incapable of attending to his Education as I ought to do—he has fine Parts & good Nature but being too much fondled by ye Ladies, he is a little spoil'd. I hope they will take care of his Religious Principles for he is backward in every thing. The virtuous Dr. Hill has petition'd ye Duke of Devonshire against me, but that won't do—his Grace knows ye Whole—such a villian sure never existed! his scheme now is abuse, & he talks of a paper call'd ye *Theatre*, his Pen will be as free as my Crabstick whenever I meet his Worship. I have prov'd every assertion in his Petition to be Lyes from his own Letters. I am almost kill'd with my fatigue—dead! dead. I cannot Enjoy a Day at Bromley till ye Burden of ye Benefits are off my shoulders, but I shall sing *old Rose & burn ye bellows* & bid adieu to my Cares when I shall set out for my Friend in lent—'tis five o'clock & I am to begin ye Play wth. Lord Townley (?) so Ever & affectionately thine

D. Garrick

March 20th.

1759

One sheet. 4x4. Written on first page.

No Date. No Address.

My dear Dr.

Dine with me today at four, I have something to say to you.

Ever yours

Friday.

D. Garrick

---

One sheet. 4to. Written by Garrick on back page of a letter—  
from Joseph Reed, dated August 12. 1761

Sir

Tho yr. Letter is dated the 12th. of August, it was not brought to my house till yesterday & I did not receive it till this morning— I can very readily *excuse* your Doubts of my Judgment for I am as great a Sceptick in that point as yourself, but your Doubts of my Integrity oblige me to abide by ye opinion which I have before given *you* of ye Tragedy of Dido.

I am Sr.

Yr. humle. Servt.

D. Garrick

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on all four pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Madame Riccoboni)

Hampton June 13

1765.

How could a Lady of yr. wit & delicacy, make so good a Creature as Mrs. Garrick (whom you pretend to love, & admire too) so jealous by writing such a flattering Love-Letter to her husband? You don't know, what mischief that wicked wit of yours has done in the family: why would not you advise with your *wise & discreet* friend, who would have shewn you ye ill Consequences of puffing up a vain man, & making miserable a weak woman—Oh you agreeable Devil you! how could you do so?—you have a great deal to answer for, & what will put even your own wit to difficulties to justify—however, it is not my business to endeavour to cure you a fault that raises my vanity & lowers my wife's spirit—

both of which are too agreeable for me to desire they should be alter'd—but, to be as serious as my vanity will let me—Mrs. Garrick and I quarrel every day, which of us is most in your good graces; all I know of ye Matter is, that I would not be twenty years younger, & have your Wit & Spirit attacking my tinder (not tender) Heart for all the pleasure of those twenty years to come, and that is a bold word Madam Riccoboni—I dont doubt but you well understand the difference between a *tinder* & a *tender* heart—I should imagine (if I have any knowledge in Character) that you, like me, have a *tinder* one, & that your friend, like Mrs. Garrick, has a *tender* one—let me know both your opinions of this matter. I am not acquainted with Mrs. Brooke: she once wrote a play, which I did not like, & would not act, for which heinous offence she vented her female spite upon me, in a paper she publish'd call'd *Old Maid*, but I forgive her as thoroughly, as her Work is forgotten—I am told she has merit & is very capable of a good translation, tho not of an Original—five hundred of her will not make *half* a Riccoboni. You will be civil to her & no more, all this is entre nous.

Becket is your Don Quixote, he is as thin as the Spaniard, tho not quite so mad—don't be surpriz'd if you find him at your feet some Morning, imploring your Commands—'tis hard to say which of us, talk the most distractedly about you. We shall lay our heads together next Week for our Dulcinea, & you will soon after have our little packet. I shall take care that you have some dramatic Mementos, not to forget your very sincere friend, & admirer in England—this would have been done sooner, had not very particular business kept me in ye Country. As to the Slander about *Clairon*, it is most wicked because I am not at paris to counteract its poyson—for ye Sake of Justice contradict ye report. My thoughts of *Clairon* cannot be exceeded. I am as constant to my Sentiments of her, as she is inimitable. Mr. Fox pleas'd himself with joking with me sometimes about her, but he never could shake my passion for her talents, & for which (Heretick as I am) I will dye at the Stake. Mrs. Garrick, & I send you our best loves & wishes—do not forget me to your most agreeable Companion, My dearest friend

Yrs ever and truly

D: Garrick

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Two sheets. 4to. Written on all four pages.

No Postmark. No Date. (December, 1771)

No Address. (To Dr. Johnson)

Decr. 22d.

Dear Sir

Ecce iterum!—

I shall certainly tire you, for I am tired myself—the following alterations are submitted to you—shall I beg yr. opinion once more? if it is tolerable, you

may run yr. Pen thro' ye lines you like least, & avoid giving yrself ye trouble of writing, unless you choose to alter anything, wch. will be a greater favour.

Most affecty yours

D. Garrick

they must be sent to ye  
statuary on Thursday next.

#### EPITAPH

Farewell, *great Painter* of Mankind!  
Whose Art hath reach'd its noblest height,  
Whose pictur'd Morals have combin'd  
The Pencil's pow'rs wth. Fancy's flight.

×If thou hast Genius, Reader, stay,  
If Nature in thee drop a tear,  
If bless'd with neither, turn away,  
For HOGARTH's honour'd dust lies here.

---

Farewel, great painter of Mankind,  
Whose Art can folly, Vice beguile,  
Whose pictur'd Morals have combin'd  
Instructor's force with Fancy's smile.\*

Instructor  
Whose pictur'd morals to the mind  
Convey Instruction with delight.

×If Genius fire thee, Reader stay,  
If Nature touch thee drop a tear,  
If neither charm thee turn away,  
For Hogarth's honour'd dust is here.

---

If neither charm thee, turn away  
HOGARTH, ye pride of both, lies here!

×Whose pictur'd Morals to ye Mind  
Smooth Wisdom's frown wth. Fancy's smile.†

Farewel, great painter of Mankind,  
In whom Art shew'd its noblest powers,  
Whose pictur'd Morals gayly twin'd  
Correction's rod with Fancy's flow'rs.

\*Entire stanza crossed out.

†Above two lines crossed out.



Dear Sir

Dec. 22<sup>d</sup>.

Eccce iterum! —

I shall certainly thank you for having  
troubled myself — the following attempts,  
are submitted to you — should I beg  
y<sup>r</sup> opinion once more? if it is tolerable,  
you may run y<sup>r</sup> pen thro' of lines you  
like y<sup>t</sup> least, & avoid giving y<sup>r</sup> self  
y<sup>t</sup> trouble of writing, unless you choose  
to alter any thing w<sup>ch</sup> will be a greater favor.

Most affectly Yours  
they must be sent  
to J. Station on Thursday next. D. James

(Turn over)

Epitaph

Farewell, great Painter of Mankind!  
whose Art hath reach'd its noblest height,  
Whose pictured Morals have combin'd,  
The Pencil's powers w<sup>th</sup> Fancy's flight.

\* If Thou hast GLEAMS, Reader, stay,  
If Nature in thee drop a tear,  
If pleas'd with Nought, turn away,  
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

---

Farewel, great painter of Mankind,  
whose Art can folly, Vice beguile,  
& whose pictured Morals have combin'd  
Instruction for a with Foxy's smile.

Instructor

Whose pictur'd morals to the minds  
Convey Instruction with delight.

x If Genius <sup>now</sup> teach thee, Reader stay,  
If ~~Thou loost~~ <sup>much they</sup> Nature drop a tear,  
If neither charm thee turn away,  
For Hogarth & Knave's dust is here.

---

If neither charm thee, turn away,  
Hogarth, & pride of both, lies here!

x Whose pictur'd Merely to y<sup>e</sup> mind ~~turn over~~  
Smooth, wisdom's face w<sup>th</sup> Fancy's smile  
(turn over)

Farewell, great painter of Mankind,  
In whom Art shew'd th' noblest power,  
Whose pictures morals gayly turn'd  
Correction's rod with Fancy's flowers. 210

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On the West.

Here lieth the Body  
of Dame JUDITH THORNHILL.

Relict of SIR JAMES THORNHILL Knight,  
of Thornhill in the County of Dorset.  
She died November the 12.<sup>th</sup> 1757.  
aged 84 years.

On the South.

Here lieth the Body  
of M<sup>rs</sup> ANNE HOGARTH sister  
to WILLIAM HOGARTH ESQ.

She died August the 5.<sup>th</sup> 1771.  
aged 70 years.

On the East.

Here lieth the Body  
of WILLIAM HOGARTH ESQ.  
who died October the 26.<sup>th</sup> 1784.  
aged 67 years.

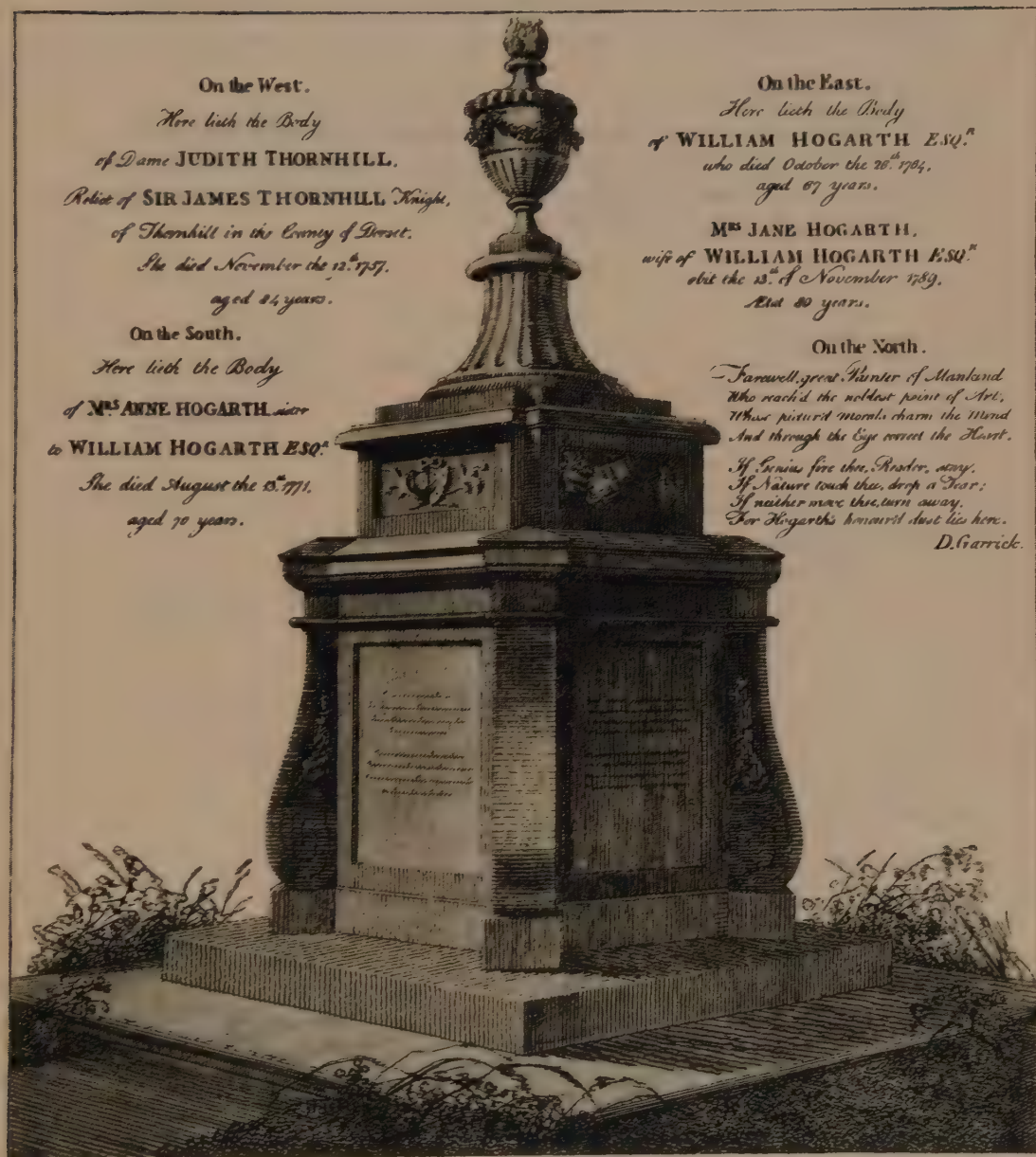
M<sup>rs</sup> JANE HOGARTH,  
wife of WILLIAM HOGARTH ESQ.  
obit the 13.<sup>th</sup> of November 1789.  
Aged 80 years.

On the North.

Farewell, great Hunter of Manland  
Who reach'd the noblest point of Art,  
Those pictur'd morals charm the Mind  
And through the Eye correct the Heart.

If Genius fire thee, Reader, away,  
If Nature touch thee, drop a Tear;  
If neither move thee, turn away,  
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

D. Garrick.



## WM. HOGARTH'S TOMB In Chiswick Church-yard Midd<sup>x</sup>

See Malpas Anecdotes of Painting, page 146; Vol. II. Burn's History of Westminster, page 179; Vol. I. Nichols's Anecdotes of Hogarth, page 24; Strutt's History of Engraving, page 22; Vol. I. John Ireland's Hogarth Illustrated, page 111; Vol. I. Samuel Ireland's Graphic Illustrations of Hogarth, page 162 and River Thames, page 146; Vol. I. Lysons's History of Middlesex; and Bayle's River Thames, Vol. I.

Feb.<sup>d</sup> June 9. 1795. by N. Smith, New Broad St. Head, G. Mapo Buildings St. Martins Lane.

One sheet. 4to. Written on back of letter to Garrick from Isaac Bickerstaff, dated 11 Novr. 1767.

Dear Bickerstaff.

You are a good Christian? I shall, with ye greatest pleasure, meet ye Company you mention at your house. As I am almost upon my Theatrical death-bed, I wish to die in Charity & Good will with all Men of Merit & wth. None more so (as He wishes it too) than with Mr. Murphy.

I am

Dear Sir

Most truly

Yours

D. Garrick

P. S.

Pray let us meet as if we  
had never thought unkindly  
of each other.

---

One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Date. (May 5. 1773)

No Address. (To John Hawkesworth)

Dear Sir.

It may be the fault of my temper but I am so form'd that when my mind receives a wound particularly from the hand of a friend, I cannot get it heal'd, so readily, as I could wish—as I have always been thought, & by yourself too, very sincere, jealous & active in my friendships. I hope my being agitated (for any real or suppos'd Neglect of a Friend) in proportion to that Zeal & Activity may meet with indulgence—the moment I am at peace with myself I will answer your letter in the Spirit in which it is written, in ye meantime give me leave to assure you that I am

Your sincere Well-wisher

& humble servt.

D. Garrick

One sheet. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. No Address. (To John Hawkesworth)

Mr. Garrick presents his Compts. to Dr. Hawkesworth, and as he has the misfortune to differ totally with him in opinion upon the subject of his letter he will not give ye Doctor the trouble, or himself again to enter into any further discussion of this very disagreeable business.

*On reverse of letter—*

my answer  
to his about  
his breach of  
Promise

May 6th  
1773.

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first two pages.

Postmark

7
NO

Stamped  
Free

Addressed—

G. Garrick Esqr

Bath

Free Geo:  
Selwyn

Novr. 7th (1775)  
Almacks

Dear George.

We rejoice at your visible alteration of health & spirits. Palmer says, that you begin to pick up, I don't mean at ye Whist Table, but in your looks—pray keep yrself quiet in Mind & yr. Body will get better of course. I beg you will let me know the progress of your health & I likewise must insist that you never think of leaving, till you can shew us a pair of rosy Cheeks, spirited Eyes, & a Belly out of the perpendicular. The Little Gypsy goes on hummingly, & rises Nightly in repute—there was a little odd talk of some party against us, but to this minute there has not been one single disapprobation. Weston is dying, & with him goes a good Actor & a very bad Man. Mr. King is useful, not excellent. He stops gaps, but will not allure. Yr son David is not yet arriv'd, he is they say, at Lichfield with his Uncle. All the rest of yr. Olive Branches are well. Mr. Con-

ington is better & worse, & will continue so, till he dyes. I shall write to you by Palmers—just let me know that you are better.

Ever & affect'ly. Yrs.

D. Garrick

---

Two sheets. 4to. Written on first page.

No Postmark. Seal broken. No Date.

Addressed—

To

Mr. Watson Apothecary

---

near Smithfield

(not readable)

Sir.

I am obliged to dine with Lord Chesterfield & Dr. Garnier tomorrow; but if you'll let me wait upon you next Wednesday between four & five, if a fine Day, you'll greatly oblige

Yr.

most humle

Servt.

D. Garrick

Sunday.

---

Two sheets. 8vo. Written on first two pages.

No Postmark. No Date.

No Address. (To George Colman the Elder)

Dear Sir.

I have much to say to you upon the Play—and I fear that you'll find more to do than you at first imagin'd. The Characters are in general good, but the Conduct of them & of the Plot is (I think) very deficient. I am persuaded too when you come to reconsider it, that you'll find the Dialogue in many parts too hastily written.



I shall be in London some day next week, & then I will send to you; if in ye meantime you shd. come towards Hampton I shall be glad of your Company at any hour will be most convenient to you.

I am

Dr. Sir

most sincerely

Yr. very humble

Servt.

D. Garrick.

---

One sheet. 4to. Written on both pages.

No Postmark. No Address. (To Mrs. Thrale)

Madam.

Mrs. Garrick solicits me much to make her excuses, and to say, how unhappy she is, that she has not paid her respects to you—if nursing and sitting up with a sick Husband for near three Weeks, & now attending him in the Country (that fresh air, & a little horse may finish what the Doctor could not) cannot excuse her, she begs leave to appeal from the forms of Ceremony to your own feelings, which, she is sure, will plead for her.

When she returns to Town, her inclination will lead her to make the first visit to Mrs. Thrale: when I had the pleasure of meeting you at the Dean of Derry's you were pleas'd to take Notice of a particular breed of Fowls we had at Hampton. Should you not have added this sort to your Collection, Mrs. Garrick & I should be greatly flatter'd, if you will permit us to send you two hens, & whatever Number of Eggs you shall please to order. .

I am

Madam

Your most obedient

humble Servant

D: Garrick.

I beg to be favor'd  
with your Commands  
at the Adelphi.

We present our respectful Compts.  
to Mr. Thrale, Miss, & Mr. Johnson.



Dr Johnson with most respectful con-  
dence to Mrs Garrick, and wishes that  
any endowment of his could enable her  
support a loss which the world cannot  
repair.

Feb. 2. 1779

END OF VOLUME ONE.

















Date Due

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